

Mar. 22, 1969

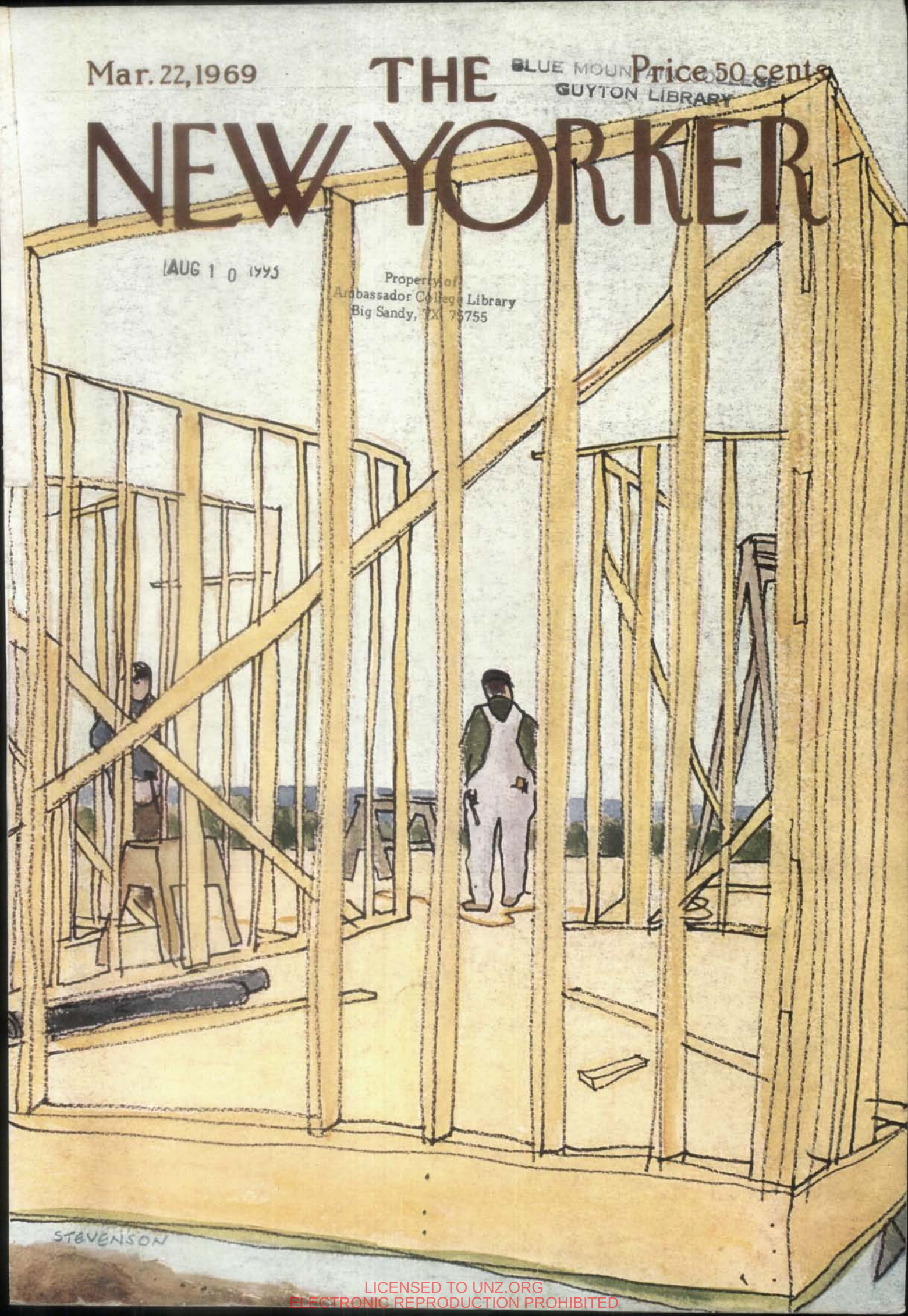
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION AND NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

APA REPERTORY COMPANY—Sean O'Casey's **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY**: Thursday and Friday, March 20-21, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 22, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . Shakespeare's **HAMLET**: Monday and Tuesday, March 24-25, at 8:30; Wednesday, March 26, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 29, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

BIG TIME BUCK WHITE—Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, the leader of a black-militant organization, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

BOY ON THE STRAIGHT-BACK CHAIR—A play by Ronald Tavel. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

DOES A TIGER WEAR A NECKTIE?—A gloomy play about drug addicts, worth seeing because of exceptional performances by Al Pacino and Lauren Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

FORTY CARATS—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 23.)

FRANK GAGLIANO'S "CITY SCENE"—A pair of synthetics by Mr. Gagliano. The first of them is a revival of his "Conerico Was Here to Stay," which was first done four years ago; the second is a foolish new musical called "Paradise Gardens East." (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 4.)

GEES—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE GREAT WHITE HOPE—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HADRIAN VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

INVITATION TO A BEHEADING—A dramatization by Russell McGrath of Vladimir Nabokov's novel. The final winter production of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

JIMMY SHINE—Dustin Hoffman does his brave best to make us believe that this non-play by

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Murray Schisgal is a touching comedy about the ignominy of young manhood; for all his bravery and talent, it is not enough. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIVING THEATRE—Performances Saturday, March 22, through Saturday, March 29, all at 8:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PERFECT PARTY—A play by Charles H. Fuller, Jr., with Moses Gunn and Virginia Kiser. Opens Thursday, March 20. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Heinar Kipphardt's **IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER**, a fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false,

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COVER: James Stevenson

DRAWINGS: Ed Fisher, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Richard Decker, William Steig, Charles Barsotti, Lee Lorenz, William Hamilton, James Stevenson, Charles Saxon, Dana Fradon, F. B. Modell, Chon Day, Stan Hunt

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. In the able cast are Joseph Wiseman, Herbert Berghof, Tony van Bridge, and Charles Cioffi. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)... At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—James Hanley's play **THE INNER JOURNEY**, with Michael Dunn and Robert Symonds. Opens Thursday, March 20, and will run through Saturday, April 19. (Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

SPITTING IMAGE—Colin Spencer's comic fantasy about a pair of male homosexuals who have a baby. Wisely done as a knockabout farce in the Mack Sennett manner by an expert company. With Sam Waterston, Phil Bruns, Walter McGinn, and Barbara Cason. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME—Three short plays by James Leo Herlihy. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE**: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA**: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

BILLY—A musical suggested by Herman Melville's novel "Billy Budd." Stephen Glassman wrote the libretto; Ron Dante and Gene Allan did the music and lyrics; and the cast includes Laurence Naismith, John Beal, John Devlin, and Robert Salvio. The director is Arthur A. Seidelman. Previews through Friday, March 21. Opens officially on Saturday, March 22. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CANTERBURY TALES—In which poor Chaucer and Merrie England take a terrible drubbing. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CELEBRATION—Young love and old age as Cromagnon man might have known them, and as we do, too, at least in musicals. The authors, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, also invented "The Fantasticks," and if you liked that little show you'll like this big one. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COME SUMMER—Ray Bolger in a musical based on Esther Forbes' novel "Rainbow on the Road." Will Holt wrote the book and lyrics, and David Baker the score. Staged by Agnes de Mille. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on mu-

sical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DEAR WORLD—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," worth seeing for the sake of Angela Lansbury and her pink boa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

AN EVENING WITH MAX MORATH—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 4.)

OF THEE I SING—A feeble revival of the Gershwin-Kaufman-Ryskind 1931 musical. (New Anderson, 66 Second Ave., at 4th St. AL 4-4430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PEACE—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SALVATION—C. C. Courtney and Peter Link have written, composed, and directed a musico-dramatic event that manages to bring rock music and Biblical lore to within a hair's breadth of each other. Eleven young performers whiz through an imaginative score with the greatest of ease. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 11:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in

the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ZORBA—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

... **CABARET**: How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE**: A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

... **THE FANTASTICKS**: Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **GEORGE M!**: Joel Grey in a musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

... **HAIR**: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 605-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **MAME**: Jane Morgan is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **MAN OF LA MANCHA**: Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinee performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

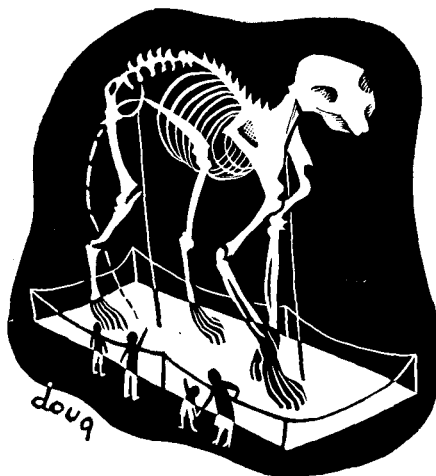
... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN**: "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

... **YOUR OWN THING**: As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, March 20, at 8:30: "William Tell Variations," "Nightwings," "Opus 65," and "Scotch Symphony." Friday, March 21, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte." Saturday, March 22, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 65," "William Tell Variations," and "A Light Fantastic." Sunday, March 23, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Animus," "Fanfarita," and "Façade." Sunday, March 23, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Pas des Déesses," "Secret Places," and "A Light Fantastic." Sunday, March 23, at 8: "The Clowns," "Astarte," and "Façade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22, at 8:15. For tickets, call MO 3-7200. Ext. 35.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—In a program of modern dance. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, March 23, at 4. For tickets, call LA 4-1300.)

BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO—A company of a hundred dancers, singers, and musicians in a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesday, March 25, at 8; Wednesday through Friday, March 26-28, at 8:30; Saturday, March 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, March 30, at 2:30 and 7.)

MISCELLANY

MASK & WIG SHOW—A musical, "The Devil to Pay," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. Saturday, March 22, and Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 8:30. For tickets, call 524-6366.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Through Monday, March 24, folk singer Jeff Monn will appear. Starting Wednesday, March 26, the Great Train Robbery will rock. Things begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A congenial downstairs coffeehouse whose acoustics are about what you'd expect in a long, narrow cellar. Admirable young folk singers Ian and Sylvia are on the current bill. Shows at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (689-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. Anita O'Day sings, and the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet—which consists of these two musicians plus Roland Hanna's trio—plays. On Sunday, March 23, from six to nine, the New York Hot Jazz Society and the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club will present the New Orleans Jazz Greats, a band that will include John Handy, Ernie Cagnolatti, and Freddie Kohlman. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9595)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteenth century. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More clatter. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frajious sort of place in a somewhat frumious neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine, music by the McCoy Tyner quintet. On Tuesday, March 25, the Yusef Lateef quartet will move in. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, March 22, from five to nine, Artie Simmons and the Jazz Samaritans. Sunday, March 23, from five to nine,

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the Sonny Brown octet. On Mondays, from nine, the place is turned over to Sun Ra and his Solar-Earth orchestra, whose apogee sounds pretty much like its perigee.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, singer Marion Taylor and the Dave Akins trio take turns with New Orleans blues singer Cousin Joe. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, a revue assembled by rhythm-and-blues-man Joe Tex will be onstage. Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, the Hugh Masekela quartet will alternate with Carla Thomas, a good, strong, Memphis-oriented singer who should be better known than she is. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are devoted to various soul and rock musicians.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22, the Sonny Rollins quartet shares the stand with singer Novella Nelson, with starting time at about nine-thirty. Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, the Herbie Hancock sextet will be here, along with Tony Williams' trio. Mondays are reserved for the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Sundays, from eight to one, Duke Pearson's sixteen-piece band performs. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they get in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of live groups. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2020)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard



to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SALVATION TOO, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A suave sort of spot, complete with revolving lights, some strong records, and an ambience of reverberating luxe. People dance from eight until three or four. The view of the Park is fine.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by a four-man outfit called the New Zealand Trading Company. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of E Pluribus Unum. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0080)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Prime time: that's the mood of the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harvick's commendable piano and voice. . . . **EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): They shall not pass this way again, those Knights of the Round Table, but the halls in which they joust and jested have been converted into museum pieces. Music all the time, some of it taken from life (Lester Lanin's smoothies) and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The sporting life is always under wraps in the restaurant, even though it goes on as late as one or two. The music comes from Ernie Warren's light cavalry. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—Argueso's Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—sock-and-roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Our newest cooperative. Every Monday and Tuesday, Mabel Mercer gets her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

makes the world go round), assisted by the impeccable piano of Buddy Barnes; the rest of the time (Sundays excluded), Joan Rivers, a modern and a noisy Boadicea, gives a first-hand account of the eternal war between the sexes.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian; Jasmine offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre*; Itamar is the main chanter. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall" is the name of the game—the fun-and-games revue that is having its trial runs (and its tribulation runs) across the minute stage as Ronny Graham, summoned forth to serve as veterinarian, nurses it into good health. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—It's never show business as usual when the likes of Buddy Greco and George Carlin split a recital between them—Mr. G. making all the pop tunes over into evergreens, Mr. C. making mock (and original mock) of the tyranny of television. Their refreshment occurs during dinner and supper in the Royal Box, where the Lee Evans orchestra sounds the way all dance bands should. Closed Sundays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The *Volkspiel* as before, with an amplification system. It sounds pretty good when Connie Francis is singing, because she's easygoing enough not to take matters too seriously. On Thursday, March 27, a new (though perhaps not everyone's) cup of tea: Sammy Davis, Jr., the powerhouse balladier. Happily, Carmen McRae will likewise begin to sing. No dark nights, ever. . . . The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegas of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit, and no nights off.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The flourish of trumpets to be heard in the lower depths of this steak house issues, loud and clear, from The World's Greatest Jazz Band as a welcome home to its own conquering heroes, among them Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber. Their consort is Maxine Sullivan, her voice still as cool as the streams that feed Loch Lomond. Lest there be a moment's silence, George Van Eps and guitar have been brought back from Hollywood to work out with Jack Lesberg and Cliff Leamans, and Ram Ramirez has been given the chair of solo pianism. Six-thirty until two. Closed Sundays; no (regrets!) dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Urbane renewal is dealt out impartially to all comers. During dinner and supper, there are songs by Tony Martin, just about the most urbane of the Big Time carollers, and there is always the dance (the band run by Burt Farber, plus Mark Monte's serenaders). Closed Sundays. . . . In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, the main event is the threesome of Oscar Peterson, whose piano specializes in Garrison finishes. It departs on Sunday, March 23, but on Tuesday, March 25, Earl Hines brings his quartet along. Mousie Alexander's dance crew will be staying. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . O *Hôtel Splendide*, wherever you are, your counterpart in the Western World is the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine, though not on Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Nothing could be more on the up and up than the sixty-fifth floor, and this applies

as well to the local ambience, of which there is a lot. During dinner and supper, the horn of Jonah Jones, who sports a quartet, blows rings around half a dozen welkins, and Gene Baylos, a stand-up gagman, spouts. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The *Maisonette*, the city's leading *bibliothèque*, is a traditional gathering place for those who dance as they read, for which purpose the management supplies grandiose bookstalls and the energetic dance bands of Quintero and George Cort. Someone or other is always chirping ballads in the middle of supper; right now, the Grecian Elektra is the soprano. Closed Sundays. . . . La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time—3/4 time, anyway. Closed Sundays.

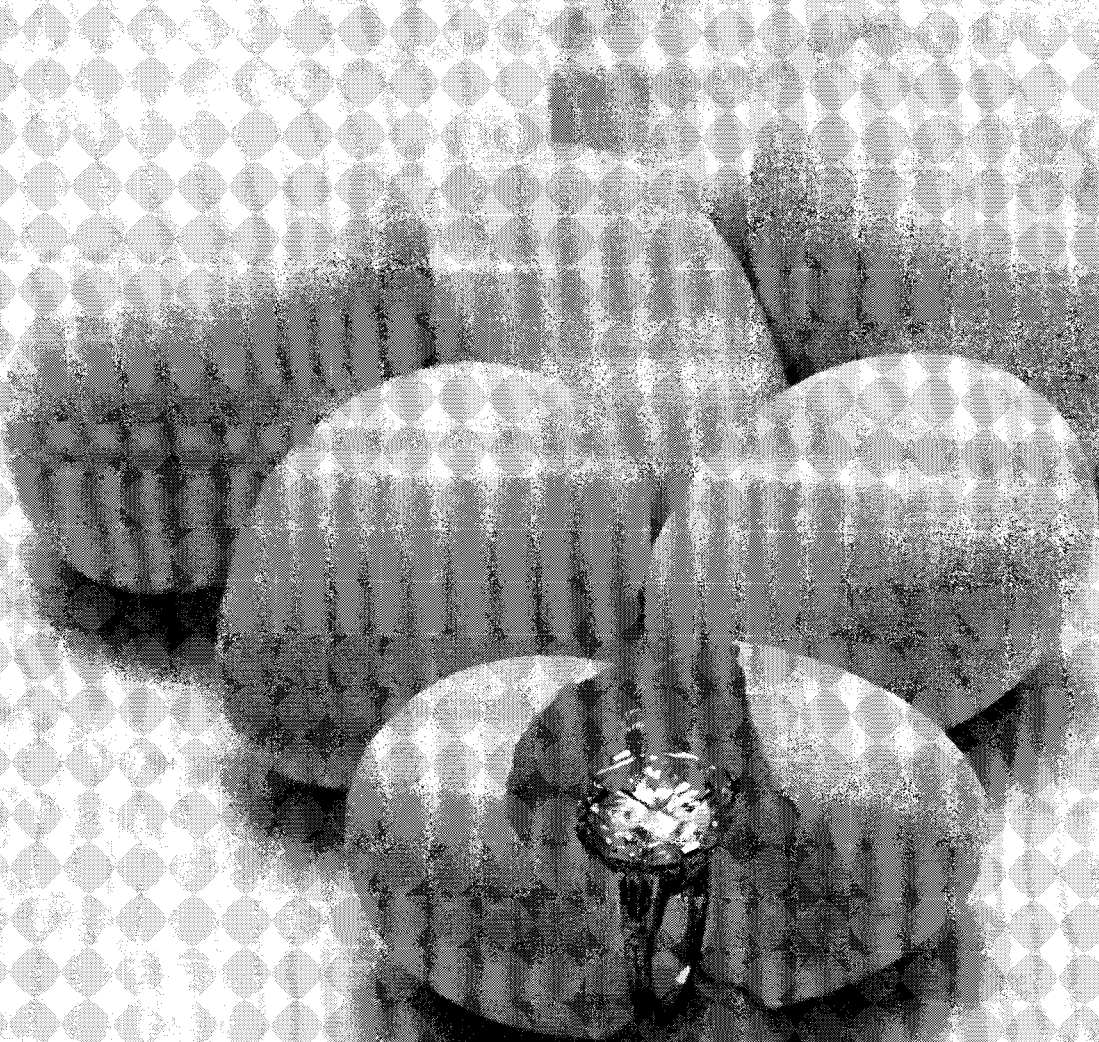
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the sounds of rock and of—well, rock candy are neatly interwoven by the Re Vells, and there is standard-gauge dance music, too. During dinner and supper, Jimmie Rodgers, the hymnalist who sings for God, for country, and for Western, is turned loose. Closed Sundays. . . . In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a-cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Abandon all mope, ye who enter these portals, for the double, but never double-or-nothing, piano of Louis Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, which takes root around eight, offers upbeat by the yard. Fraternal free-wheeling from then until early morn. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducational junior college, specializing in the social graces. Chuck Wayne's triad, which underlies the conversation, is happy, go-go, and lucky. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal progress, a joint project of the customers, the directorate, and the amusers. These last are Bobby Short, singer of songs in which the Devil can't take even the hindmost, and his blithe sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Nine-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): No great shakes, but it's the only place in town where one can hear Charles De Forest embellish the songs of the demimonde. They are well complemented by the breezes that blow hot, blow cool, from Marian McPartland's triad. All these hands are absent Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbabons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a replica of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band; Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 60th St. (YU 8-5850): Which is not at all like nighttime in Morpheus Arms. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of itinerant minstrels who commence at eight or nine and float about until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 800 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *dieu*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The minimum speed is 78 r.p.m., the pace at which the staff whiles away its working hours with swatches of any

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN NISHIMURA



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Italian opera that happens to be lying around.
Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern coop. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The signature of the artist who did this town house over Mediterranean style must surely be S.P.Q.R. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The premises are august indeed, but the mood is full-fledged March in midtown. Beginning with cocktails and ending with after-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their benevolent way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. Mr. F. goes on a brief sabbatical after Saturday, March 22, but Fred Fassler's violin, and Karl Inwald's piano, which run in Mr. Feyer's groove, will serve in his stead. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosphorus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Seated at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HORST ANTES—Landscapes containing the artist's curiously curtailed Expressionist figures; through Saturday, March 29. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
AVIGDOR ARIKHA—A widely exhibited Israeli artist's paintings, gouaches, and collages; through April 6. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)
FLETCHER BENTON—Kinetic sculptures of aluminum and Formica, some of which open and

close to reveal lights; through April 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AARON BOHRD—Paintings by a veteran artist with a preference for fantasy; through Saturday, March 22. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—Thirty-six paintings of women and girls by the celebrated French primitive; through April 5. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOE BRAINARD—Paintings and collages featuring flowers; starting Saturday, March 22. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Scenes and impressions, mainly of Morocco and Corsica; through Saturday, March 29. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MINNA CITRON—An artist long known in New York has turned to the subject of "Dials;" through April 5. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD CREO—Paintings by an artist who prefers the theme of children; through Saturday, March 29. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—A showing of forty oils and twenty-four charcoal drawings running concurrently with the artist's retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, March 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

PAUL DELVAUX—Paintings by a Belgian Surrealist who favors mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings; through Saturday, March 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES ENSOR (1860-1949)—Drawings and other graphic work by the Belgian fantasist; through April 12. (Loeb & Krugier, 119 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

OYVIND FAHLSTRÖM—Recent works in assorted mediums, including shoals of cutout images adrift in a tank of water; through Saturday, March 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ARNOLD FRIEDMAN (1874-1946)—Landscapes with an Abstract, personal quality; through Saturday, March 22. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday morning.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—A comprehensive exhibition of sculptures, pastels, and drawings by the pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; starting Saturday, March 22. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

NANCY GROSSMAN AND MARTIN CAREY—Leather-covered wooden heads by the former, and ink drawings by the latter; through April 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—A social realist and symbolist exhibits thirty recent paintings and fifteen drawings, including portraits of such contemporaries as Peter Blume, Chaim Gross, Ben Shahn, and Raphael Soyer; through April 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN H. JACOBY—A fabric designer's heavily painted compositions of decorative shells, flowers, and figures; starting Tuesday, March 25. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by a leading Russian modernist; through April 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—The latest versions of this artist's luminous, transparent color shapes floating on canvas; through Saturday, March 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. . . . Also at the artist's studio, 831 Broadway, at 13th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

LILA KATZEN AND STEPHEN EDLICH—A combination of lights, forms, vinyl sheets, coal crystals, liquids, and other materials constituting nothing less than "the universe as environment" by the former, and fifteen reliefs and free-standing sculptures in sheets of acrylic and bronze by the latter; through April 7. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

FRANK KUPKA (1871-1957)—Twenty-five oils, drawings, and gouaches from all periods; through Saturday, March 29. (Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GASTON LACHAISE (1882-1935)—Thirty-six bronzes and twenty oils; through April 3. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

RICHARD LONG—Photographs of earth-and-rock

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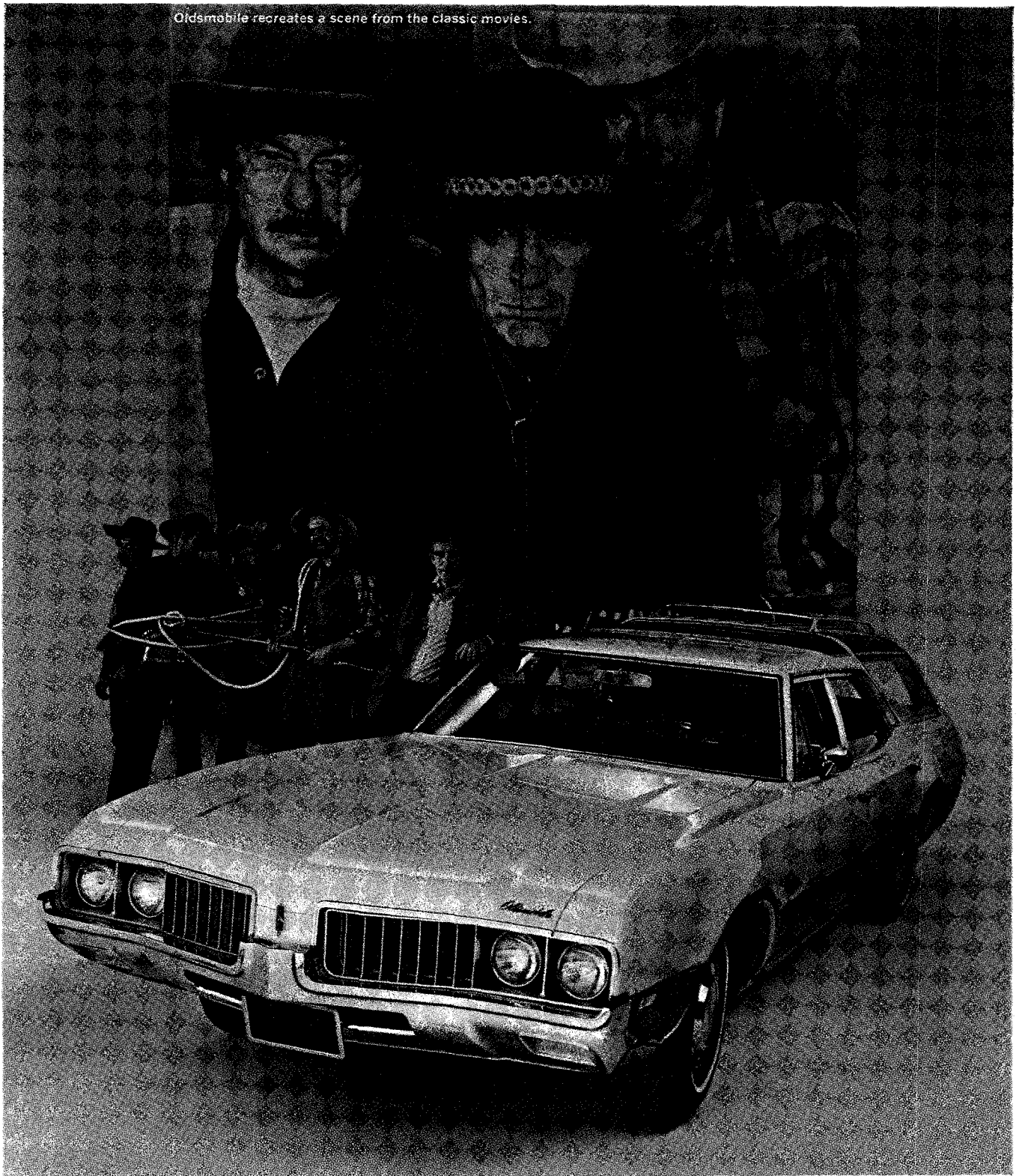


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"sculptures," through Friday, March 21. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St.)

DAVID LUND—Fifteen Abstract landscapes; through Friday, March 28. (Borgniet, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD A. MILLER—Bronze female nudes in geometrical constructions; through April 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL MOGENSEN—Multi-sectioned shaped canvases, mostly broken rectangles; through Wednesday, March 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MORRIS—Agglomerations of different materials by a leading experimentalist; through Saturday, March 22. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. ... Also at Castelli, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

BARNETT NEWMAN—Eighteen paintings, some huge, and one sculpture, all done since 1960 by an influential Abstractionist; starting Wednesday, March 26. (Knodler, 14 E. 57th St.)

DOUG OHLSON—Geometrical paintings consisting of groups of panels; through April 3. (Fischbach, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract landscapes in subdued hues; through Saturday, March 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Friday, March 21. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

OTTO PIENE—Eight sculptures produced by inflation, heat, and light, some created in collaboration with M.I.T. engineers, by a founder of the German "Group Zero;" through April 5. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—Twenty-three black-and-white paintings, plus drawings, serigraphs, and etchings; through Saturday, March 29. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY V. POOR—Twelve representational paintings and thirty ceramics; through Saturday, March 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

DAVID PORTER—White plastic boxes or blocks of variously shaped parts; through April 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHARLES PRENDERGAST (1863-1948)—Panels (with decorative birds, animals, dancing girls, and horseback riders), watercolors, sculptures, and cabinetwork by the brother of the American Impressionist Maurice Prendergast; through Saturday, March 22. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

RICHARD K. RANDELL—Blue-and-white fibre-glass-and-aluminum structures with corrugated surfaces; through Saturday, March 29. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES ROSS—Three large oil-filled prisms of Plexiglas that reflect and distort light; through Wednesday, March 26. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIRIAM SCHAPIRO—Geometric paintings emphasizing color; through April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JASON SELEY—Works by a sculptor who has brought fame to the automobile bumper; through Thursday, March 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT TUCKER—Symbolic landscapes featuring masks and strange birds; through April 3. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUNE WAYNE—Fifty-six lithographs in Op and symbolic modes arranged in series, by the founder and director of Tamarind Lithography Workshop in Los Angeles; starting Monday, March 24. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

NEIL WELLIVER—Maine landscapes with figures; through Thursday, March 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAHONRI M. YOUNG (1877-1957)—Sculptures, oils, watercolors, and drawings by an artist prominent in the early part of the century; through April 12. (Knodler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CLAIRE ZEISLER—Sculptures in the form of weavings by a Chicago artist who is a leader in this medium; through Friday, March 21. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Fifteen postwar Viennese artists

influenced by Surrealism; starting Tuesday, March 25. (Closed Saturdays.)... **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Merkin, Sonenberg, Meadmore, and other gallery artists; through April 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **CISNEROS**, 1376 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: Santos carved in Puerto Rico in the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; through Saturday, March 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **500 PARK AVENUE**, at 59th St.: Masters of modern Italian art, among them the great Futurists Severini, Balla, Carrà, and Boccioni; through April 5.... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Early-twentieth-century German drawings and watercolors comprising items from such movements as Die Brücke, Der Blaue Reiter, and the New Objectivity. Among the artists are Klee, Beckmann, Corinth, Dix, Pechstein, Grosz, Nolde, and Feininger. Through Friday, March 28.... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: An important exhibit of twentieth-century Europeans and a few Americans marks the opening in New York of a branch of the famous European gallery; through April 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Flower still-lives in various mediums by, for example, Benton, Carles, Dash, Dickinson, Glackens, Hartley, and Kuhn; through Saturday, March 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, sculptures, and watercolors by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer; through Saturday, March 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Seventy Indian miniature paintings from 1500 through the eighteenth century; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that has been causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective, previously shown in Amsterdam and London, of Willem de Kooning's paintings, drawings, and pastels from the mid-thirties to 1967; through April 27.... An impressive exhibit of approximately forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary craftsmen working as artists in this medium; through May 4.... Twelve bronze relief panels by Giacomo Manzù made as studies for his much discussed door of St. Peter's; through April 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the de Kooning exhibition is his show (ending Saturday) at Knodler & Co., 14 E. 57th St.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, the celebrated patron of twentieth-century artists; through Sunday, March 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-six paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, a "second-generation" Abstract Expressionist; through April 6.... Forty-five paintings and sixteen drawings by William Sidney Mount (1807-1868), a founder of American genre painting; through April 13.... A hundred and seventy-four paintings, photographs, and drawings by Charles Sheeler (1883-1965), famous for his clean-cut compositions representing machine-age America; through April 27.... Three camels in mixed mediums by Nancy Graves, to whom the camel is equivalent to the square of Albers; starting Monday, March 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, including examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central

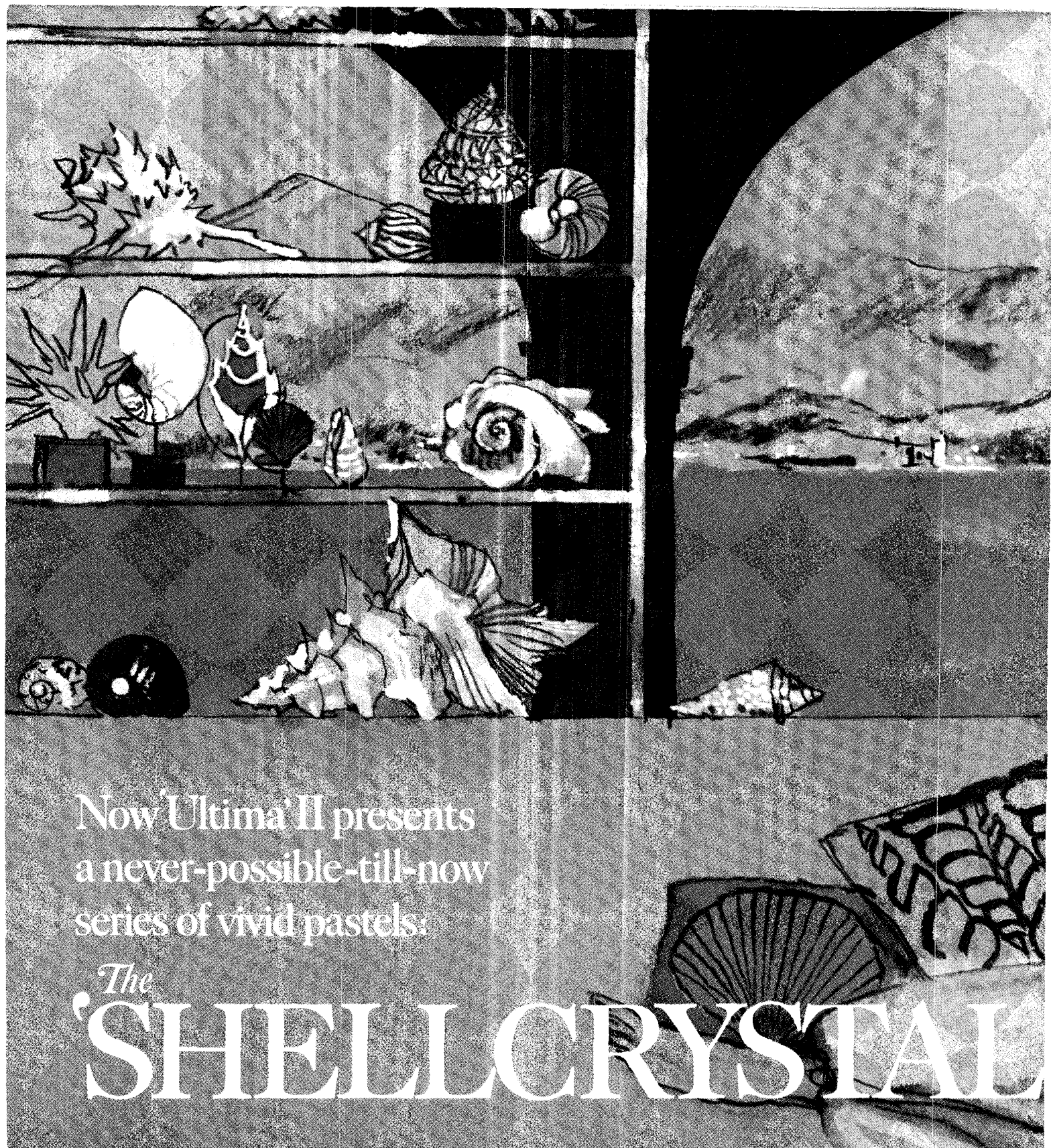
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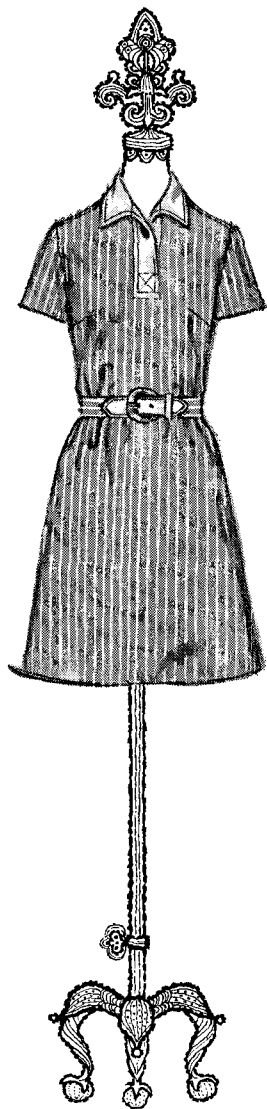
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Languedoc

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Park W. at 70th St.—Overseeing the new Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes is a ninety-four-foot, five-hundred-ton model of a breaching blue whale, suspended from the ceiling in a remarkable way. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A retrospective of sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by William Zorach (1887-1966); through March 30. . . . An award show of works by contemporary Americans including, among others, Charles F. Cajori, Red Grooms, Frank Gallo, Clement Meadmore, Alice Neel, Philip Pearlstein, and Richard Pousette-Dart; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is \$1.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings by artists who were active in Naples during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; through April 12. . . . Art from the collection of Jacques Kaplan, a fur stylist who is a familiar figure in the contemporary art world; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A comprehensive exhibition of the works and life of Grandma Moses (1860-1961); through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-fourth annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by approximately thirty self-taught black artists of Haiti, accompanied by tapes of the country's music and language, slide projections of the land and the people, and objects and designs related to the voodoo religion; through March 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, March 20: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Regina Resnik, Plácido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . Friday evening, March 21: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . Saturday matinée, March 22: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Martina Arroyo, James McCracken, Frank Guarrera, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . Saturday evening, March 22: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . Monday evening, March 24: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Regina Resnik, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . Tuesday evening, March 25: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . Wednesday evening, March 26: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . Thursday evening, March 27: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Renato Brunson, and Raymond Michalski. . . . Friday evening, March 28: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Barry Morell, Frank Guarrera, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gene Boucher. . . . Saturday matinée, March 29: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace

Bumbry, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. . . . Saturday evening, March 29: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, March 20, at 7:45: A new production of Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Michele Molese. . . . Friday, March 21, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Muriel Greenspon, Lino Savoldi, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Clinton Nichols, William Chapman, and Dominic Cossa. . . . Saturday, March 22, at 2:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Arlene Auger, Anne Elgar, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . Saturday, March 22, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Maria DiGerlando, Maralin Niska, Tibor Kelen, and Dominic Cossa. . . . Sunday, March 23, at 1:15: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Michele Molese. . . . Sunday, March 23, at 7:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and David Clements. . . . Tuesday, March 25, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Michele Molese. . . . Wednesday, March 26, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . Thursday, March 27, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Pierre Duval. . . . Friday, March 28, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . Saturday, March 29, at 2:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Peggy Bonini, Kay Creed, David Clatworthy, and William Chapman. . . . Saturday, March 29, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Janet Winburn, Louis Quilico, and Michele Molese. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 20.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, March 20, at 8:30; Friday, March 21, at 2; Saturday, March 22, at 8:30; and Monday, March 24, at 7:30 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano); and Thursday, March 27, at 8:30; Friday, March 28, at 2; Saturday, March 29, at 8:30; and Monday, March 31, at 7:30 (all with Judith Raskin, soprano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30, with Lilian Kallir, piano. . . . Philharmonic Hall, Friday, March 21, at 8:30, with Hermann Prey, baritone. . . . Carnegie Hall, Saturday, March 22, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program; no soloists.)

MOSCOW STATE SYMPHONY—Evgeni Svetlanov conducting a program of Russian opera music, with Larisa Aydeyeva, mezzo-soprano. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, March 25, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Young Uck Kim, violin. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, March 23, at 3, and Monday, March 24, at 8:30.)

HARTFORD SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Arthur Winograd conducting, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, March 23, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Anton Guadagno directing a performance of Bellini's "La Straniera" in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé and Biancamaria Casoni, sopranos; Amadeo Zamboni, tenor; and Vicente Sardinero, tenor. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Carl Bamberg directing a performance of Bach's "The Passion According to St. John." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday, March 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Anton Coppola conducting, with Francisco Aybar, piano. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday, March 28, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be

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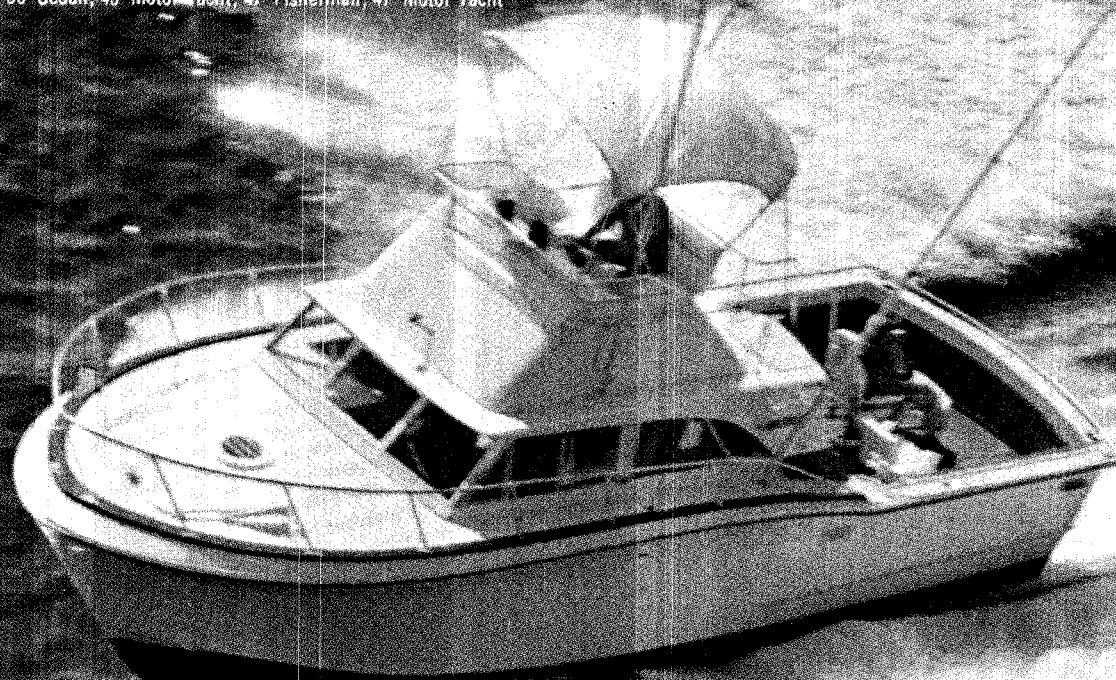


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COLOGNE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Helmut Muller-Bruhll conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY BAND—David Josephson conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, March 23, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY A-CAPPELLA CHOIR—Euell Porter directing. (Town Hall, Saturday, March 22, at 5:30.)

SECOND INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY CHORAL FESTIVAL—At Philharmonic Hall—A series of concerts involving six hundred students from sixteen universities in fourteen countries. Sunday, March 23: Choruses from Czechoslovakia, Japan, Chile, and the United States. . . . Tuesday, March 25: Choruses from the Republic of Korea, Switzerland, the United States, and Finland. . . . Wednesday, March 26: Choruses from Australia, the Federal Republic of Germany, Ghana, and Brazil. . . . Friday, March 28: Choruses from Austria, Argentina, the Philippines, and the United States. . . . Sunday, March 30: A gala concert in which all of the choruses will join forces under the direction of Robert Shaw. (Evenings at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center, Friday, March 28, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

RECITALS

FINE ARTS QUARTET—The second in a series of three all-Haydn programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

MISHA DICHTER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

CHRISTOPH ESCHENBACH—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30.)

SALZBURG STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30.)

JOÃO CARLOS MARTINS—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The Danzi Woodwind Quintet. The final concert of the season. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, March 23, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)

SONI VENTORUM—A wind quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Sunday and Monday, March 23-24, at 8:30.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-69—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Francis Thorne and Lester Trimble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Tuesday, March 25, at 8:30.)

PAUL ZUKOFSKY—Violin, in the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Town Hall, Wednesday, March 26, at 8:30.)

REY DE LA TORRE—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall, Thursday, March 27, at 8:30.)

BETTY ALLEN—Mezzo-soprano, in a lieder recital. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 27, at 8:40.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 28, at 8:30.)

MUSIC OF THE ROYAL COURT—"Venice and the Doges," the fourth in a series of five programs, this one performed by the Venetian Brass; Jean Hakes, soprano; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, March 28, at 8:30.)

EMIL GILLELS—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

HERMANN FREY—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at

82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

CREDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL, SPIRIT, AND AINSLEY DUNBAR—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8 and 11:30.

HUGH MASEKELA, ARTHUR PRYCK, THE YOUNG-HOLT TRIO, AND MARLENA SHAW—Carnegie Hall, Friday, March 21, at 8:30.

CHICAGO JAZZ SEXTET—Carnegie Recital Hall, Friday, March 21, at 8:30.

JAZZ FOR THE MASSES—Joe Newman's Quintet, Eddie Bonnemère, the Lutheran Seminary Choir, and others. (Town Hall, Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

ORNETTE COLEMAN'S QUINTET—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 598-3011.

CHUCK ISRAEL'S ORCHESTRA, LARRY CORYELL'S QUINTET, JIMMY MCPARTLAND'S BAND, GLORIA LYNNE, AND THE AFRICAN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC ENSEMBLE—Fillmore East, Sunday, March 23, at 7.

ELVIN JONES—Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Monday, March 24, at 8. For tickets, call 280-3600.

STEPPENWOLF, JULIE DRISCOLL, BRIAN AUGER, THE TRINITY, AND JOHN HAMMOND—Fillmore East, Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

MISCELLANY

NEW IMAGE OF SOUND—The third in a series of four programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Nonesuch Consort and the Sonic Arts Group, conducted by Joshua Rifkin, with actor Stacey Keach and the New York Motet Singers. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 20, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden Center—Friday, March 21, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. . . . Monday, March 24: Buster Mathis vs. Jerry Quarry, heavyweights, 12 rounds. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden Center, Sunday, March 23, at 2:35.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Westchester, Saturday, March 29.

TENNIS—Madison Square Garden Challenge Bowl. (Madison Square Garden Center, Tuesday, March 25, at 10:30 and 6; Wednesday, March 26, at 11; Thursday, March 27, at 6; Friday, March 28, at 7; and Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor, Saturday, March 29, at 9:30; and Sunday, March 30, at 10.)

TROTting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

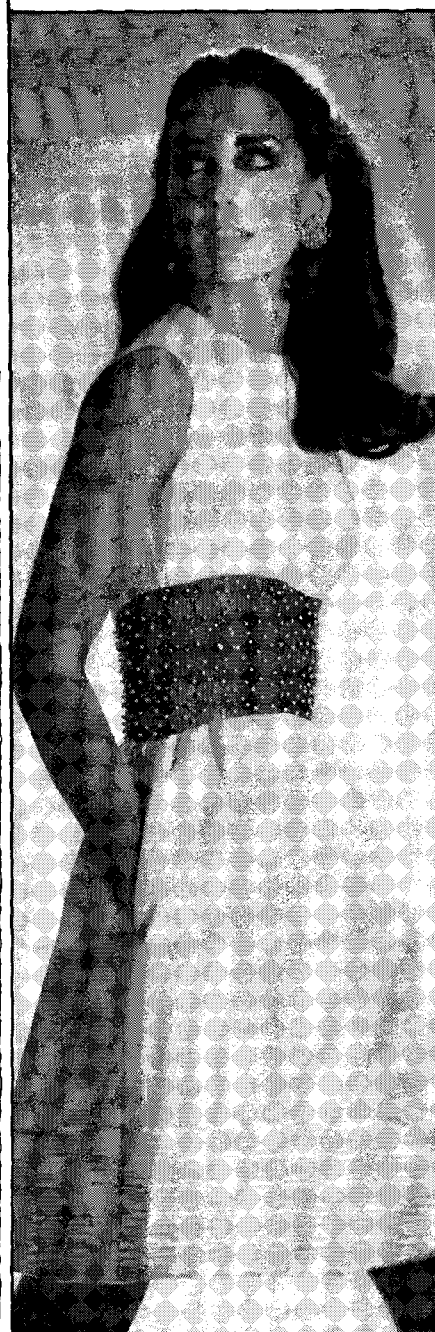
FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "La Traviata," with an English narration. (Town Hall, JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 22, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By BIL and CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 22, at 1:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "A Very Special Clown." Saturdays at 2:30. . . . "The Golden Tambourine." Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave. at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood." Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . "Heidi." Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Judson Hall, 165

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... Paintings, drawings, and mosaics by children in the public schools of Harlem, in a display entitled "Young Harlem Creates," arranged to coincide with the Metropolitan's special exhibit, "Harlem on My Mind." Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sunrise at Stonehenge." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS—"Music in Our Time," by composer-conductor Pierre Boulez. (Aronow Concert Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 133rd St. Thursday, March 20, at 1. No tickets necessary.)... "Theatre or Therapy?" a benefit discussion sponsored by Theatre for Ideas, with panelists Julian Beck, Judith Malina, Paul Goodman, and Robert Brustein, and moderator Nat Hentoff. (The Meeting House, 144 E. 20th St. Friday, March 21, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CH 3-4301.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 20, at 1:45: American paintings, sculptures, and drawings by such artists as William M. Harnett, Frederic Remington, Winslow Homer, and Albert Bierstadt; from many sources.... Saturday, March 22, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from various owners.... Tuesday, March 25, at 10:15: American and British autographs and manuscripts, belonging to several collectors.... Tuesday, March 25, at 1:45: American and English silver, including a silver tankard by Cornelius Kierstede and several items by Paul Storr; from a number of collectors.... Wednesday, March 26, at 1:45: Decorative prints, among them a large group of Currier & Ives; from several owners.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—March 20 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "On the Waterfront" (1954), with Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb.... March 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Two Rode Together" (1961), with James Stewart and Richard Widmark.... March 22 at 11:30: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor.... March 22 at 3 and 5:30: "Stella Maris" (1918), with Mary Pickford.... March 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Caught in a Cabaret" (1914), with Charlie Chaplin; and "The Showgirl" (1927), with Mildred Harris.... March 24 at 2 and 5:30: "A Romance of Happy Valley" (1918), directed by D. W. Griffith; with Russian titles.... March 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Scarlet Days" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith; with Russian titles.... March 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Jackknife Man" (1920), directed by King Vidor. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



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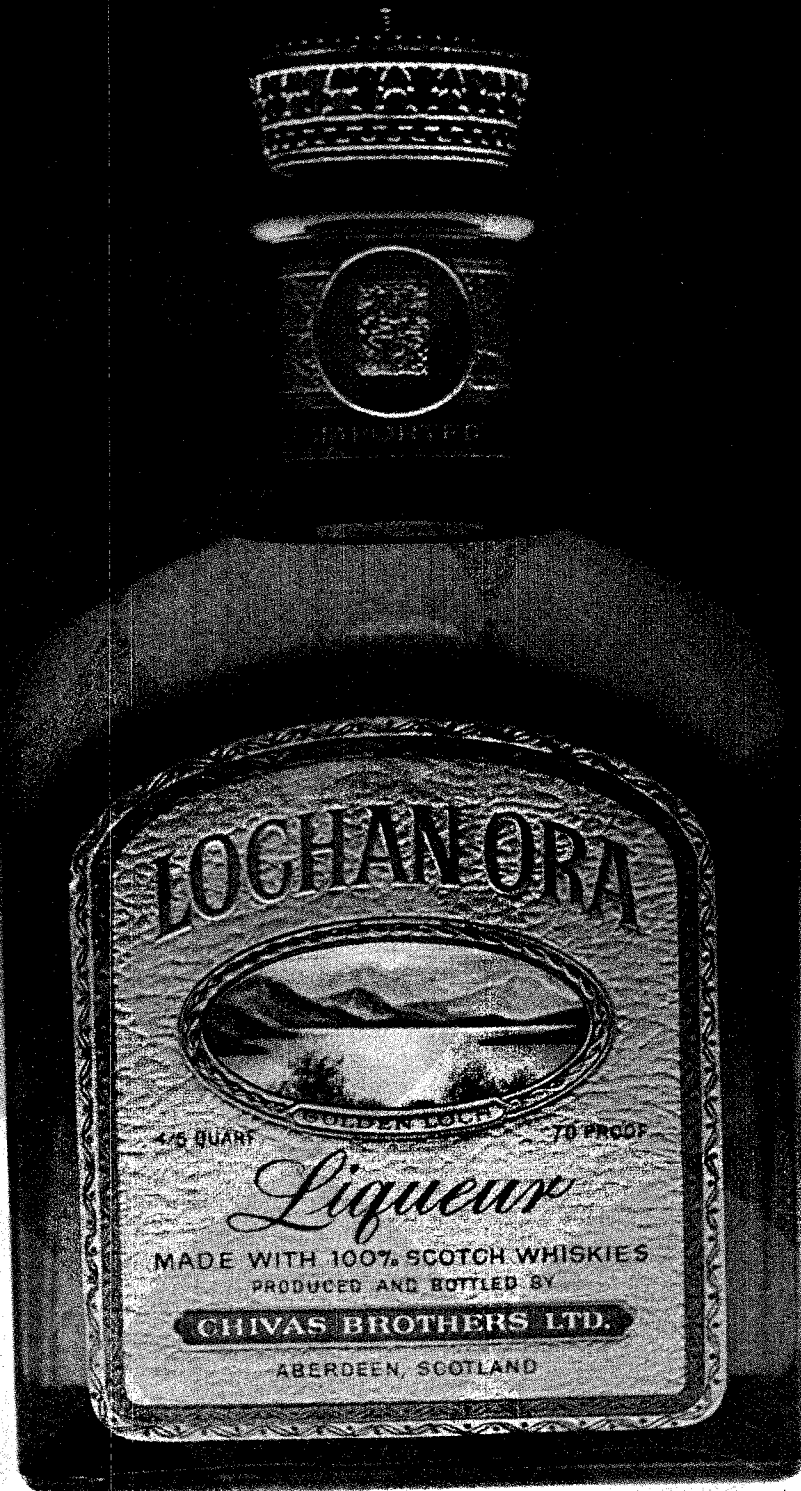
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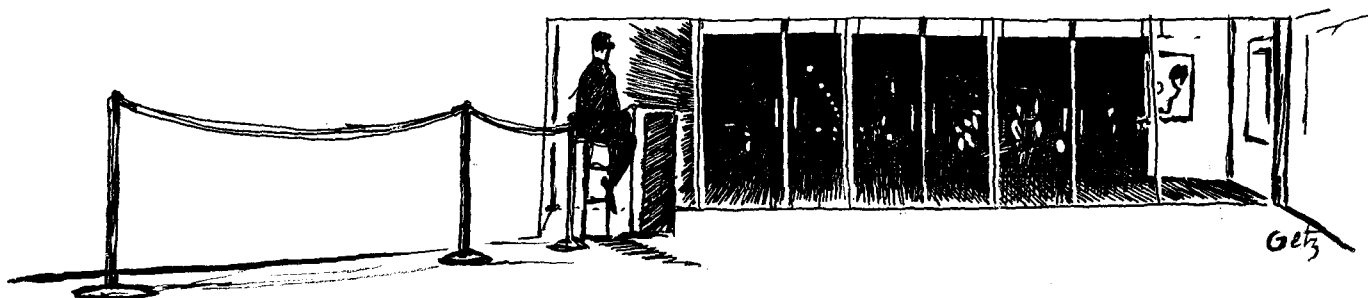
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

BEAZZLED (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 25.)

BELLE DE JOUR—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING (1931)—A comedy by Jean Renoir, made in Paris and starring Michel Simon. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 20.)

BREATHLESS (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 23.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 26.)

CHARLIE BUBBLES (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 26.)

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS (1966)—A Czech tragic-comedy, directed by Jiri Menzel, about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 26.)

THE COUSINS (1959)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Gérard Blain. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 21-22.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, 265-8431.)

FACES—Sexual desire among middle-aged people who have nothing else to live for, acted out in a desperately naked realistic style. John Cassavetes, who directed this psychodrama about alienation and lechery in southern California, has so strongly resisted the commercial possibilities in his theme that this movie is likely to be taken as seriously as he intended. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

THE FIRE WITHIN (1964)—Louis Malle's picture about a young Parisian suicide. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 23.)

FUNNY GIRL—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GREETINGS—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER (1967)—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, directed by Stanley Kramer. With Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; March 20.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanu-

èle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 23.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 25.)

IF . . .—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE IMMORTAL STORY—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT (1927)—Directed by René Clair. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 20.)

THE LION IN WINTER—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE LOVE GAME (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French, as you might have expected. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 21-22.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 24-26.)

MISSISSIPPI (1935)—W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through March 26.)

MONTEREY POP—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians, including Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, Otis Redding, and Ravi Shankar. Playing with it is a basilisk-eyed short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday in Honolulu chatting about riot control. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S—The parodies of the old burlesque routines are so affectionate and so funny that one can forgive the general disorganization. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Britt Ekland, Elliott Gould, and, memorably, Joseph Wiseman in a classic comedy performance. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 25.)

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (1934)—W. C. Fields and (Lord preserve us) Baby LeRoy. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through March 26.)

OLIVER!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

PRETTY POISON—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Muriel Spark's witty novel has been handled rather conventionally by the director, Ronald Neame, but the material is so good that the movie is engaging anyway. Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on; Robert Stephens plays her lover, Celia Johnson her adversary. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

THE SEA GULL—Chekhov's play comes to the screen in a misguided version that is inadvertently funny instead of delicately comic. But Vanessa Redgrave is magnificent, and there are good pieces in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, and Harry Andrews. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting March 21.)

SHAME—Ingmar Bergman's vision of what men do on their last days on earth. A simple, lucid masterpiece, with a great performance by Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; March 20.)

SIMON OF THE DESERT—Luis Buñuel's little comedy (forty-five minutes long) about a desert anchorite takes place at the point when saintliness turns into foolishness. Claudio Brook is Simon, and Silvia Pinal provides the temptations. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

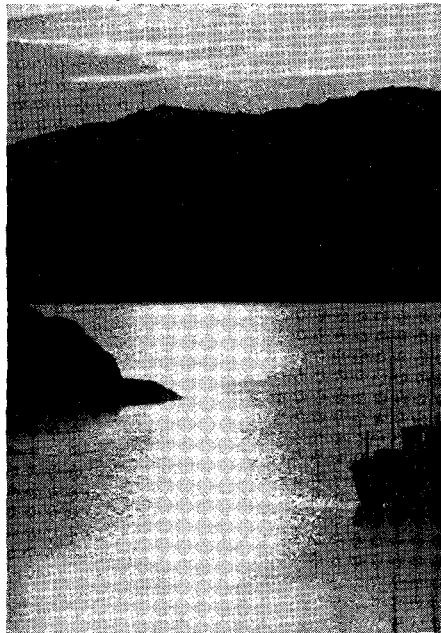
STOLEN KISSES—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

THE STRANGER (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 24-26.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-two years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; starting March 26.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

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Norwegian sunset, 2:00 a.m.

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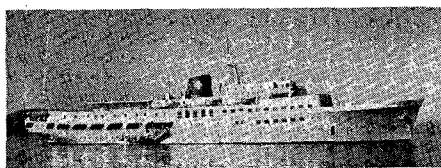
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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.
EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious—Yellow" (in Swedish).
Daily at 3, 8, and 10:15. Reserved seats only.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.
CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 25: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**; and "Les Biches" (in French).
From March 26: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 25: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and **BEDAZZLED**.
From March 26: "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film; and another feature, to be announced.
KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through March 23: "Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.
From March 24: "Before Winter Comes," David Niven, Topol.
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through March 25: "The Big Bounce," Ryan O'Neal, Leigh Taylor-Young.
From March 26: "The Illustrated Man," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Baby Love," Linda Hayden.
PACIFIC EAST, 59th St. between 3rd and 2nd Aves. (688-0750)
"Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?," Anthony Newley, Joan Collins.
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Very Happy Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 22: "The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.
From March 23: "The Assassination Bureau," Oliver Reed, Diana Rigg.
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Changes," Kent Lane.
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.
72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 23: "2000 Years Later," Terry-Thomas.
From March 24: "The Cats" (in Swedish).
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Swiss Family Robinson" (1960), John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.
ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.
LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"2" (in Danish).
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 23: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and **BREATHLESS** (both in French).
March 24-26: **M** (in German); and **THE STRANGER**.
WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 25: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Will Penny" (1968), Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.
From March 26: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and "Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 24: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.
From March 25: "The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 25: "Don Quixote de la Mancha" (1949; in Spanish).
From March 26: "The Red and the White" (in Hungarian and Russian).
SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
March 20: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER**; and "To Sir, with Love" (1967), Sidney Poitier.
March 21-25: "Pendulum," George Peppard, Jean Seberg; and "Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.
From March 26: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY**.
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
March 20: **SHAME** (in Swedish).
From March 21: **THE SEA GULL**.
ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 26: **THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY**; and **MISSISSIPPI**.
R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 25: "Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.
From March 26: To be announced.
CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.
STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!.
STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)
DEMLLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.
CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!" Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Love Bug," Dean Jones, Michele Lee.
55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 25: "Kill!" (in Japanese).
From March 26: "Not Mine to Love" (in Hebrew).
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Castle," Maximilian Schell.
CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious—Yellow" (in Swedish).
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).
LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.
CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 22: "Tropici" (in Portuguese).
From March 23: **THE FIRE WITHIN** (in French).
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 25: "Les Biches" (in French); and "Prudence and the Pill" (1968), Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From March 26: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 20: **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (in French); and **THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT** (silent).
March 21-22: **THE COUSINS** and **THE LOVE GAME** (both in French).
March 23-24: "Volpone" (1947; in French), Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet; and "Animal Farm" (1954), a full-length animated cartoon.
March 25-26: "Male Hunt" (1965; in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Sweet and Sour" (1964; in French).
MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
March 20: **SHAME** (in Swedish).
From March 21: **THE SEA GULL**.

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Its any-season fabric: cotton/nylon, fully lined. 8 to 16, 50.00



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The Smiling Face of Spring

That's the face to show now: colors up an octave with that fresh-after-the-rain brilliance. That describes Germaine Monteil's spring make-up — exactly.

Eye shadows that are whitened flower pastels, with white alone used in a new way. Lipsticks are near-pastel but with a happy intensity. Skin tones are creamy, with a rose or peach cast. The whole — a beguiling, man-oriented, petal-y look you could eat with a spoon.

Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON Tuesday, March 4th, in the Kresge Auditorium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a group of scientists assembled, with students and others, to discuss the uses of scientific knowledge. There is nothing we might print in these columns that could be more urgent than the extemporaneous speech, made before that gathering by George Wald, professor of biology at Harvard and Nobel Prize winner, under the title "A Generation in Search of a Future." We therefore quote from it here at length:

"All of you know that in the last couple of years there has been student unrest, breaking at times into violence, in many parts of the world: in England, Germany, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Japan, and, needless to say, many parts of this country. There has been a great deal of discussion as to what it all means. Perfectly clearly, it means something different in Mexico from what it does in France, and something different in France from what it does in Tokyo, and something different in Tokyo from what it does in this country. Yet, unless we are to assume that students have gone crazy all over the world, or that they have just decided that it's the thing to do, it must have some common meaning.

"I don't need to go so far afield to look for that meaning. I am a teacher, and at Harvard I have a class of about three hundred and fifty students—men and women—most of them freshmen and sophomores. Over these past few years, I have felt increasingly that something is terribly wrong—and this year ever so much more than last. Something has gone sour, in teaching and in learning. It's almost as though there were a widespread feeling that education has become irrelevant.

"A lecture is much more of a dialogue than many of you probably realize. As you lecture, you keep watching the faces, and information keeps

coming back to you all the time. I began to feel, particularly this year, that I was missing much of what was coming back. I tried asking the students, but they didn't or couldn't help me very much.

"But I think I know what's the matter. I think that this whole generation of students is beset with a profound uneasiness, and I don't think that they have yet quite defined its source. I think I understand the reasons for their uneasiness even better than they do. What is more, I share their uneasiness.

"What's bothering those students? Some of them tell you it's the Vietnam war. I think the Vietnam war is the most shameful episode in the whole of American history. The concept of war crimes is an American invention. We've committed many war crimes in Vietnam—but I'll tell you something interesting about that. We were committing war crimes in World War II, before the Nuremberg trials were held and the principle of war crimes was stated. The saturation bombing of German cities was a war crime. Dropping those atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a war crime. If we had lost the war, it might have been *our* leaders who had to answer for such actions. I've gone through all that history lately, and I find that there's a gimmick in it. It isn't written out, but I think we established it by precedent. That gimmick is that if one can allege that one is repelling or retaliating for an aggression, after that everything goes.



"And, you see, we are living in a world in which all wars are wars of defense. All War Departments are now Defense Departments. This is all part of the doubletalk of our time. The aggressor is always on the other side. I suppose this is why our ex-Secretary of State Dean Rusk went to such pains to insist, as he still insists, that in Vietnam we are repelling an aggression. And if that's what we are doing—so runs the doctrine—everything goes. If the concept of war crimes is ever to mean anything, they will have to be defined as categories of *acts*, regardless of alleged provocation. But that isn't so now.

"I think we've lost that war, as a lot of other people think, too. The Vietnamese have a secret weapon. It's their willingness to die beyond our willingness to kill. In effect, they've been saying, You can kill us, but you'll have to kill a lot of us; you may have to kill all of us. And, thank heaven, we are not yet ready to do that.

"Yet we have come a long way toward it—far enough to sicken many Americans, far enough to sicken even our fighting men. Far enough so that our national symbols have gone sour. How many of you can sing about 'the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air' without thinking, Those are *our* bombs and *our* rockets, bursting over South Vietnamese villages? When those words were written, we were a people struggling for freedom against oppression. Now we are supporting open or thinly disguised military dictatorships all over the world, helping them to control and repress peoples struggling for their freedom.

"But that Vietnam war, shameful and terrible as it is, seems to me only an immediate incident in a much larger and more stubborn situation.

"Part of my trouble with students is that almost all the students I teach were born after World War II. Just after World War II, a series of new and abnormal procedures came into American life. We regarded them at

the time as temporary aberrations. We thought we would get back to normal American life someday.

"But those procedures have stayed with us now for more than twenty years, and those students of mine have never known anything else. They think those things are normal. They think that we've always had a Pentagon, that we have always had a big Army, and that we have always had a draft. But those are all new things in American life, and I think that they are incompatible with what America meant before.

"How many of you realize that just before World War II the entire American Army, including the Air Corps, numbered a hundred and thirty-nine thousand men? Then World War II started, but we weren't yet in it, and, seeing that there was great trouble in the world, we doubled this Army to two hundred and sixty-eight thousand men. Then, in World War II, it got to be eight million. And then World War II came to an end and we prepared to go back to a peacetime Army, somewhat as the American Army had always been before. And, indeed, in 1950—you think about 1950, our international commitments, the Cold War, the Truman Doctrine, and all the rest of it—in 1950, we got down to six hundred thousand men.

"Now we have three and a half million men under arms: about six hundred thousand in Vietnam, about three hundred thousand more in 'support areas' elsewhere in the Pacific, about two hundred and fifty thousand in Germany. And there are a lot at home. Some months ago, we were told that three hundred thousand National Guardsmen and two hundred thousand reservists—so half a million men—had been specially trained for riot duty in the cities.

"I say the Vietnam war is just an immediate incident because as long as we keep that big an Army, it will always find things to do. If the Vietnam war stopped tomorrow, the chances are that with that big a military establishment we would be in another such adventure, abroad or at home, before you knew it.

"The thing to do about the draft is not to reform it but to get rid of it.

"A peacetime draft is the most un-American thing I know. All the time I was growing up, I was told about oppressive Central European countries and Russia, where young men were forced into the Army, and I was told what they did about it. They chopped off a finger, or shot off a couple of

toes, or, better still, if they could manage it, they came to this country. And we understood that, and sympathized, and were glad to welcome them.

"Now, by present estimates, from four to six thousand Americans of draft age have left this country for Canada, two or three thousand more have gone to Europe, and it looks as though many more were preparing to emigrate.

"A bill to stop the draft was recently introduced in the Senate (S. 503), sponsored by a group of senators that runs the gamut from McGovern and Hatfield to Barry Goldwater. I hope it goes through. But I think that when we get rid of the draft we must also drastically cut back the size of the armed forces.

"Yet there is something ever so much bigger and more important than the draft. That bigger thing, of course, is the militarization of our country. Ex-President Eisenhower, in his farewell address, warned us of what he called the military-industrial complex. I am sad to say that we must begin to think of it now as the military-industrial-labor-union complex. What happened under the plea of the Cold War was not alone that we built up the first big peacetime Army in our history but that we institutionalized it. We built, I suppose, the biggest government building in our history to run it, and we institutionalized it.

"I don't think we can live with the present military establishment, and its eighty-billion-dollar-a-year budget, and keep America anything like the America we have known in the past. It is corrupting the life of the whole country. It is buying up everything in sight: industries, banks, investors, scientists—and lately it seems also to have bought up the labor unions.

"The Defense Department is always broke, but some of the things it does with that eighty billion dollars a year would

make Buck Rogers envious. For example, the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, on the outskirts of Denver, was manufacturing a deadly nerve poison on such a scale that there was a problem of waste disposal. Nothing daunted, the people there dug a tunnel two miles deep under Denver, into which they have injected so much poisoned water that, beginning a couple of years ago, Denver has experienced a series of earth tremors of increasing severity. Now there is grave fear of a major earthquake. An interesting debate is in progress as to whether Denver will be safer if that lake of poisoned water is removed or is left in place.

"Perhaps you have read also of those six thousand sheep that suddenly died in Skull Valley, Utah, killed by another nerve poison—a strange and, I believe, still unexplained accident, since the nearest testing seems to have been thirty miles away.

"As for Vietnam, the expenditure of firepower there has been frightening. Some of you may still remember Khe Sanh, a hamlet just south of the Demilitarized Zone, where a force of United States Marines was beleaguered for a time. During that period, we dropped on the perimeter of Khe Sanh more explosives than fell on Japan throughout World War II, and more than fell on the whole of Europe during the years 1942 and 1943.

"One of the officers there was quoted as having said afterward, 'It looks like the world caught smallpox and died.'

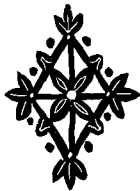
"The only point of government is to safeguard and foster life. Our government has become preoccupied with death, with the business of killing and being killed. So-called defense now absorbs sixty per cent of the national budget, and about twelve per cent of the Gross National Product.

"A lively debate is beginning again on whether or not we should deploy antiballistic missiles, the ABM. I don't have to talk about them—everyone else here is doing that. But I should like to mention a curious circumstance. In September, 1967, or about a year and a half ago, we had a meeting of M.I.T. and Harvard people, including experts on these matters, to talk about whether anything could be done to block the Sentinel system—the deployment of ABMs. Everyone present thought them undesirable, but a few of the most knowledgeable persons took what seemed to be the practical view: 'Why fight about a dead issue? It has been decided, the funds have been appropriated. Let's go on from there.'

"Well, fortunately, it's not a dead issue.

"An ABM is a nuclear weapon. It takes a nuclear weapon to stop a nuclear weapon. And our concern must be with the whole issue of nuclear weapons.

"There is an entire semantics ready to deal with the sort of thing I am about to say. It involves such phrases as 'Those are the facts of life.' No—these are the facts of death. I don't accept them, and I advise you not to accept them. We are under repeated pressure to accept things that are presented to us as settled—decisions that have been made. Always there is the thought: Let's go on from there. But



this time we don't see how to go on. We will have to stick with these issues.

"We are told that the United States and Russia, between them, by now have stockpiled nuclear weapons of approximately the explosive power of fifteen tons of TNT for every man, woman, and child on earth. And now it is suggested that we must make more. All very regrettable, of course, but 'those are the facts of life.' We really would like to disarm, but our new Secretary of Defense has made the ingenious proposal that now is the time to greatly increase our nuclear armaments, so that we can disarm from a position of strength.

"I think all of you know there is no adequate defense against massive nuclear attack. It is both easier and cheaper to circumvent any known nuclear-defense system than to provide it. It's all pretty crazy. At the very moment we talk of deploying ABMs, we are also building the MIRV, the weapon to circumvent ABMs.

"As far as I know, the most conservative estimates of the number of Americans who would be killed in a major nuclear attack, with everything working as well as can be hoped and all foreseeable precautions taken, run to about fifty million. We have become callous to gruesome statistics, and this seems at first to be only another gruesome statistic. You think, Bang!—and next morning, if you're still there, you read in the newspapers that fifty million people were killed.

"But that isn't the way it happens. When we killed close to two hundred thousand people with those first, little, old-fashioned uranium bombs that we dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, about the same number of persons were maimed, blinded, burned, poisoned, and otherwise doomed. A lot of them took a long time to die.

"That's the way it would be. Not a bang and a certain number of corpses to bury but a nation filled with millions of helpless, maimed, tortured, and doomed persons, and the survivors huddled with their families in shelters, with guns ready to fight off their neighbors trying to get some uncontaminated food and water.

"A few months ago, Senator Richard Russell, of Georgia, ended a speech in the Senate with the words 'If we have to start over again with another Adam and Eve, I want them to be Americans; and I want them on this continent and not in Europe.' That was a United States senator making a patriotic speech. Well, here is a Nobel laureate who thinks that those words are criminally insane.

"How real is the threat of full-scale nuclear war? I have my own very inexperienced idea, but, realizing how little I know, and fearful that I may be a little paranoid on this subject, I take every opportunity to ask reputed experts. I asked that question of a distinguished professor of government at Harvard about a month ago. I asked him what sort of odds he would lay on the possibility of full-scale nuclear war within the foreseeable future. 'Oh,' he said comfortably, 'I think I can give you a pretty good answer to that question. I estimate the probability of full-scale nuclear war, provided that the situation remains about as it is now, at two per cent per year.' Anybody can do the simple calculation that shows that two per cent per year means that the chance of having that full-scale nuclear war by 1990 is about one in three, and by 2000 it is about fifty-fifty.

"I think I know what is bothering the students. I think that what we are up against is a generation that is by no means sure that it has a future.

"I am growing old, and my future, so to speak, is already behind me. But there are those students of mine, who are in my mind always; and there are my children, the youngest of them now seven and nine, whose future is infinitely more precious to me than my own. So it isn't just their generation; it's mine, too. We're all in it together.

"Are we to have a chance to live? We don't ask for prosperity, or security. Only for a reasonable chance to live, to work out our destiny in peace and decency. Not to go down in history as the apocalyptic generation.

"And it isn't only nuclear war. Another overwhelming threat is in the population explosion. That has not yet even begun to come under control. There is every indication that the world population will double before the year 2000, and there is a widespread expectation of famine on an unprecedented scale in many parts of the world. The experts tend to differ only in their estimates of when those famines will begin. Some think by 1980; others think they can be staved off until 1990; very few expect that they will not occur by the year 2000.

"That is the problem. Unless we can be surer than we now are that this generation has a future, nothing else matters. It's not good enough to give it tender, loving care, to supply it with breakfast foods, to buy it expensive educations. Those things don't mean anything unless this generation has a future. And we're not sure that it does.

"I don't think that there are problems of youth, or student problems. All the real problems I know about are grown-up problems.

"Perhaps you will think me altogether absurd, or 'academic,' or hopelessly innocent—that is, until you think of the alternatives—if I say, as I do to you now: We have to get rid of those nuclear weapons. There is nothing worth having that can be obtained by nuclear war—nothing material or ideological—no tradition that it can defend. It is utterly self-defeating. Those atomic bombs represent an unusable weapon. The only use for an atomic bomb is to keep somebody else from using one. It can give us no protection—only the doubtful satisfaction of retaliation. Nuclear weapons offer us nothing but a balance of terror, and a balance of terror is still terror.

"We have to get rid of those atomic weapons, here and everywhere. We cannot live with them.

"I think we've reached a point of great decision, not just for our nation, not only for all humanity, but for life upon the earth. I tell my students, with a feeling of pride that I hope they will share, that the carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen that make up ninety-nine per cent of our living substance were cooked in the deep interiors of earlier generations of dying stars. Gathered up from the ends of the universe, over billions of years, eventually they came to form, in part, the substance of our sun, its planets, and ourselves. Three billion years ago, life arose upon the earth. It is the only life in the solar system.

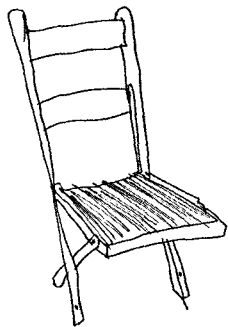
"About two million years ago, man appeared. He has become the dominant species on the earth. All other living things, animal and plant, live by his sufferance. He is the custodian of life on earth, and in the solar system. It's a big responsibility.

"The thought that we're in competition with Russians or with Chinese is all a mistake, and trivial. We are one species, with a world to win. There's life all over this universe, but the only life in the solar system is on earth, and in the whole universe we are the only men.

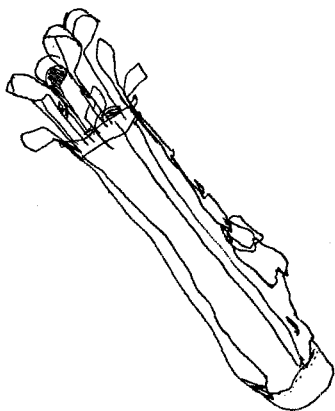
"Our business is with life, not death. Our challenge is to give what account we can of what becomes of life in the solar system, this corner of the universe that is our home; and, most of all, what becomes of men—all men, of all nations, colors, and creeds. This has become one world, a world for all men. It is only such a world that can now offer us life, and the chance to go on."



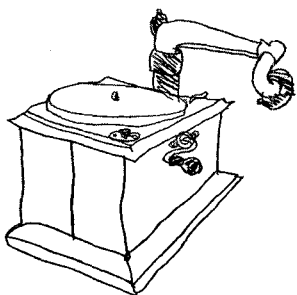
NOTES FROM AN EXHIBITION



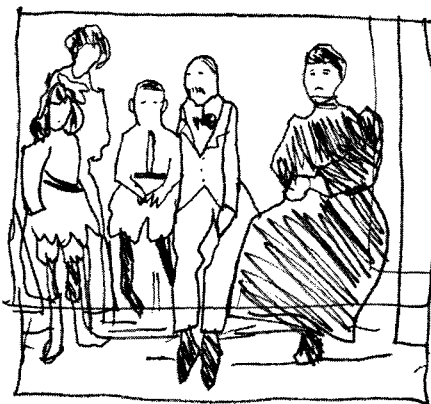
Hymn chair, with green seat. Used at Hymns in the Wilson house during the '30s and early '40s (now the E. M. Barclay house). A highlight of Hymns was the singing by the children alone of "Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me." People would call out the number of whatever hymn they wished to sing; favorites included "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "For Those in Peril on the Sea." Hymns always closed with the Doxology. Children then changed out of their white clothes and were free to play.



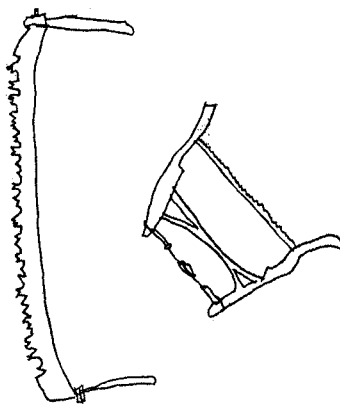
Golf clubs. 1913. Mr. Pratt says that he bought them from the president of the Carver Sugar Company, who was giving up the game.



Victrola. Mr. Phelps, the donor, has declined to exhibit his records at this time, but they include two Bert Williamses and a duet entitled "As General Washington Crossed the Delaware, General Pershing Will Cross the Rhine."



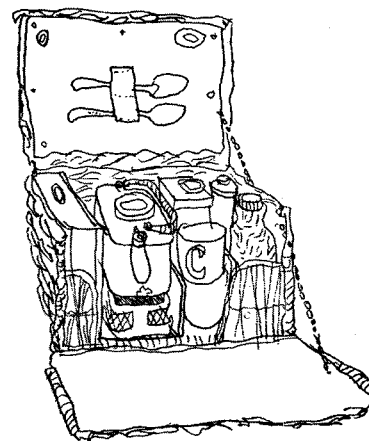
Photograph. Family. Unknown. They either were visitors or came from Hartford, and therefore were not well known. (Most summer residents of Pattagansett Point have always come from New York.)



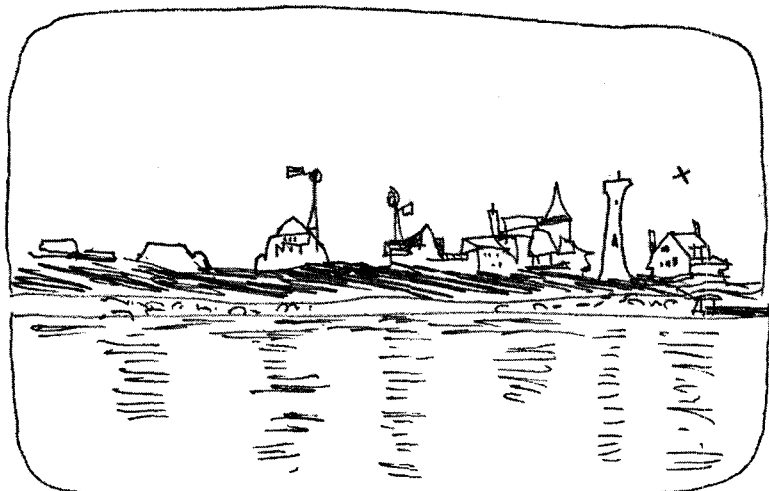
Farm implements. Pattagansett Point was farmland until late in the previous century. Earlier, Indians of the Pattagansett tribe resided here (hence the name).



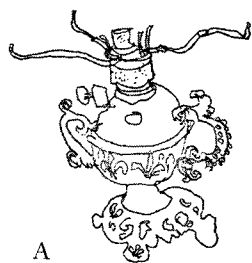
Samuel Kettering's baseball glove (outfield). Circa 1919. Baseball was played on Sunday afternoons, prior to Hymns.



Tea set. 1920. Used on canoe trips to Rocky Ledge. Wicker. The metal box above contained sandwiches; the teapot is next to it, resting on an alcohol-stove base. To the right are cups (china). The metal box at rear is for sugar; the cylindrical container held alcohol (for the stove). Cream was carried in the wicker-covered bottle at right. The lid holds two teaspoons. Mrs. Perkins, the owner and donor, tells there was often a breeze at Rocky Ledge, and the alcohol stove frequently ignited the wicker case.



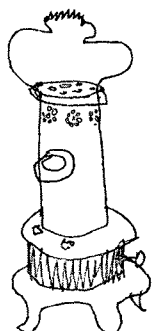
Postcard. Circa 1910. View of Pattagansett Point from the water. The tall structure at right is the Farnums' windmill (destroyed in the '38 hurricane). It was faced with shingles. Children were forbidden to climb the rickety stairs within, but they did. Two other windmills are shown. The old Sound View Hotel is to the left of the Farnum windmill. Burned in 1915.



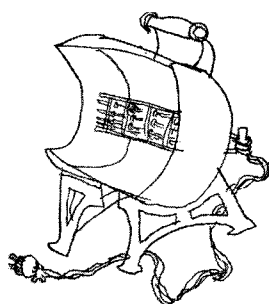
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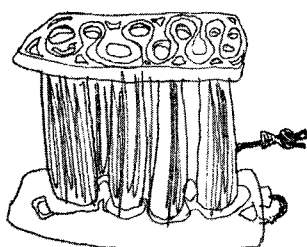
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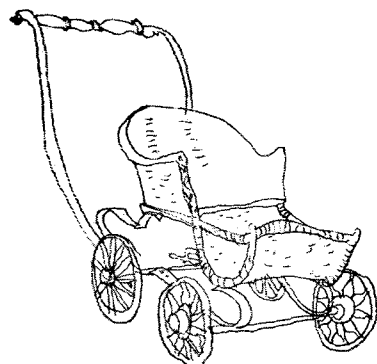


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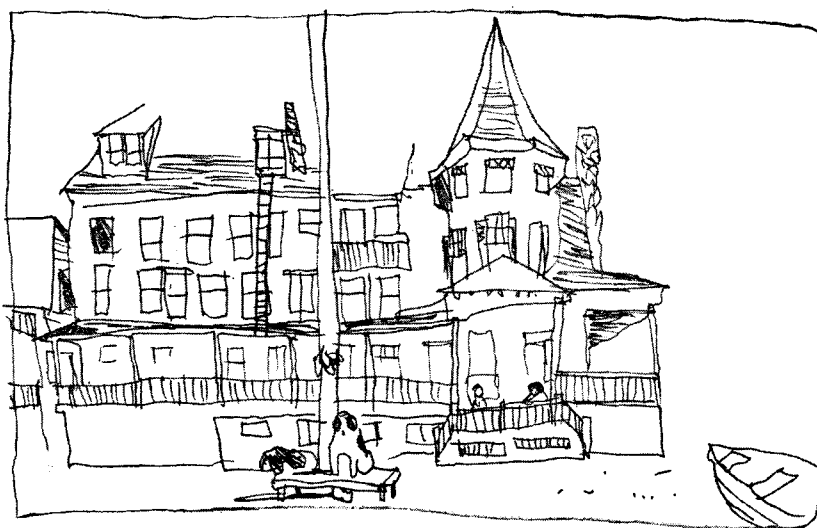


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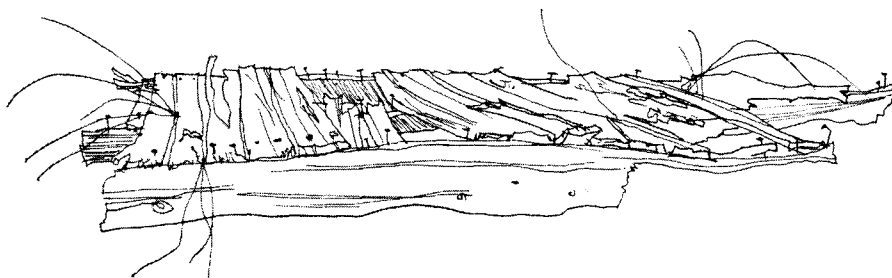
Heating and lighting. A and B are kerosene lamps. C is a kerosene stove. D and E are early electric heaters. Prior to the installation of wiring in several houses in 1920, candles were kept on a table by the stairs; each member of the family would take his candle with him to light his way.



Edward Chauncey's baby carriage (wicker). Circa 1925.



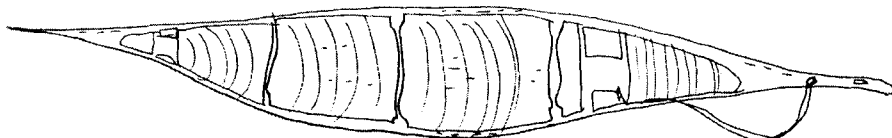
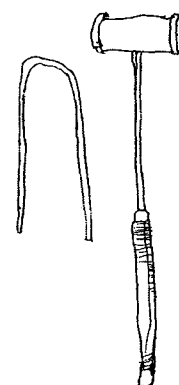
Photograph. The Sound View Hotel. Note rowboat on lawn at right, two dogs at base of flagpole, and two people on porch steps—a lady in a white dress, and a child. Both are unidentified, as are the dogs. A ladder is visible extending from the porch roof to an attic window. (The ladder and the hotel appear in another photograph—on display on the "Events" table—in which a celebration of some sort is taking place on the lawn. There is an Indian tepee with American flags sticking out of the top, a tent, and a number of ladies in long white dresses, and men striding about in boaters, dark coats, and white trousers. Rocking chairs have been placed on the grass; two bicycles lean against the porch.)



A section of the old boardwalk leading to the beach. This boardwalk was for the exclusive use of nurses and children; thus, it was travelled mostly by tricycles, bicycles, strollers, and carriages. Swept away by the '38 hurricane.



Mrs. C. K. Wilson, 84, won the 1944 Labor Day Mixed Doubles Croquet Tournament with Mr. Henry P. Porter, 91. He used the Slazenger "Corbally" shown at right.



Mrs. Stewart Finley's canoe. The interior has been revarnished. Circa 1913.

—JAMES STEVENSON

THREE LOVES HAD I, IN ASSORTED FLAVORS

THERE it lay in a dusty recess of our Pennsylvania attic, atop a pile of other discarded records—Cole Porter's "Experiment," played by Ray Noble and his Orchestra—and there I crouched that winter's day, heart-stricken, simianlike, to avoid conussing myself against the rafters. To think that a quarter of a century had elapsed since I used to play it over and over, marvelling at the smooth precision of the brass, the buoyant lines in the refrain so characteristic of Porter: "The apple on the top of the tree/ Is never too high to achieve./ So take an example from Eve./ Experiment!" Heavy with nostalgia, I bore it downstairs, and when our laundryman peered through the window ten minutes later, he saw his customer, eyeballs capsized, gliding about with a broom in his arms, an unreasonable facsimile of Fred Astaire. Why I was thus engaged, or what associations the song held for me, I could never explain to such a hayseed, but I can do

so here. "Experiment" was the outstanding tune in "Nymph Errant," an English musical I labored to convert into a Hollywood film back in the thirties, and now that TV's jackals roam where once I fought and bled, the sorry tale may finally be told.

The architect of my misfortunes was, in actuality, a very decent bird—a producer named Sonny LoPresto, who himself was a successful songwriter and Broadway celebrity. From the outset, his attitude was refreshingly candid and succinct; he made no effort to minimize the problems ahead. "Kid, I'll be honest with you," he said through his knees. (The armchairs in his office were so deep that we could hardly discern each other's face.) "This property was wished on me by Wingfoot Shaughnessy, the head of the studio. He saw it in London, with Gertie Lawrence in the lead, and he flipped—bought it on the spot. Now, it's a great Cole Porter score, a crack-erjack, but the book—Well, it's going

to need lots of elbow grease to get a picture out of it. Which is why I'm teaming you with Cy Horniman on the screenplay."

"Cy Horniman?" I repeated incredulously. "But his specialty is hoods. He wrote all that underworld stuff for Cagney over at Warner's."

"Damn right he did," said LoPresto, beaming. "He's got a terrific plot sense—he'll give you enough situations to make a hundred musicals. So what if the guy only thinks in terms of blood and guts? Use him—milk his brain!"

It baffled me that, of the twelve hundred and fifty members of the Screen Writers' Guild, LoPresto couldn't have picked a pen with a daintier nib to complement mine. However, professional ethics enjoined silence, and I acquiesced—not without foreboding.

Horniman was hours late for our initial conference the next morning, and when he did totter in, unshaven and half asleep, he looked pretty shopworn. His face, which bore remnants of the starry-eyed beauty typified by Nell Brinkley's Adonises in the Hearst press, was puffy with dissipation, and a resentful scowl, as of one persecuted beyond endurance, corroded his forehead. As he fell back on the davenport in my office, racked by yawns, I noticed he was wearing a suede tie spattered with food stains. It was an unimportant detail, but I had a premonition our union was going to be short-lived.

"Christ, what a hangover," he murmured, combing his hair with his fingers. "We must have killed two quarts of tequila last night in Olvera Street, this Mexican cooz and I. My head is so hot you could fry an egg on it." He paused—I suspected, waiting for me to produce a skillet—but I registered polite concern and said nothing. "Well, anyhow," he resumed, "I wish I'd met Conchita ten years ago. I wouldn't be paying alimony to those two vampire bats I married. They stripped me of everything but what I've got on."

I could understand why they had left him his tie; nevertheless, I pretended commiseration, and delicately inched around to our project. Horniman confessed he had not yet read the basic material, but he said he would digest it that evening.

Two days passed by without any word, during which I built up a substantial head of steam. On the third, he phoned to propose that we work at his home to escape the distractions



"I'm sorry, Mr. Travis, but even here, at the Freedom University, seven times eight is fifty-six."



*"Now, now, you mustn't worry yourself. Get a good night's sleep
and I'm sure things will look brighter in the morning."*

of the studio. His lair, when I ultimately found it, thirteen miles below the Signal Hill oil fields, turned out to be a bungalow in a heavily wooded canyon—a refuge, he explained, from leeches like process servers and federal tax agents.

"Hell, it's too late in the day to talk script," he said, and cracked his knuckles. "I had Conchita prepare us lunch before she left for the cannery, so we'll just have a little snort and

relax. Do you drink Moscow mules?"

I never had; nor, judging from the effects, will I ever be induced to again. After a purely nominal intake, I experienced a feeling of exaltation in the course of which I gobbled quantities of cold frijoles washed down with muscatel. There ensued a sudden thunderclap, as though I had been hit with a broadaxe, and then I was face down on the patio listening to my collaborator, garbed in a sarape and sombrero, pick

out "Las Cuatro Milpas" on a guitar. The subject of "Nymph Errant" did not arise, needless to say, and our two subsequent meetings at the studio were similarly fruitless. Horniman was in a strange comatose state on both occasions; his conversation rambled, and I detected a sickly-sweet odor, unfamiliar to me at that time, emanating from his cigarettes.

A day or two afterward, LoPresto summoned me to his office. "Don't

THE PARACHUTIST

Then the air was perfect. And his descent
to the white earth slowed.

Falling

became an ability to rest—as

the released breath
believes in life. Further down it snowed,

a confusion of slow novas
which his shoes touched upon, which seemed,
as he fell by,

to be rising. From every
small college and rural town,
the clearest, iced blossoms of thought,

but gentle.

Then the housetops

of friends, who
he thought had been speaking of his arrival,
withdrew, each from another.

He saw that his friends
lived in a solitude they had not ever said aloud.

Strangely he thought this good.

The world, in fact,
which in these moments he came toward,
seemed casual.

Though not new.

Had he been thinking this all along?

A life
where he belonged, having lived with himself

always, as a secret friend.

A few may have seen him then. In evidence:
the stopped dots
of children and dogs, sudden weave

of a car—
acquaintances circling up
into the adventure they imagined. They saw him drop

through the line breaks
and preciousness of art

down to the lake
which openly awaited him.

Here the thin
green ice allowed him in.

Some ran, and were late.
These would
forever imagine tragedy

(endless descent,
his face floating among the reeds, by the fish
unrecognized), as those

who imagine the silence of a guest
to be mysterious, or wrong.

—JON ANDERSON

bother to tell me how the yarn is going," he said. "I'll tell you. Your partner's on Cloud Nine and I've decided to replace him. From now on, you work with Byron Burrows, the author of 'Dead on Arrival.'"

"Sonny, this is a *musical*," I protested. "What kind of casting is that? Burrows is Horniman all over again—another gangland expert!"

"Yep, and a first-rate story mind," he said. "He's just the man to supply the skeleton for your brittle, sparkling japes. So get over there pronto and huddle with him—he's in that adobe villa across from Wardrobe."

Whereas most scenarists were housed in buildings like the Irving J. Thalberg Memorial, at Metro—whose façade doubled as an apartment dwelling or a high-grade mortuary on occasion—Burrows was permitted his own bower, and it was a lulu. To paraphrase Dashiell Hammett's dictum "The cheaper the crook the gaudier the patter," it was a case of the cheaper the scribe the gaudier the pad. The décor was a mixture of schools—the peckycypress walls adorned with pewter, fusing La Cienega Boulevard with Louis-

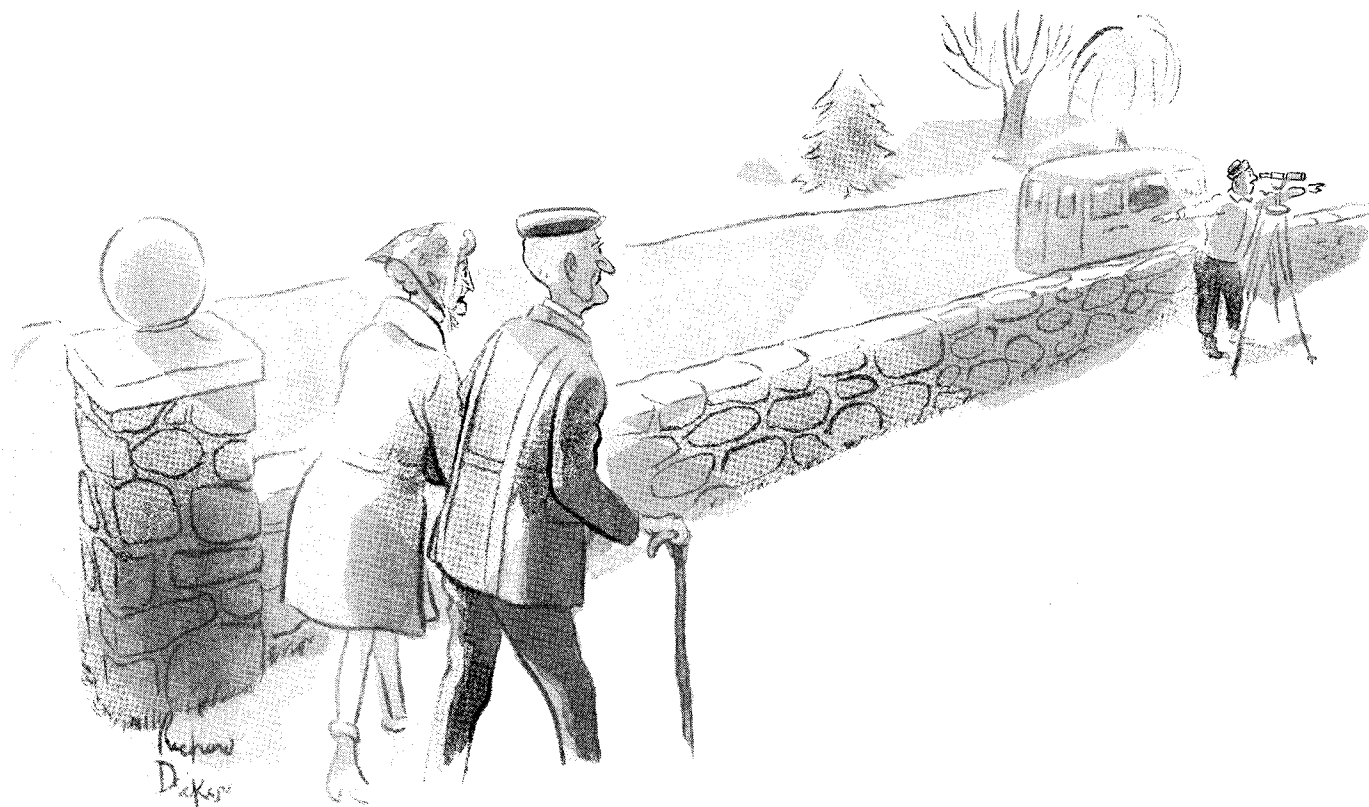
burg Square; an English kneehole desk; *toile-de-Jouy* curtains; and even a ceramic fox of the sort found in Madison Avenue antique shops. Burrows, a pallid, bespectacled chap, arose to greet me from a swollen red leather lounge chair. In a community where facial tics were a commonplace, his were exceptional; they literally pursued each other across his features like snipe. The source of his turbulence soon became apparent—he was the most fearful hypochondriac I had ever met. We had barely started to discuss an approach to "Nymph Errant" when Burrows chanced to emit a slight cough. Instantly he was on his feet, groping toward a shelf crammed with medical books. He thumbed through

one of them, hurriedly consulted an illustration, and collapsed into his chair.

"Finished," he croaked. "I've had it—I'm done for. Oh, my God."

I took the volume—Koch's standard work on tuberculosis—and looked at the plate, a detail drawing of lymph nodes in Technicolor warranted to freeze the marrow. In my naïveté, I sought to persuade the man that his alarm was unfounded, but he was impervious to reason. Throughout our association, he was forever swallowing lozenges, spraying his throat, scanning his fingers for nonexistent pustules, and palpating his abdomen, and much of the time he was so busy taking his temperature that he was speechless. Like all imaginary invalids, he felt he had evolved a regimen that catered to his special needs. At 11 A.M., our secretary brought him a tall glass of buttermilk and half a glass of bourbon. At four, the dosage was reversed—a large bourbon followed by a small buttermilk. During our fortnight together, there was no visible change in his condition, but we managed to eviscerate "Nymph Errant" and construct a species of framework. Though we had





"If he says, 'You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs,' whack him one with that stick."

minor disagreements—like his insistence that Dion O'Banion and Bugs Moran would quicken the action—our relationship was amicable. One Monday, though, the secretary greeted me with chilling news. Burrows had suffered an attack of the rams over the Sabbath and had been removed to a rest home in Tucson to dehydrate.

"Buck up, my boy," Sonny LoPresto counselled as I sat in his quarters, profoundly discouraged. He quoted numberless ordeals out of his Broadway past that had ended in triumph. "I know how rough it's been, but we're out of the woods at last. I've been combing the agents' lists and I've got you the perfect teammate—Lothar Perfidiash, the noted Hungarian playwright."

"And plagiarist," I supplemented. "He's been sued for every play and movie he ever wrote—or, rather, didn't."

"Granted, but a great constructionist," he emphasized. "After all, there's only six basic plots in the world, and it's up to you, with your shrewd nose for the unusual, to winnow out his ideas and select the least obvious. He's waiting for you in the commissary."

As indeed he was, over a third *Schlagobers*, his crafty eyes atwinkle above the white carnation he always sported; he was well aware of the disarming influence of flowers. The usual

anecdotes about Ferenc Molnár and Budapest tricksters consumed our first afternoon. Subsequently, Perfidiash started bunting plots at me one after another, all too familiar to steal—"Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Lady, Be Good," "Roberta," "A Connecticut Yankee," along with everything Maughan and Sherwood and Coward had written. In the end, I consented to one I couldn't identify—a farce of Georges Feydeau's, I discovered years later—and we fell to work.

Some seven weeks thence, just as we were nearing the final sequence of the screenplay, LoPresto called us in. He was pink with embarrassment. "Men, it kills me to break the news to you, but there's been a terrible mistake," he said. "Wingfoot Shaughnessy is convinced that the 'Nymph Errant' he saw in London was about some dames who open a charm school for sourdoughs in the Klondike. Maybe it was, or maybe he ate too many liqueur candies that night. Anyway, he's the boss, and when I told him our version he blew his stack and cancelled the picture. Turn in your kimonos."

I was eastward bound aboard the Chief the following noon, and it was many months before I heard the coda to our *Phantasiestück*. On the day I left, a young novelist, freshly arrived from New York to adapt his book, checked into the studio and was assigned my office. In rummaging

through the desk, he came upon our script and, eager to absorb the technique of screenwriting, lay down on the davenport to peruse it. Uninured to the damp chill of southern California, he switched on the petcock of the gas radiator, nobody having warned him that it must be lit manually. He was slowly drifting toward the Final Fadeout when, by the happiest of coincidences, salvation appeared in the form of my collaborator. Perfidiash, in search of his cigar case, threw open the door and beheld the recumbent azure-faced stranger. His behavior, if indefensible by medical standards, at least saved the young man's bacon. He pummelled and shook him violently back to consciousness, and, before the other could rally his thoughts, began excoriating him. "What are you doing, you idiot?" he shouted. "Are you crazy? They find you here, a stiff with these dialogue pages on your chest, and the next thing you know, my friend is dragged off the train at Needles on a murder rap! . . . Say—could this be an idea for a picture? Excuse me, I must call up Sol Wurtzel at Fox right away. . . ." —S. J. PERELMAN

The job of consumers affairs adviser was a full-time position in the Johnson administration held by Pretty Furness. —*The News*.

Just give the news, please.

WINTER IN THE SPARE-PARTS YARD

THE boundaries on the north were Plymouths and Fords, on the south Buicks and Chevrolets—not counting the two ruined Dodges twisted in mechanical fornication a hundred yards down the road. The road cut right through the junk yard—or spare-parts yard, as Kell, its proprietor, preferred it to be called. His name was painted on the mailbox. There was no mention of the junk yard anywhere. If it was odd to come upon fields of crippled automobiles in the yellow and scarlet Vermont woods, it was odder still to have their existence so completely ignored. In the summer, the heavy foliage of the trees and the violent growth of weeds had muted and minimized the metal decay; autumn laid it bare. The crude colors of paint and rust were mocked by the red leaves of the maples, by the yellow of the elms and brown of the oaks. Even the saltbox house and outbuildings had a gaunt, stripped look.

On a Friday afternoon in early October, a young man and his girl drove into the yard in a Ford convertible with Connecticut plates. The girl got out and let a dog out of the back seat, a black-and-white Border collie. It raced off, nose to ground, between two pickup trucks. Kell's mongrel shepherd, chained to the gate, had hurled itself against its chain at the sound of the strange car, choking itself with barking. The girl crossed her arms over her chest and hunched into her sheepskin jacket. Her brown hair was ruffled and caught in the upturned collar. She wore corduroy Levi's and ex-

pensive suede desert boots. The collie's chain leash was looped round one wrist.

"We used to go by here last summer," she said to the young man as he got out of the driver's seat.

He thrust his hands into his pockets and hunched his shoulders as if he, too, felt a chill through his quilted ski parka.

"Well," he said, "the Vermont scenery is rather hidden."

"In winter it would be all right. A nice undulating white surface."

The collie had edged into the open from between the pickup trucks and was crawling on its belly toward Kell's shepherd.

"Pepper!" the girl called sharply. "Come here."

Pepper at their heels, they walked toward the house. Leaves from a big yard maple had blown over the front porch, drifting up against the cardboard beer cartons stacked against the wall. There was no answer when they knocked, but a skewbald nanny goat came round the corner of the porch and looked at them with eerie, quizzical eyes. Pepper slunk round the girl's legs and barked. The nanny goat trotted after him with blunt, rapid steps. She backed him against the wall with her head lowered.

"Poor Pepper," the girl said. "Will she butt him?"

"No," the young man said. "I don't think so. She's just curious."

The door rattled under his knock, but still there was no answer save the shepherd's hoarse barking.

"Not home," she said.

"I guess not."

"I think I know where it is. The

top of that building that looks like a garage, just inside the gate."

He nodded. "It must be," he said.

KELL came back while they were looking at the apartment. He came walking up the road carrying a battery he had bought out of the neighbor's truck. He heard the shepherd's barking a distance off, but the first thing he saw was the collie and the goat circling each other in the road just by the gate. Guessing that the dog belonged to the kids who were coming to look at the apartment, Kell increased his pace.

He gave the Ford a practiced look—1963 convertible, in good shape. He prodded the rear tire with one foot, glancing up at the windows of the apartment. He put down the battery and went over to where the shepherd sat on his haunches, whining and thumping his tail. Kell put his hand on the dog's head and stood looking up at the apartment. Though it was the second story of the building, the windows were almost at Kell's eye level, for he was a big man and the bottom of the building was just a shed to store firewood. He saw no one, and assumed that they were in the far room.

The collie came racing through the gate and up the wooden outside staircase leading to the apartment. He was followed by the goat, who cornered him on the small upstairs porch, backing him against the door and waving her head from side to side.

"Alice," Kell said. "Alice. Let him be."

The goat turned and trotted over to the porch railing, where she stared down at Kell and the shepherd. For a moment, Pepper pressed himself against the door, and then he crouched and began a slow, slinking crawl toward the goat.

"No," Kell said. "Now stop that, boy. That's not fair."

Pepper stopped, wagging his tail.

"Pepper," said the girl, "come here."

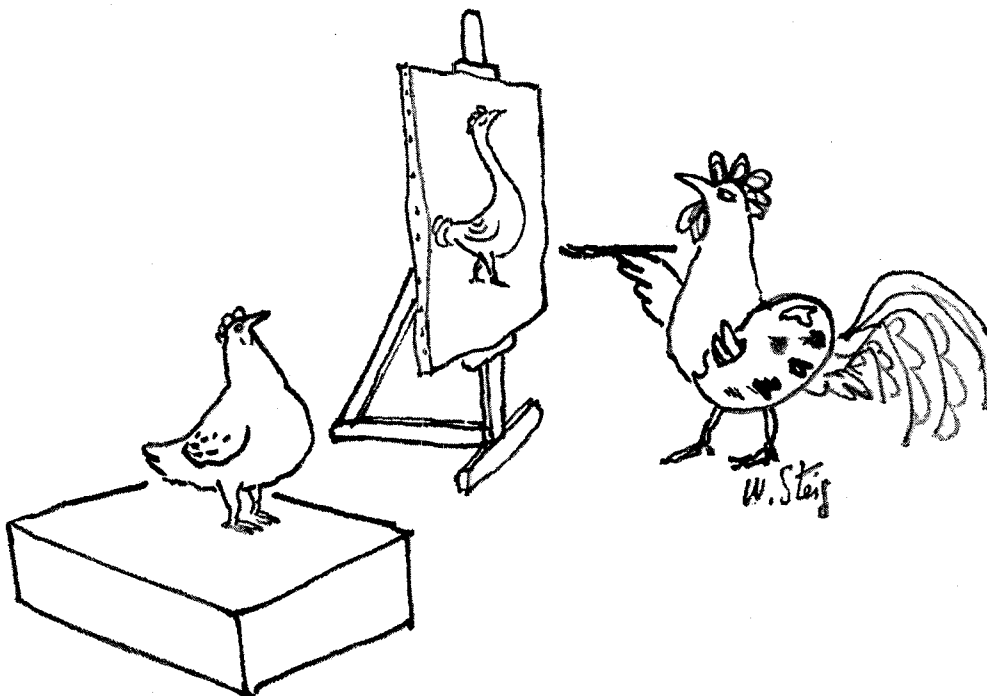
She had just opened the door and stood in its shadow. Kell, looking up, could make out little save Levi's, jacket, and a side of dark hair. However, she saw him and stepped into the light.

"Mr. Kell?"

"Yes," he said, tugging the shepherd's ear. "You came to look at the apartment?"

"That's right."

She came a few steps forward. The goat dashed past her and leapt onto the railing and then onto the flat roof. In the light, Kell saw that the girl was very pretty in a narrow, well-bred



way. He noticed, too, the sheepskin jacket and the expensive boots, and her hands. Her hands, left grasping right at the wrist, were thin and aristocratic.

"It's not much of a place," he said. "I've been meaning to fix it up but I have had so much—so many..." He gestured vaguely upward. "...plans."

"I'm sure it's O.K. for us," the girl said eagerly.

Kell, conscious of her obvious superiority to the surroundings, was touched by her eagerness and very aware of the three dingy rooms and the kerosene stove. He remembered that the closets were filled with boxes of hubcaps. "I can move a lot of that stuff out of there," he said.

"Oh, it's O.K.," she reiterated. "It's fine. We really like it."

He shrugged, diffident before this girl a good ten years his junior. The sophistication of two people living together still affected him, though he knew it was now common over at the college.

The boy came out now and stood behind her, sun glinting on his long, reddish hair. Kell knew him by sight. He came from Connecticut and had been at the college a couple of years. Kell had labelled him a prep-school product.

"Hi, Mr. Kell," he said. "We'd like to take it."

"O.K. with me," Kell said. He moved away from the shepherd and it tangled its chain around a truck bumper trying to follow him. "I was just saying I'd get some stuff out of there." He came round and stood at the foot of the stairs.

"It's perfectly fine," the boy said. "Great. As is."

The boy and girl were to move in early the next week. Over the weekend, Kell carried twelve boxes of hubcaps down to the shed under the building, piling them in with the firewood. He also swept out the apartment and took up a stack of wood for the potbellied stove. The mornings were getting colder. He stood awhile in the kitchen and wondered if he had time to paint over the sides of beer cartons nailed, for insulation, to the ceiling. They made a crazy patchwork—Schlitz, Pabst, Budweiser—and he thought of the girl, her dark hair and slender hands, making coffee on the stove beneath them. But instead he hauled up his spare-room mattress for the naked brass bedstead.



"If I were King, I'd eat out."

They came on Tuesday, in a Jeep wagon, this time with two other kids—boys with shoulder-length hair, bells, and oddments of animal bone on raw-hide thongs about their necks. They spoke almost entirely in gestures. But they were strong and willing, carrying chairs and boxes of books on their backs. One of them had brought a scraggy marmalade cat that sat on top of the Jeep staring with a sort of outrage at the shepherd, Alice, and Pepper.

"The goat's great," one of the boys kept saying. "Like in her own world."

Kell was working over a Studebaker on the rear side of the lot, and he watched the move progress. He did not see the girl at all and imagined that she was inside unpacking and choosing places for things. He wondered if she was the kind who made things fall into cozy order—he had noticed that this had nothing to do with age—but he did not think so. There was something too tentative and unfinished about her.

They all left before dusk, and before he had finished working on the Studebaker. He remembered that dinner at the college was at six. Still, it contented him, he found, to know that when dark came the windows of the apartment would be lighted.

KELL was not a lonely man. Being alone was too habitual and natural a state to him. His life was peopled with familiar strangers—town schoolmates, dealers in parts and scrap metal, tradespeople, the boys who came down the road on their bikes to ramble among the cars. Even his widowed mother, in the last years of her life, had hung about his house like a shadowy acquaintance, mumbling to herself and not to him, preferring the world of his father's memory to their own.

Kell lived with his enthusiasms: the occasional antique car and the youthful hope, never relinquished, of one day being a poet. He worked at his poems at the end of the day and late into the night; the lights in the apartment windows now comforted him with the feeling that there was an audience within voice reach—a deaf, silent audience. He wrote to his new tenants, though for the first weeks of their tenancy he never saw them. He had trips to make to Greenfield and to Keene. No one was

stirring at his hour of departure, and when he came back in midafternoon they were gone. At night, late, about eleven o'clock, he would hear the car return and the shepherd's bark, changed now from warning to welcome.

Then one morning near the end of October, with most of the leaves fallen and the woods opened up to a bright blue sky, he had no more trips to make. He came out of the house at ten o'clock to take inventory of the cars and parts in the yard. The girl was sitting on the steps leading up to the apartment, pulling burrs out of the collie's coat.

"Hi," she said, seeing him.

Kell put his pencil behind his ear. "Hi," he said. "No classes today?"

"Oh," she said, "I don't go there. I just used to go over with Josh and fool around." She looked at him obliquely. "There are pianos over there. I used to practice."

Kell nodded. From the corner of his eye, he noticed that the shepherd was caught up in his chain.

"You went there," she said, "didn't you?"

"Ten years ago. While you were reading comics."

"Ten years ago," the girl said, "I was reading 'Moby Dick.'"

With her hair tied in red-ribboned bunches, she looked a precocious fourteen. Her hands moved nervously in the thick white fur of the collie's underbelly, and she glanced up continually, checking Kell's whereabouts as if he were an animal or a child she did not want out of her sight. Feeling pleasantly captive, he waited, leaning against a trailer, notebook in hand. They did not talk until she said, "Do people come and buy cars from you?"

"Parts, mostly. They call up and tell me what they need, then I go round

the lot disembowelling, throw them in the pickup, and drive on over to Keene or Greenfield or wherever it is."

Her hands stopped moving and she looked at him, probably because, he thought, he had used an educated word. She seemed to consider him for a few moments.

"Is it just how you earn your living?" she said cautiously. "Or do you really care about machinery?"

Kell smiled. "Some of it," he said. "I'll show you, if you'd like."

She stood, and the collie, released, leapt up joyfully.

"It's in the shed," Kell said, "over behind that last line of cars."

She followed him. They walked single file among the cars. He threw back the shed door and the sun flashed from the polished blackness of a 1938 Packard, a regal touring model with curtains at the windows. Light sparkled from the depths of the purple glass bird on the radiator cap.

"It is beautiful," she said.

"I've had several old ones. But I only keep one at a time. I keep trading for better ones—different ones that I want. Now I want a Duesenberg."

She smiled a slight smile. "You just keep them and look at them for a while, like pictures?"

"I guess it's like that," Kell said.

She ran one hand along the smooth curve of the mudguard. "Can you drive this one?"

Kell nodded.

"Someday," she said, "will you take me out in it?"

The pleasant sensation Kell felt when she glanced at him increased immeasurably when her dark eyes were directly on him. "Sure," he said, aware of the weakness of the word.

"It's a deal. Now I have to go make stew. We're economizing."

He watched her till the apartment door shut behind her before he took the pencil from behind his ear. He spent all morning on his inventory and at lunchtime was oddly prompted to work on his poems. He began after making a sandwich and didn't look up until four o'clock, when he was surprised to hear the Ford drive in. His head felt heavy and blurred, and he considered for one of the rare times outside illness going to bed early. Getting up, he went to the window and watched Josh get out of the car backward, gathering up books and papers from the seat.

"Josh!" he heard her call before he turned away.

The girl came out of the woods with Pepper the next afternoon as Kell was collecting parts to fill a new order.

"I don't think that's all you do," she said without preface. "Sell parts and collect antique cars, I mean." She sat down on the bumper of the car he was dismantling. "I think it's a cover." She paused. "Josh says you have a reputation for being brilliant at the college. That you did brilliantly and had a scholarship."

"Not a scholarship really," Kell said. "I lived in the town—so I lived at home. They only gave me tuition. It sort of cemented relations between people and the college, a town boy going there. That was the idea, I think."

She was silent, and he went back to work on the car, watching her as much as he could round the derelict hood. She rubbed her feet back and forth on the grass and stared into space, huddled into her jacket.

"How'd the stew turn out?" Kell asked finally.

"Fine," she said. "Very well. That kerosene stove isn't bad to cook on." She stopped. "Did you ever want to go to graduate school?" she asked.

Kell laughed. "It bothers you, doesn't it? The idea that I'm wasting an education dealing in old wrecks."

She blushed then and jumped up. "No. I just wondered. I was thinking about it before—"

"Before?"

"Oh, you know. Before Josh and dropping out."

Like a ten-year-old she said it, and with ten-year-old abruptness scampered away. Kell watched her through the now familiar closing of the apartment door. Patient as he was with a life that usually took care of itself, it did not occur to him to do anything to keep her with him. He thought, simply, that he would stay outside in case she came back to him. And, indeed, he did catch glimpses. She came and dumped a bowl of water (mysteriously) over the railing, she brought some dish towels out to dry, she let the dog in and out.

On the next day, he did not see her at all, though he watched for her from the porch, feeling like an adolescent. In self-mockery, he began noting in an old account book: "Saw her today, hair tied in red ribbons," or "When she smiles her eyeteeth show like an animal cub." He had vague thoughts of assimilating his notes into one poem, but he considered it more likely that they would one day be discovered in the chaos of his papers by scholar-students of the recluse poet of the spare-parts yard. He toyed with these notions as he sat on the porch alone. Business was slow, and he did not try to force its pace. Nor did he write again in the free



daytime hours—or, rather, he wrote no more than notations. He sat and stared at the yard maple as he had in childhood, his thoughts spinning out into the blue sky beyond its caging branches. And for the first time he wondered at himself as a failure. The aliens in his world had forced him to take an outsider's look at himself, stolid and aging, surrounded by metallic rubble. He was surprised, and, wanting to dissociate himself in some way from his setting, went to stay a few days at Londonderry with his married sister on a pretense of business.

He returned to find his tenants' schedule slightly changed. The boy (as he thought of Josh) left later in the mornings and came home earlier—at the college dinnertime. She must be doing all the cooking now, he thought.

It surprised him when the girl came looking for him the next afternoon, slipping round the corner of the porch as if he might be hiding. She was wearing a red plaid lumberjacket and her hair hung loose behind her shoulders.

"Hi," she said, stopping short.

Kell got to his feet. "Hello," he said. "How have you been?"

"Fine. Where have you been?"

"Londonderry. About forty miles from here."

"Work?"

"Yes. And staying with my sister."

She nodded as if that fitted her conjectures. "I've been reading a lot," she said. "Do you read?"

"Not much anymore. I used to." He shrugged. "Too lazy now, I guess."

"Do you read the papers?"

"Yes."

"I don't do that. So I have time. I haven't read the papers since 1962. Josh reads them all. And *Time* and *Newsweek*. He likes to see how biased they are."

Kell nodded.

Alice crunched about through leaves



in their last crispness, soon to be soaked down by late-November rains. Kell knew that he constantly made inconsequential natural observations. Feeling annoyed with himself, he said to the girl, "How about some coffee?"

"Sure," she said, and came up onto the porch.

Kell brought the coffee out and the girl drank hers gratefully, holding the mug in both hands, childlike. He thought he would write that down in the account book. She startled him by lowering the mug suddenly.

"What do you do late at night?" she said. "I see your light on when we turn ours out."

"Ours." A word so casual that it almost obliterated the rest of the question for him.

"Oh," he answered vaguely. "Desk work."

She gave him a look, and he immediately expected her to know, to mention the poems, but her approach was oblique. "I thought I might paint," she said. "I used to paint all the time, but I don't seem to get around to getting the stuff. I'd have to go to Bennington."

"I could drive you," Kell said.

"That would be a good idea. Someday. Do you ever paint?"

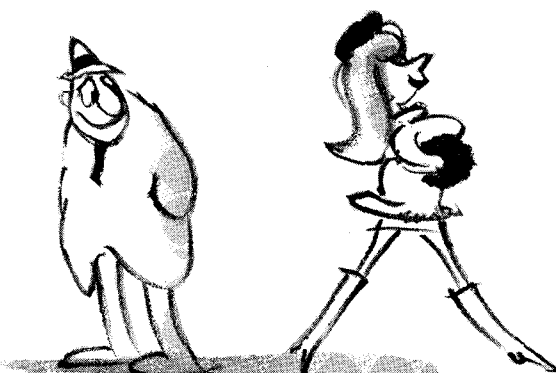
Kell shook his head. He smiled. "I have to do something, don't I?" he said.

"You don't have to. I just think you do."

She relaxed back against the wall, knees bent.

"You must," she said.

FROM that afternoon, she came often for coffee, in the mornings or afternoons. Sometimes, on days



when the rain was endless, she came both times. In due course, she wheedled from Kell an admission of his poetry. She begged to see it, or at least where he wrote it—the room where the light burned. And one day he complied, though he was embarrassed seeing her there, as he had been at his first thought of her living in the junk-filled apartment. She stood out so uncompromisingly against the chocolate woodwork, the dingy flocked wallpaper, the cartons of books, the ugly, battered furniture. Unheeding, she ran straight to the desk, touching the stacks of papers.

"Someday," she said, "you'll let me read them. And when it's finished you can read my novel."

"You're writing a novel?"

"It takes less equipment than painting. Besides, Josh gets bored with my painting. He doesn't like the smell and he says with the turpentine fumes and the kerosene stove I'd blow us up." She hunched her shoulders. "I guess he's right."

She came to the house still more often as the weather grew colder. She claimed that the apartment was freezing and that she didn't like the kero-

sene stove on high, that she feared it would blow up. Kell reassured her that it had been made for a house twice the size, but she was not convinced. She brought her writing pad and hunched at the big table in his kitchen. She would stay there even when he was out, and he came to expect, when he returned at dusk, the still figure in the dark kitchen.

The gray rains ended, and after a time of naked cold that Kell thought would shatter the car headlights like ice, the snow came. For a whole day it snowed. The girl came running, breathless, across the yard, crystals in her hair, on her nose, her eyelashes. She needed more wood; the kerosene stove had gone out. Josh had been furious. She giggled. The fuel line had congealed in the night, and, with no wood for the other stove, he had almost frozen getting up to go to class.

They gathered wood from the shed, dusting snow from it. They had to struggle to get the door of the apartment open, and Alice got in. It was bitterly cold, for the roof was not well insulated. Kell shoved wood into the stove, looking round him. Only the

TWO POEMS

MY MOTHER ONCE TOLD ME

My mother once told me
Not to sleep with flowers in the room.
Since then I have not slept with flowers.
I sleep alone, without them.

There were many flowers.
But I've never had enough time.
And persons I love are already pushing themselves
Away from my life, like boats
Away from the shore.

My mother said
Not to sleep with flowers.
You won't sleep.
You won't sleep, mother of my childhood.

The bannister I clung to
When they dragged me off to school
Is long since burnt.
But my hands, clinging,
Remain
Clinging.

SONG OF RESIGNATION

I resign!

My son has my father's eyes,
My mother's hands,
And my own mouth.
There is no further need of me. Many thanks.
The refrigerator is beginning to hum toward
a long journey.
An unknown dog sobs over the loss of a stranger.

I resign!

II

I paid my dues to so many funds.
I am fully insured.
Let the world care for me now;
I am knotted and tied with it and all of them.
Every change in my life will cost them cash.
Every movement of mine will hurt them.
My death will dispossess them.
My voice passes with clouds.
My hand, stretched out, has turned into paper. Yet
another contract.
I see the world through the yellow roses
Someone has forgotten
On the table near my window.

III

Bankruptcy!
I declare the whole world to be a womb.
And as of this moment
I appoint myself,
Order myself
At its mercy.
Let it adopt me. Let it care for me.

I declare the President of the United States to be
my father,
The Chairman of the Soviet Union to have my power
of attorney,
The British Cabinet to be my family,
And Mao Tse-tung to be my grandmother.

I resign!
I declare the heavens to be God.
They all together go ahead and do those things
That I never believed they would.

—YEHUDA AMICHAI

(Translated from the Hebrew by Assia Gutmann)

most transitory efforts at decoration had been made. Pictures cut from magazines were taped to the walls, and a theatre poster was tacked over the sides of beer cartons on the ceiling.

"We're going to start skiing," she said, stacking the wood she carried in an old dairy crate.

Alice came through the open bedroom door and, looking past her, Kell could see the tousled bed and over it a mass of glossy eight-by-ten photographs of Josh, laughing, cool, pensive.

"Those are from the summer he did stock," she said. "Summer before last."

"Is he going to be an actor?"

"I don't know. He's not in the play they're doing right now at the college. He says they're amateur."

"What does he want to be?" Kell asked, and was aware, as soon as the words were out of his mouth, how old they made him sound.

"Who knows," she said. "A poet

too, maybe. Or maybe his family will recapture him and he'll be a banker."

SNOW made the spare-parts yard a miniature landscape of irregular hills and gullies. The town snowplow would not arrive till late afternoon. Josh and the girl were pelting each other with snowballs when Kell went outside after lunch.

"Hi, Mr. Kell," Josh called. His face, fair-skinned and smooth, was red from the cold. He was bareheaded. His forelock was white with snow. Kell was pleased to see that the girl had hit him dead on. Pepper frolicked about them, and, reminded, Kell went

to let his shepherd out of the house, and Alice, too, who had spent the night in the back kitchen. The goat would not stir off the porch, but Pepper and the shepherd made running passes at each other around the snow-covered cars.

"Warm enough for you up there?" Kell asked.

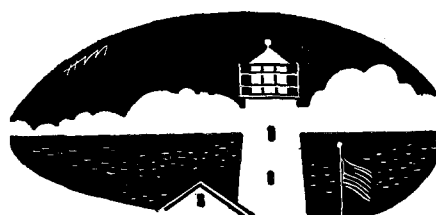
"Yes, sir," Josh said. "Just fine."

"Since we brought the wood up," she added, heaving snowballs at the dogs.

At four o'clock, the snowplow came. It cleared the road, piling huge drifts on either side. The spare-parts yard was hidden behind sheer white walls, like an ice castle. That was what the girl said to Kell the next day when they met at the mailbox.

"It is like a fairy tale," she said, as if someone had tried to persuade her that it was not. "It's like being imprisoned in a snow fortress. Has one of us a sliver of ice at his heart?"

"Not you," he said. Her face looked



fuller, round, rosy-cheeked, healthy, and very human.

"You, perhaps. It's your palace." She laughed.

Kell wrote a poem that night about the fairy tale. He wrote three drafts and put the third in his pocket to show her. But he got a call from the town to help with plowing and he left at 6 A.M., not returning until the sky was dark again. Alice met him, bleating, at the corner of the porch. The Ford, he noticed, had not been moved, and he supposed that classes at the college had been cancelled. He remembered snow at the college—snowball fights and sliding down the pitched roofs of the old dormitories. It was one of his few vivid memories other than the interior of the library.

The draft remained in his pocket two days, till classes resumed and he and the girl helped push Josh in the Ford out onto the road.

"Do you want to come with me?" Josh said to her, leaning out of the window. "They keep a big fire in the library and you could read."

She shook her head. "I'll stay here," she said. "I want to clean up."

But when he had gone she came into the kitchen with Kell.

"Poor Alice," she said as the goat gazed mournfully through the glass panels of the door. "She doesn't like snow."

Kell pulled the poem from his pocket. "I wrote you an ice-palace poem," he said, and watched her unfold and read it, head bent so that her hair grazed the paper.

"I like it," she said when she had finished. "It's so quiet. I'm halfway through the tenth chapter but you can't see it till I've finished." She pushed her hair back behind her ears. "I can't write much when Josh is home. I can't really work in the library, either. I like it better in this room—it looks like Vermont."

She curled her feet round the rungs of the chair and stayed.

THE long snow months brought the skiers to the valley, and Josh seemed to have narrowed his academic

responsibilities considerably. He left early with the girl every morning, their skis on top of the Ford. Kell missed her working at his kitchen table. He took a part-time job on the lift crew up at the mountain. He saw Josh and the girl sometimes, but they skied more often at the newer and less crowded areas. They never came home till late, so he figured that they must be following the night life. One Saturday night, he made the rounds of the places in town looking for them, and he found them at the Snow Mill. They were with others—not from the college, Kell thought; they looked older, too sophisticated. They were talking at a table, drinking, smoking, not dancing. The girl sat slightly apart, shrunk into a heavy white sweater. She looked dazed, drifting. He wanted to speak to her, but the way she looked, so faraway, he felt that he might find more of her at home in his own kitchen than here in the blare of music, the pall of smoke. Josh turned to her and touched her on the shoulder; animation rose in her face like color. She bent her head close to his. He said something. She dropped back and stayed, curled in her chair, while he got up with the others and went into the back room. She would not want to recognize him here, Kell thought, and he left.

March came, the snow began to melt, and the main part of the skiing circus packed up and was gone. Only

the dedicated skied the high slopes, and Kell's job at the mountain was over.

"Josh is still skiing," the girl said, "but I'm pretty sick of it. Luckily, he's content to leave me at home these days."

She was back in Kell's kitchen, feet in muddy Wellington boots propped on the stove rail. To Kell, she looked pale; the color had washed out of her skin, leaving the sun freckles to stand out darkly on her nose. "I'm losing my tan, though," she added ruefully, as if sensing his thoughts.

"Summer'll be here," Kell said. "Believe it or not. You be staying?"

"Who knows?" She tossed her head impatiently. "I don't know what he wants to do. And I just might go anyway—to the West Coast."

This was the first of the defiant things she said. Almost every day, of the days Kell saw her, she said something that pushed Josh and his life out of her way: "I can't just be a dropout. I'm going to go live at home and go to school. They'd take me back." . . . "I'd like to go to Europe. It's cheaper to live on a fixed income there. And I have this allowance." . . . "Josh is probably going to get thrown out. He'll have to go back to the city and work. His parents'll make him. I might just stay here and go to the college. I like the hills."

Kell, who did not like Josh, should have been pleased, but he felt instead a growing, almost painful, worry. Some-



"I tell you, I can feel them! They're all around us! Young people! Getting closer and closer!"



STEVENSON

"She's done a remarkable job over the years, considering."

thing had changed, and the girl brought it with her whenever she came into his kitchen. She asked him if he would keep his promise and take her for a drive in the Packard.

"It's pretty muddy," he said. "If the sun stays out for the next couple of days, I'll take you. Otherwise we might get stuck."

There was sun for the next few days, and the heavy ruts in the road began to dry up.

"Let's go now," she cried four mornings later, banging through the kitchen door. Her hair was wild round her face and she stood tensely on the balls of her feet. Her face was still pale.

Kell looked briefly out of the window. Wind was shoving at the bare tree branches and the sun was the brightest it had been since autumn. "All right," he said.

It was a job to back the Packard out of the shed. The girl directed, running about, hair blowing in wild streamers. At last, the huge car was pointed majestically toward the road. Kell reached over and opened the passenger door.

"Unless you'd rather ride in the back," he said as she scrambled in and sat down beside him.

She didn't answer.

The Packard purred along. It felt like a car built for long rides over archaic roads. Kell imagined touring Italy in it, flocks of sheep and chickens and children breaking from under its wheels.

For the first few miles, the girl sat up very straight beside him, peering out, with one hand on the dashboard.

She startled him when she said, "I'm pregnant."

The road stretched ahead level and straight, and it was easy for Kell to keep on driving calmly while he sought for a reply.

She dropped back against the leather seat. "What will I do," she said pitifully.

Kell watched the light winking in the amethyst glass bird on the radiator cap. Still watching it, he brought the car to a stop.

She gave no sign of noticing.

Carefully, Kell turned the ignition off. He reached in his pocket for a cigarette.

"Give me one," she said. "Then say something."

"Should you smoke?" he asked.

She began to laugh. "If that would kill it," she said harshly, and then she was crying. Kell reached out as if he were about to touch something more fragile than the amethyst glass bird and put his arm around her. She flung herself against his chest, and he was holding her.

"How did it happen?" she moaned.

Kell cleared his throat. "Will he marry you?"

"I don't want him to." She raised her head. "I don't love him."

All the desperate, too-late honesty was in her eyes, and Kell could hardly look at her.

"And anyway," she said, "he won't. He doesn't want to be married." She pulled away and sat up. "I'll just have to think," she said.

"You could marry me," Kell said.

At first, she seemed not to hear.

Then she turned a puzzled face toward him.

Kell shook a cigarette out of his pack. "I said you could marry me."

She reached over and put her hand on his knee. "No," she said, smiling. "Who knows what the divorce laws are in Vermont?"

He looked down at the hand on his knee, the thin, aristocratic hand that he had remarked that first afternoon.

"There wouldn't have to be a divorce," he said.

"I don't want this child," she said, outraged. "It's just that an abortion is hard to face." She turned to him quite frankly. "It's not so bad really. I've known people

who had them. A good friend of mine in college. I'll have to call her. It's not far along. Thank goodness I keep track."

Kell, looking into the open, preoccupied face, the glittering eyes, saw for the first time the true expression of her youth. Ten years, twelve years between them, he thought. This was the span of a generation.

She turned away with a restless, angry movement, which seemed to be her kind of self-control.

"I'll be able to face it when I get used to the idea," she said. "All you have to do with ideas is get used to them."

She fidgeted on the seat.

"Come on," she said plaintively. "Let's change places. I want to drive."

Kell got out of the car and walked round it. The wind was beating the branches of the trees together. The sound was so loud in his ears that it overpowered his hearing and began to fade his peripheral sight. She had slid into his place, hands experimentally on the crossbar of the steering wheel. Familiar hands, the hands of a familiar stranger. The wind was dying, the pressure of sound on his ears and eyes released. He would not let himself wonder what it would have been like no longer to face all this nature alone.

—PERDITA BUCHAN

Backstage, Dust told me he loves doing it, that the part gives him a chance to touch many faucets and to...—Larry King in the *Scranton (Pa.) Tribune*.

Turn them on?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: 1969—I

THESE articles are intended as a supplement to my previous one, "The Scrolls from the Dead Sea," which appeared in this magazine in the issue of May 14, 1955, and later in a small book, published in the same year. In view of the fact that a number of new manuscripts, then unknown, have been discovered, that some manuscripts already discovered have for the first time been unrolled and read, and that several new and interesting theories in connection with these documents have been advanced, I have thought it worthwhile to bring matters up to date by describing what, so far as I am able to judge, are the most important of these events. It ought clearly to be understood that I am no Semitic scholar and that I can only give my own account of what others have established or conjectured. My position in regard to this field is rather like that of Hemingway in relation to bullfighting—also an occupation which requires thorough training, strict self-discipline, and a willingness to take certain risks. Without being qualified to participate in any professional way, I am an attentive and enthusiastic onlooker who has learned in the course of time to know something of the matadors and their managers. I am aware of the towering authority of the Dominican Roland de Vaux, the adroit and polished capework of André Dupont-Sommer, the rapidity and panache of Yigael Yadin, the bumbling tactics of G. R. Driver, who is likely to look for the bull in the wrong direction, and the showy performances of John Allegro, which make one nervous because one cannot depend on them to finish as well as they have seemed to start. And I can distinguish between the different schools: the Jewish scholars who tend to complain that the Gentiles do not know enough Hebrew, and that they may labor for years on a text that one steeped in Hebrew learning could edit in months—which is countered by the Gentile complaint that when the Jewish scholars work too rapidly they may read back later rabbinical ideas into this pre-Talmudic literature. And then there are the Jewish and other Orientalists who declare that the Paris scholars, in the rationalizing tradition of Renan, look for too much precision and logic in the writings of Eastern authors who, not possessing our idea of time, write confusingly of past, present, and future, who have so

little Western sense of individual personality that it is mistaken to trust a detection of modern French *romans à clef* in cloudy accounts of happenings that have been given apocalyptic form; and the dissensions between the archeologists, who are obliged to base their speculations on the evidence found in the field, and the purely academic scholars, who have never set foot on a site but who can satisfy themselves with theories elaborated entirely in their studies. To these last I shall revert later.

I should acknowledge to several of these scroll scholars debts of gratitude not only for their writings but also for their having been kind enough to see me or correspond with me or provide me with materials, and in many cases to check my proofs for errors: Professor W. F. Albright of Johns Hopkins; Professor W. H. Brownlee of Claremont Graduate School; Professor John M. Allegro of the University of Manchester; Professor Frank M. Cross, Jr., of Harvard; Père Roland de Vaux of l'École Biblique et Archéologique of Jerusalem; Professor André Dupont-Sommer of the Collège de France; Professor David Flusser of the Hebrew University; Dr. Malachi B. Martin, former professor of the Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome; Professor Menahem Mansoor of the University of Wisconsin; Professor J. A. Sanders of Union Theological Seminary; and Professor Yigael Yadin of the Hebrew University.

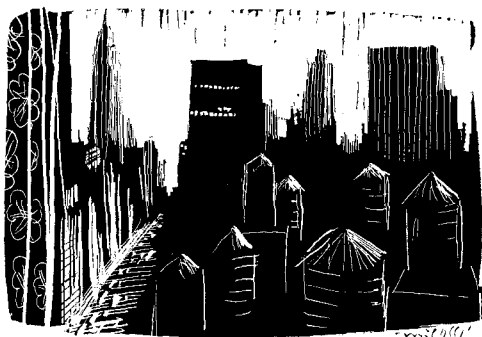
I

POLEMICS: The reception by the clerical world of the work I have mentioned above was for me an educational experience: I gained from it more understanding than I had ever had before—since I have no affiliation with any Church—of the doctrines and the attitudes of the various religious bodies. The religious group that was least disturbed by the implications of the scrolls was the American Unitarians, who were then having a controversy among

themselves as to whether or not they were Christians and who welcomed with something like glee anything that might seem to weaken the pretensions of the more fundamentalist Churches. The groups that were most disturbed were the Orthodox Jews, the Catholics, and the "Establishment" of the Church of England.

In the case of those Jewish scholars—such as Solomon Zeitlin of Dropsie College, and Yitzhak Baer, now retired, of the Hebrew University—who have refused to recognize the antiquity of these documents, I believe that this reluctance has been due either to their presenting many variants from the Masoretic text of the Bible, which was established at an unknown date by a committee of rabbinical scholars who did their best to suppress any other text, and which has since been accepted by the Orthodox Synagogue as unalterable and unquestionable, or to the natural conservatism of learned men who have arranged to their satisfaction the available materials of their subject and who recoil from any fresh evidence that adds new, unaccounted-for matter. To the Gentile, this may seem surprising. We know that both the Greek Septuagint and St. Jerome's Latin Vulgate were translated from texts different from the Masoretic one, and that the Samaritans have always claimed that their differing version of the Torah—that is, what Christians call the Pentateuch—is more authentic than the Jewish one. But for the strictly Orthodox Jew the Masoretic text of the Bible is a kind of sacred object that is almost worshipped and that cannot be tampered with. Every word—even every known error—is unalterable except, safely, in the margin. The Orthodox world of Judaism is tightly closed and not easily invaded, and when early Hebrew texts turn up that correspond with the Greek or Samaritan ones or contain entirely new readings, they have to be pushed away; they cannot belong to that system. From the point of view of history as well, for the traditionalist Christian scholar as well as for the Jew, the evidence is supposed to be all in: it consists of the Bible, the Talmud, Josephus, the various kinds of apocrypha, and the hitherto accepted historians and patristic or rabbinical writings.

The behavior of the Roman Catholics exposed to me for the first time a phenomenon of which I had hardly been aware: the extent to which the



Catholic Church operates on several levels. I have been told by a Catholic scholar that at first, in regard to the scrolls, a kind of official policy tended to bias Catholic scholarship in the direction of minimizing their importance. The priesthood had shown an unnecessary alarm which prevented them from dealing with the subject. He said that for a time he had complied with this policy but had later departed from it. The outsider may ask of the Catholic why, if Christ had a human identity as Jesus of Nazareth, who at a definite time and place got into trouble with the Jewish Establishment and the Roman occupation both, it should be shocking to conjecture that He might have acquired certain of His theological ideas from the teachers of the Dead Sea Sect, now usually identified with the Essenes, as He had presumably

learned carpentry in Joseph's shop, or that certain of His sayings and actions may be interpreted as representing a repudiation of these teachers. An intelligent and well-educated Catholic will not, of course, be disturbed—since he knows that his Christ appeared at a certain moment, in a special historical situation—to find that certain elements of this background are now becoming more distinct. But many Catholics—like many of the members of any other religious group—are not intelligent and not well educated. To attempt to fill in with more historical facts the human context of Christ's career is to risk impairing the legend which is cherished by the ignorant populace and which, if the Church is to maintain its authority, this populace must not be allowed to question. What have the political and military and even doctrinal happenings

of ancient Jewish history got to do with the halos and the sacred hearts, the blue robe of the Virgin, the white robe of the risen Jesus, the angel chorus that heralds His birth and the angels "in shining garments" that announce His resurrection? The most learned and enlightened of priests will answer that these efforts at concrete depiction, whether the masterpieces of Fra Angelico and Raphael or the tawdry statuettes and amulets of the cheapest seller of images, that even those legends whose literal truth these priests may not themselves accept, are symbols and reminders to the simple of a divine salvation and passion, and thus may share in the sacredness of the Faith. But the simple do not know, cannot know, and ought not to be encouraged to know what the Catholic scholars are writing. Perhaps the most important service that has been rendered in connection with the scrolls has been the work of Père Roland de Vaux, the enterprising and accomplished archeologist, who has found or bought from the Bedouins much of the literature of the Dead Sea caves and who has revealed the reason for their presence in this out-of-the-way place, Qumrân, by excavating the ruin of what was presumably the Essene monastery, in the neighborhood of these caves, of which the scrolls must have composed the library and have been hidden there to protect them from the Romans. Père de Vaux was till recently the editor of a quarterly published in Paris, the *Revue Biblique*, which has at the present time a circulation of twenty-eight hundred, yet this far from widely read periodical has been the vehicle for most of the important announcements in connection with the Qumrân discoveries; and the findings of other scholars—with the exception of those of Dupont-Sommer, whose accessibly lucid books began coming out in 1950—were appearing for ten years or so after the first discoveries only in learned journals as little read as the *Revue Biblique*.

The first two books by Dupont-Sommer, which were soon translated in England, excited the antagonism of the Catholic clergy but were not very widely discussed. My own little book, however, a merely journalistic attempt to explain to the ordinary reader the contents and significance of the scrolls and what had been happening in connection with them, which first appeared in a popular magazine, seemed to demand, on the part of the Catholic world, a popular antidote. This took the form, among other protestations, of a book, published a year later and dated Rome



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(the jacket wreathed with Christian fishes), by the Marist Father Geoffrey Graystone, with the title "The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Originality of Christ." This seemed to be a pamphlet aimed at me, since I was the only writer on the subject who was dealt with at any length. It is a simple piece of Catholic apologetics, of no scholarly value whatever, intended for a literate but not learned public, and it goes about its task, without acrimony, in a tone of patient good will. But in other such attempts at correction, Anglican as well as Catholic, one is surprised by the lofty tone, combined with complete lack of scruple, which the apologists sometimes adopt. When reviewing a book on the scrolls for a non-specialist publication, they assume that the people who will read the review know nothing about Biblical scholarship and that any statement of the reviewer will be believed if he pretends to be speaking with authority. And of course this assumption is in general correct. Even the serious non-clerical reviewer to whom the subject is new is not aware when he is misreporting, as was demonstrated by the fact that none of the reviews of my book, with the exception of those by superior professional scholars such as Arnold Toynbee and W. F. Albright, failed to make misrepresentations in summarizing what I had said. My clerical opponents knew well how easy it was in this field to lead the layman astray. The devices to which they resorted sometimes took the line of declaring that it was much too early to come to conclusions, by which was meant to form any hypotheses, or that the really sound Biblical scholars were dismissing the flights of the superficial, or, as they are often called, "sensational," ones—the assumption being, of course, that the reviewer was quite competent to pronounce as to which scholars were sound and which were superficial—or that the falsity of certain conjectures had already long ago been proved, as when a Reverend Hugh William Montefiore, now Vicar of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, and once lecturer on the New Testament at Cambridge, asserted, in the *Spectator* of May 18, 1956, that the Anglican scholar J. B. Lightfoot had irrefutably demonstrated that Jesus could never have been an Essene. Now, Lightfoot, though a serious scholar, was at the same time a spokesman for his Church. He was Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and became, successively, Canon of St. Paul's and Bishop of Durham, and his aim was to defend the

sanctity of the Scriptures against the current German attacks on their authenticity. The small treatise in which he deals with the Essenes is contained in a volume of commentary called "St. Paul's Epistles to the Colossians and to Philemon," first published in 1875. Lightfoot felt, at that date, that it was of special importance to show that Jesus was not and had never been an Essene. He says that, for the secular scholars, "wherever some external power is needed to solve a perplexity, here is the *deus ex machina* whose aid they most readily invoke." And, on the basis of the descriptions of the Essenes by Philo, Josephus, and the elder Pliny, who supplied the only testimony then available, he goes into the subject quite thoroughly. The two principal arguments of those who be-



lieve in the Essenian derivation of Christianity are, he says, "first, that there is direct historical evidence of close intercourse between the two; and, secondly, that the resemblances of doctrine and practice are so striking as to oblige, or at least to warrant, the belief in such a connexion. If both these lines of argument fail, the case must be considered to have broken down." In refutation of the first of these points, Lightfoot urges that John the Baptist, though an ascetic who baptized his followers, as the Essenes were ascetics who baptized, was an independent preacher, whereas the Essenes constituted a brotherhood of which baptism was one of the rites, and that Jesus and His disciples, so far from inhabiting a monastery, were always moving around; and that, furthermore, Jesus disregarded observances which the members of the order held sacred, showing disrespect for the Sabbath, eating with unwashed hands, and unconstrainedly dining with sinners such as the Essenes regarded as untouchable, allowing Himself to be anointed with oil, assisting at an ordinary wedding, and referring to weddings "as symbols of the highest theological truths," when most of the Essenes were supposed to be celibates, and failing to eschew, as the Essenes did, the conventional sacrifices in the Temple. Lightfoot believed that there was nothing significant in the fact that, though Josephus asserts that the three chief Jewish sects of his time were the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes, there is nothing about the last of these in the Gospels, and nothing that is direct and certain in rabbinical literature. It has been suggested that the first of these omissions was due to some spe-



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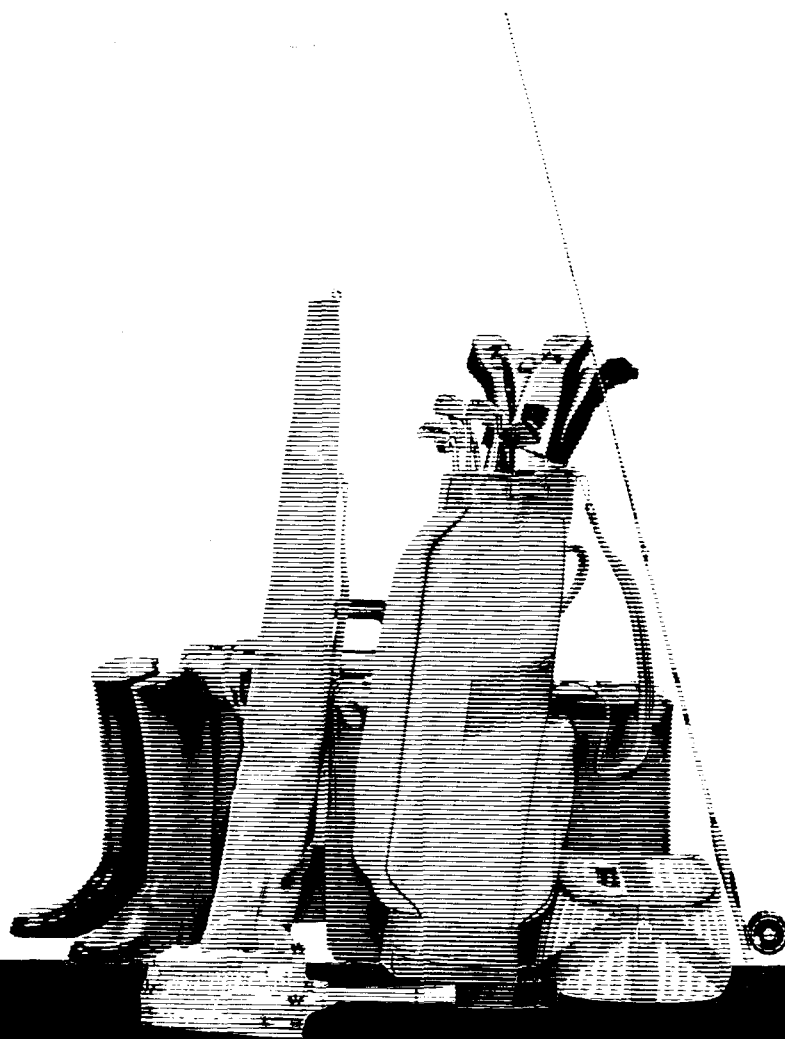
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cial relation of John and Jesus to the Essene Sect—perhaps to John's having seceded from the Sect, though he continued to echo its language; that Jesus may have deliberately been flouting their code. But Lightfoot explains all this as due simply to the relative unimportance of the Essenes and the remoteness of their monasteries. Some of Lightfoot's conclusions are not incompatible with those that have lately been drawn: "The Essenes were extreme sufferers in the Roman war of extermination. . . . After the destruction of Jerusalem, the Christian body was largely reinforced from their ranks. The Judaizing tendencies among the Hebrew Christians, which hitherto had been wholly Pharisaic, are henceforth largely Essene." But the important point here is that Lightfoot had none of the information now supplied by the Qumrân library. "As preachers of righteousness," he says, not having any evidence to the contrary, "as heralds of the kingdom, they had no claim to the title [of prophets]. Throughout the notices in Josephus and Philo we cannot trace the faintest indication of Messianic hopes." Yet we know now that the personality who chiefly figures in the Essene documents is the leader called the Teacher of Righteousness, and that the Sect had a prophetic literature of much of which he may have been the author. We know also that this literature abounds in Messianic references and is charged with Messianic hopes. For the Reverend Hugh Montefiore to declare that the last definitive word on the relation of Christianity to the Essenes was laid down by J. B. Lightfoot in 1875 is like telling a modern physicist that the atom cannot be split.

Another example of this clerical obfuscation—which illustrates, also, clearly the different levels of Catholic approach—is to be found in the issue of February 4, 1956, of the Jesuit weekly *America*. When my article came out in *The New Yorker*, I had a courteous and appreciative letter from a Father Frederick L. Moriarty, S. J., Professor of Old Testament at Weston College in Massachusetts, expressing the hope that the article would eventually be published in a book, "without the distraction of bathing-suit ads!" When it did come out in a book, he sent me proofs of a review he had written for *America*, in which he spoke of it as he had in his letter. But when the review appeared, I saw that it was offset by another article, featured on the cover, as the review was not, by the Very Reverend John J. Dougherty, Professor of Sacred Scripture at the Immacu-

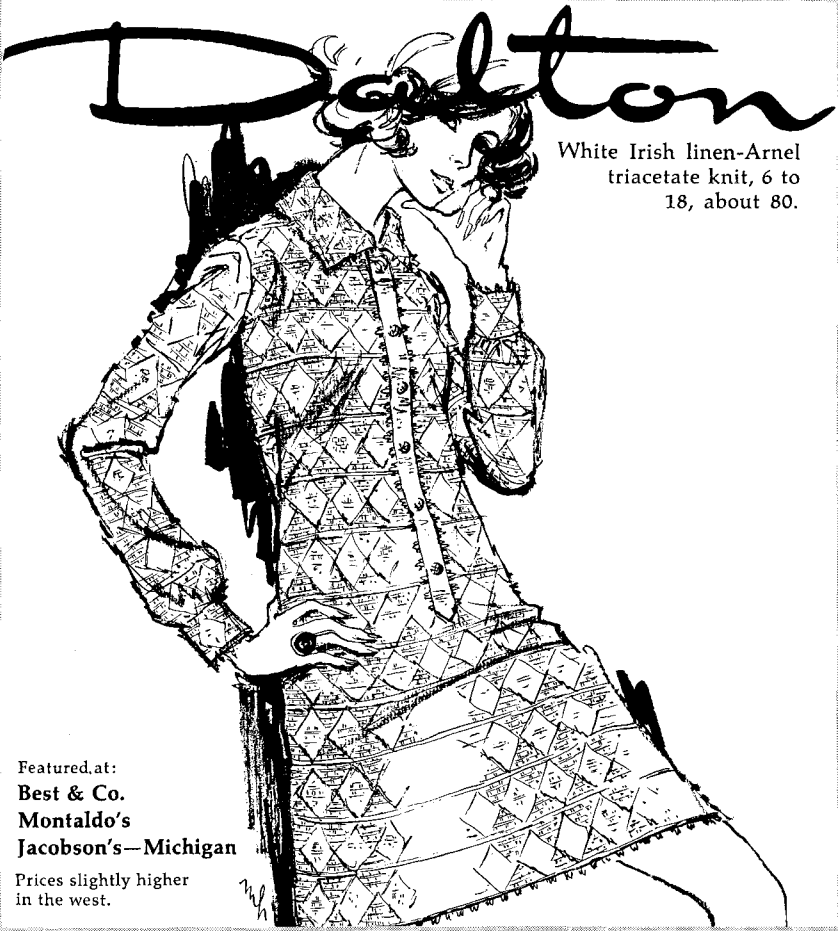


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late Conception Seminary of Darlington, New Jersey, and Regent of the Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies of Seton Hall University in Newark. This article seemed designed to counteract the possible effect of Father Moriarty's friendly review, and certainly, in any case, to put the readers of *America* on guard against my insidious book. It contained the following statement:

He [Mr. Wilson] has taken *one* hypothetical interpretation, that of the French scholar André Dupont-Sommer of the Sorbonne, and presented it, dressed up in exciting diction, to the circle of those who can read but not evaluate. That is mischief. Dupont-Sommer's sensational and unproved thesis, adopted by Wilson, was that the Qumrân documents revealed an anticipation of Christianity in the Sect of the Essenes. Allow me to give one example of Dupont-Sommer's interpretation to bring out my point and to pull this discussion together. Column eight of the [Habakkuk] Commentary ends in the middle of a sentence; part of the text is missing. [There have been found among the scrolls a number of commentaries on Biblical books, in which the Sect's interpretation, verse by verse, of the Prophets and the Psalms is made to predict events in the actual history of the Sect.] Column nine begins in the middle of a sentence. The opening words of column nine speak of *someone* who suffered "vengeance in the body of his flesh." M. Dupont-Sommer *conjecturally* supplied the missing words at the bottom of column eight to make the one suffering in column nine "the Teacher of Righteousness" [who is constantly referred to as the head of the Sect], and from the words "body of his flesh" *inferred* that he was a divine being. *Sic*. True, in his later work he abandoned this and much of his theory, but Mr. Wilson has written just one article, which gives unmerited life to a hypothesis already discarded by its author.

Now, first of all, Dupont-Sommer was by no means the only scholar who had advanced the "sensational and unproved thesis... that the Qumrân documents revealed an anticipation of Christianity in the Sect of the Essenes." There had been also W. F. Albright, W. H. Brownlee, K. G. Kuhn, and a number of others. If Monsignor Dougherty had written a year later, he would have had to come to terms with the Catholic scholar Père Jean Daniélou, who, writing in *L'Express* of February 1, 1957, listed twenty-seven reasons for believing that the early Christians were influenced by the Essenes. Furthermore, it is not true that I took only "*one* hypothetical interpretation"—that of Dupont-Sommer. Actually, I gave three. Nor is it true that I did not explain that the hiatus at the bottom of column eight had been filled in by Dupont-Sommer; I suggested, in fact, that he had "overplayed his hand." It is true that Dupont-Sommer,

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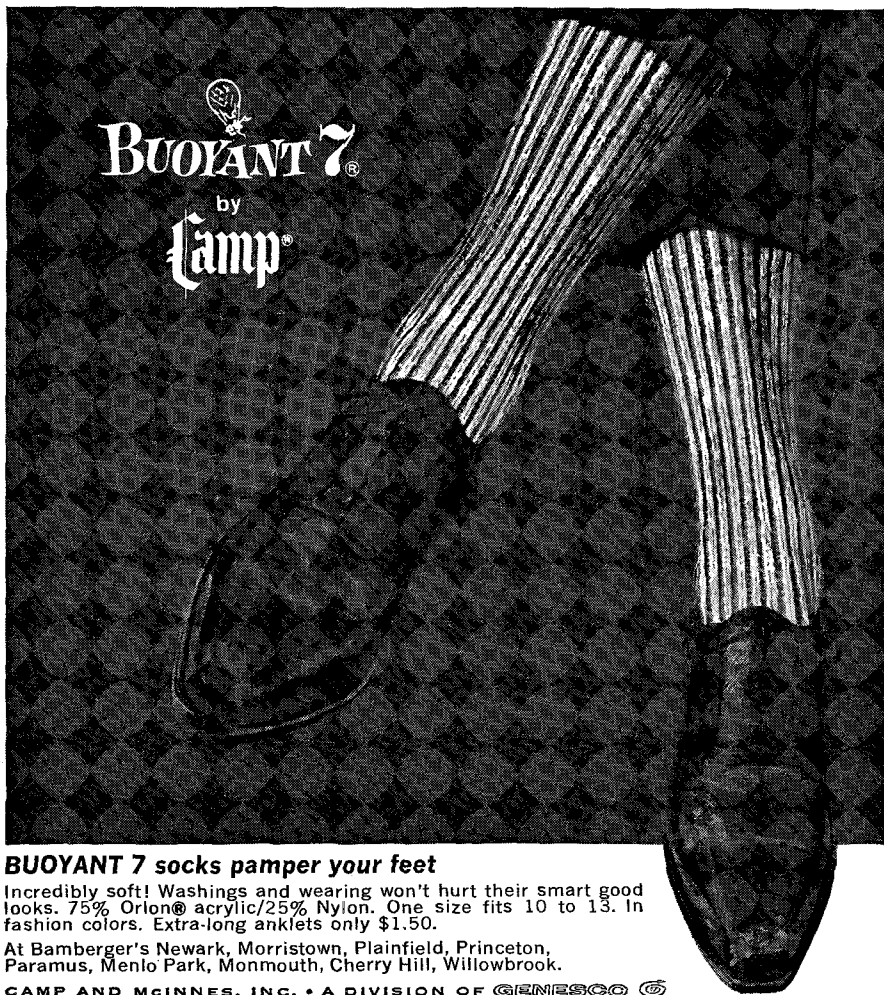
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in the first of his books on the scrolls, asserts that the passages mentioned above in the Habakkuk Commentary are "evidently an allusion to the Passion of the Master of Justice; he was judged, condemned, and tortured. He suffered 'in the body of his flesh;' he was doubtless a divine being, who had become incarnate to live and die as a man." But I had made nothing at all of an inference that the Teacher of Righteousness was "a divine being," etc., because, like Monsignor Dougherty, I was aware of Dupont-Sommer's second book, in which he is at pains to make it clear that he does not identify the Teacher with Jesus and shows that, though their situations would appear to have had certain features in common, "the resemblance was far from total." Aside from correcting this impression that had been drawn by some readers from the first of his books, he has certainly not, as the Monsignor asserts, "abandoned much of his theory," but, on the contrary, has vigorously defended it.

I can think of only two explanations for Monsignor Dougherty's statements. Either he had not really read either my book or those of Dupont-Sommer, or, counting on the unfamiliarity of his readers with the literature of the scrolls, he had had the effect of confusing them.

AN insistence on postdating the scrolls, in defiance of the archeological evidence, has been manifested not merely by conservative Jewish scholars but also by Professor G. R. Driver of Oxford, who published in 1965, with the purpose of propounding such a theory, a long and elaborate work called "The Judaean Scrolls: The Problem and a Solution." But before going on to this theory, I shall continue to grind my own axe—which is also to defend those scholars whom Driver is out to discredit. In a remarkably cavalier prologue, Mr. Driver, in quoting from my book, refers, but without naming him, to Professor David Flusser of the Hebrew University as "a Jewish journalist who learned Hebrew 'rather late in life.'" I am sorry to have misled Professor Driver. When I said that Professor Flusser had learned Hebrew rather late in life, I meant, as I depended on the context to show, that he had learned only relatively late, when he came to live in Israel, to speak Hebrew as a living language. For the rest, it seems strange for Driver to have assumed that Flusser was a journalist. He has always been a scholar. Flusser was a lecturer in Hebrew in Prague



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from 1947 to 1950, and at the time of my conversation with him he was a lecturer at the Hebrew University, from which, very soon afterward, he received a Doctor's degree. I am mentioned in the same sentence, after a semicolon—also without being named—as “another” [Jewish journalist] who has also expressed what are to Driver abhorrent views. I am myself, if you like, a journalist, but to treat David Flusser as one when he had never, so far as I know, written anything but papers for learned periodicals is a piece of impertinence quite shocking in a scholar of Driver's standing—as is, even more inexcusably, his snubbing of Dupont-Sommer, who now occupies at the Collège de France the Chair of Hebrew and Aramaic, by not mentioning this distinction and, again, not calling him by name but referring to him merely as “a French professor.” Mr. Driver, himself an English professor, asserts, like Monsignor Dougherty, that this French professor refers to the Teacher of Righteousness as obviously “a divine being,” and he quotes a passage belittling Jesus from a certainly rather absurd French journalist whom I cannot identify.

The main purpose of Mr. Driver's book is to refute the generally accepted theory, best stated in Père de Vaux's book “L'Archéologie et Les Manuscrits de la Mer Morte,” that the building first excavated by him and by the Jordanian Department of Antiquities was a monastery of the Essene order, a sect described by Philo and Josephus and located in the region by Pliny, which it occupied—with at one point, apparently, an absence of thirty years—from some date at the end of the second century B.C. up to 68 A.D., when, at the time of the first Jewish revolt, the Romans besieged it and held it; and that the scrolls were put away in the caves to keep them out of the hands of the Romans. (It was Professor Dupont-Sommer who first suggested that the Qumrân library must have belonged to and at least partly have been written by the Essenes—which may account for Mr. Driver's snubbing him.) Mr. Driver's objections to this theory consist of farfetched suppositions which are quite incompatible with the evidence on which the theory is based. The Sect in the monastery, according to Mr. Driver, were not Essenes—it is true that in the documents we have they never speak of themselves by that name—but some other Jewish group; Mr. Driver calls them “the Covenanters.” Pliny's Latin, he says,



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does not mean what it seems to mean—it may not indicate the site of the monastery—and the Essenes, who “abjured war,” would not have required “such substantial buildings.” The manuscripts found in the caves may not have had any connection with the monastery. He admits that the jars in which they were stored are the same as those found in the monastery; “the coincidence, however, may be a pure matter of chance.” The smallness of the room which has been called the *scriptorium* and the fewness of the inkwells found in it “make it an unlikely place for the copying of many hundreds of manuscripts.” Mr. Driver develops a complicated and extremely implausible theory, for which he presents no real evidence. This theory is arrived at by the negative method of first, on principle, as it were, rejecting the evidence that has hitherto been accepted. The upshot of all this is an attempt to date the scrolls so late—between the middle of the first century A.D. and the first half of the second century—that the doctrines and practices of the people who wrote them could not possibly have had any influence on the origins of Christianity. Père de Vaux, in an article in the *Revue Biblique* of April, 1966, and in a somewhat abridged English version in *New Testament Studies* of October 13, 1966, reviewed Professor Driver’s book and, after expressions of personal esteem and regret that he is forced to oppose him, proceeds to make mincemeat of his theory. He begins, in the original French version, by devoting no less than six pages to what he cites as the unscholarly inaccuracy and confusion of Mr. Driver’s references and to the defects of his bibliography. He then goes on to show that Driver’s attempts to disprove the archeological evidence are due to his not really having grasped what it is. The Qumrân ruins, according to Driver, cannot be the remains of the monastery of the Essenes because his reinterpretation of Pliny puts the monastery somewhere else, and he believes that in the latter place there have turned up remains contemporary with those of Qumrân. De Vaux answers that these remains represent the headquarters of the Romans, and that the Essenes, since Pliny makes it plain that they were isolated, could not possibly have lived near them. The buildings, according to Driver, cannot have been attacked by the Romans because the arrows found at Qumrân and assumed to have been shot by the invaders were “collected together in certain rooms,”

so probably belonged to the occupants, whom Driver believes to have been, or to have had some connection with, the belligerent party of Zealots. This is not the case, says de Vaux: some of the arrows were found in the courtyards, “and I think that we may be pardoned for not having dug up the whole hillside outside the walls in search of others,” etc. Mr. Driver, de Vaux continues, “seems not to have understood” the evidence of the coins in the monastery, which establish the dates of certain events as well as a *terminus ad quem*, June, 68 A.D., for the composition of the documents, and he totally fails to mention, though he shows that



he has read an article which tells about it, the discovery on Masada of a document—the so-called “Angelic Liturgy” or “Songs of the Sabbath Sacrifices,” four other fragments from four copies of which had been found in the Qumrân library—a document which identifies itself as belonging to the Qumrân Sect because the sequence of dates of the Sabbaths is given in terms of its peculiar calendar. Since Masada, where the Jews made their last stand at the time of their first revolt, was taken by the Romans in 73 A.D., when its defenders committed suicide rather than fall into their hands, it is impossible that the literature of Qumrân can, as Driver is trying to show, have been written at a later date.

“It is a sad thing,” remarks de Vaux, “to find here once more this conflict of method and mentality between the textual critic and the archeologist, the man at his desk and the man in the field.” This is a case of the disagreement mentioned above, which ought to be borne in mind in connection with the controversies about the scrolls. “The man at his desk,” through textual detective work and historical imagination, will try to reconstruct what has happened—I shall later give a striking example of the reconstruction by Dupont-Sommer of the events behind the Nahum Commentary—but he will sometimes fail to take into account the archeological data. The archeologist, on the other hand, is occupied primarily with approximating to an accurate chronology, and he will note with a certain skepticism that the events, for example, of the Nahum Commentary have been reconstructed quite differently by other scholars equally competent.

It may be well to mention here another reason for disagreement among those who study the scrolls: the opposition between those who by faith or

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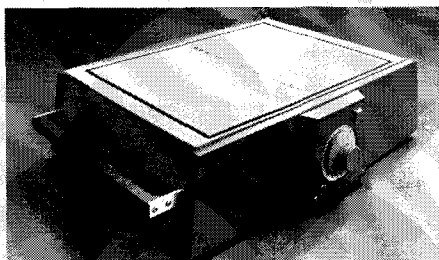
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1040 U.S. Individual Income Tax Return for the year January 1-December 31, 1968.

First name and initial (If joint return, use first names and middle initials of both) **John R. and Helen C.** Last name **BRIDGES** Your social security number **123 456 789**

Home address (Number and street or rural route) **100 Elder Lane** ZIP code **50311**

City, town or post office, and State **Des Moines, Iowa**

Enter below name and address used on your return for 1967 (If same as above, write "Same"). If more filed, give reason. If changing from separate to joint or joint to separate returns, enter 1967 names and addresses.

Your present employer and address **Same**

Your Filing Status—check only one:

1a ☐ Single

1b ☒ Married filing jointly (even if only one had income)

1c ☐ Married filing separately. If spouse is also filing a return, enter her (his) social security number in space provided above

1d ☐ Unmarried Head of Household

1e ☐ Surviving widow(er) with dependent child

Your Exemptions Regular ☒ 65 or over ☐ Blind ☐ Enter number of dependents claimed **2**

2a Yourself ☒ 2b Spouse ☐ 2c First names of your dependent children who lived with you **Carol** Enter number **1**

3 Number of other dependents (from page 2, Part I, line 3) **2**

4 Total exemptions claimed **5**

Income

5 Wages, salaries, tips, etc. (If not shown on attached Forms W-2 attach explanation) **10,800.00**

6 Other income (from page 2, Part II, line 8) **12,352.77**

7 Total (add lines 5 and 6) **23,152.77**

8 Adjustments to income (from page 2, Part III, line 5) **4,885.10**

9 Total income ("adjusted gross income") (subtract line 8 from line 7) **18,267.67**

10 If you do not itemize deductions and line 9 is under \$5,000, find tax in tables on pages 12-14 of instructions. Omit lines 11a, b, c, or d. Enter tax on line 12a. **5901.55**

11a If you itemize deductions, enter total from page 2, Part IV, line 17 (If you do not itemize deductions, and line 9 is \$5,000 or more enter the larger of: (1) 10 percent of line 9; OR (2) \$200 (\$100 if married and filing separately return) plus \$100 for each exemption claimed on line 4, above. Deduction under (1) or (2) limited to \$1,000 (\$500 if married and filing separately). **5901.55**

11b Subtract line 11a from line 9. Enter balance on this line **15,271.08**

11c Multiply total number of exemptions on line 4, above, by \$600 **3,000.00**

11d Subtract line 11c from line 11b. Enter balance on this line. (Figure your tax on this amount by using tax rate schedule on page 11 of instructions.) Enter tax on line 12a. **12,271.08**

12a Tax (Check if from: Tax Table ☐ Tax Rate Schedule ☒ Sch. D ☐ or Sch. G ☐) **12,271.08**

12b Tax surcharge, if line 12a is less than \$734, find surcharge from tables on page 10 of instructions. If line 12a is \$734 or more, multiply amount on line 12a by .075 and enter result. (If you claim retirement income credit, use Schedule B (Form 1040) to figure surcharge.) **920.33**

12c Total (add lines 12a and 12b) **13,191.41**

13 Total credits (from page 2, Part V, line 4) **-0-**

14a Income tax (subtract line 13 from line 12c) **13,191.41**

14b Tax from recomputing prior year investment credit (attach statement) **-0-**

15 Self-employment tax (Schedule C-3 or F-1) **-0-**

16 Total tax (add lines 14a, 14b, and 15) **13,191.41**

17 Total federal income tax withheld (attach Forms W-2) **1,819.28**

18 Excess FICA tax withheld (two or more employers—see page 5 of instr.) **-0-**

19 Nonhighway federal gasoline tax—Form 4136, Reg. line—Form 2439 **-0-**

20 1968 Estimated tax payments (include 1967 overpayment allowed as a credit) **1,000.00**

Total (add lines 17, 18, 19, and 20) **2,819.28**

21 Payments (line 21) are less than tax (line 16), enter Balance Due. Pay in full with this return **2,819.28**

22 If payments (line 21) are larger than tax (line 16), enter Overpayment **2,819.28**

23 Total (line 21 or 22) **2,819.28**

24 Balance Due or Refund **2,819.28**

25 Sign here **John R. Bridges** **Helen C. Bridges**

Under declaration of preparer, I declare that I have examined this return, including accompanying schedules and statements, and to the best of my knowledge and belief it is true, correct, and complete. My declaration is based on all information of which he has any knowledge.

Signature of preparer other than taxpayer **John C. Bridges** **2-5-69**

Address **100 Elder Lane, Des Moines, Iowa 50311**

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Your Exemptions Regular ☒ 65 or over ☐ Blind ☐ Enter number of dependents claimed **2**

2a Yourself ☒ 2b Spouse ☐ 2c First names of your dependent children who lived with you **Carol** Enter number **1**

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4 Total exemptions claimed **5**

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5 Wages, salaries, tips, etc. (If not shown on attached Forms W-2 attach explanation) **10,800.00**

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9 Total income ("adjusted gross income") (subtract line 8 from line 7) **18,267.67**

10 If you do not itemize deductions and line 9 is under \$5,000, find tax in tables on pages 12-14 of instructions. Omit lines 11a, b, c, or d. Enter tax on line 12a. **5901.55**

11a If you itemize deductions, enter total from page 2, Part IV, line 17 (If you do not itemize deductions, and line 9 is \$5,000 or more enter the larger of: (1) 10 percent of line 9; OR (2) \$200 (\$100 if married and filing separately return) plus \$100 for each exemption claimed on line 4, above. Deduction under (1) or (2) limited to \$1,000 (\$500 if married and filing separately). **5901.55**

11b Subtract line 11a from line 9. Enter balance on this line **15,271.08**

11c Multiply total number of exemptions on line 4, above, by \$600 **3,000.00**

11d Subtract line 11c from line 11b. Enter balance on this line. (Figure your tax on this amount by using tax rate schedule on page 11 of instructions.) Enter tax on line 12a. **12,271.08**

12a Tax (Check if from: Tax Table ☐ Tax Rate Schedule ☒ Sch. D ☐ or Sch. G ☐) **12,271.08**

12b Tax surcharge, if line 12a is less than \$734, find surcharge from tables on page 10 of instructions. If line 12a is \$734 or more, multiply amount on line 12a by .075 and enter result. (If you claim retirement income credit, use Schedule B (Form 1040) to figure surcharge.) **920.33**

12c Total (add lines 12a and 12b) **13,191.41**

13 Total credits (from page 2, Part V, line 4) **-0-**

14a Income tax (subtract line 13 from line 12c) **13,191.41**

14b Tax from recomputing prior year investment credit (attach statement) **-0-**

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21 Payments (line 21) are less than tax (line 16), enter Balance Due. Pay in full with this return **2,819.28**

22 If payments (line 21) are larger than tax (line 16), enter Overpayment **2,819.28**

23 Total (line 21 or 22) **2,819.28**

24 Balance Due or Refund **2,819.28**

25 Sign here **John R. Bridges** **Helen C. Bridges**

Under declaration of preparer, I declare that I have examined this return, including accompanying schedules and statements, and to the best of my knowledge and belief it is true, correct, and complete. My declaration is based on all information of which he has any knowledge.

Signature of preparer other than taxpayer **John C. Bridges** **2-5-69**

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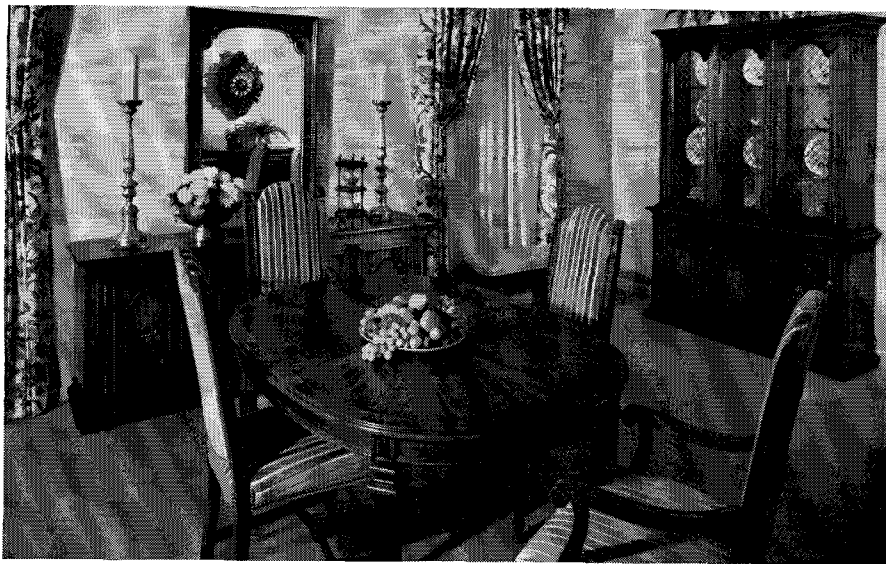
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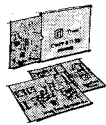


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affiliation are committed to some orthodox Christian creed and those who are "freethinkers" or very liberal theologians. The former, who instinctively shrink from anything that would seem to conflict with the divine ascription of the Gospels, are likely to make an effort to dissociate the scrolls from the New Testament by emphasizing the differences between them; the latter find it exciting to discover their similarities. Now, no responsible writer has ever denied the differences between, on the one hand, the views attributed to Jesus in the Gospels, with their acceptance of the poor and proscribed, their preaching of love and forgiveness, as well as Paul's opening the Faith to the Gentiles, and, on the other hand, the theology of a narrow Jewish sect who regarded themselves as an élite—though they sometimes speak cordially of "the simple"—and the apparently fierce bellicosity of their Teacher of Righteousness. Though the Messianic literature of the Sect does seem to prepare the way for the appearance of some such figure as Jesus—it must always be remembered that *Christ* is simply the Greek for *Messiah*; that is, the *Anointed One*—and though some of its words and conceptions are to be found in the literature of Christianity, the divergences are still so plain between the scrolls and the sayings of Jesus, with no unmistakable bridge from one to the other, that no evidence has yet been produced which should shake the belief of many that Jesus was the son of God in a special, a literal sense, and that the tremendous power of the Gospels is explicable only by this.

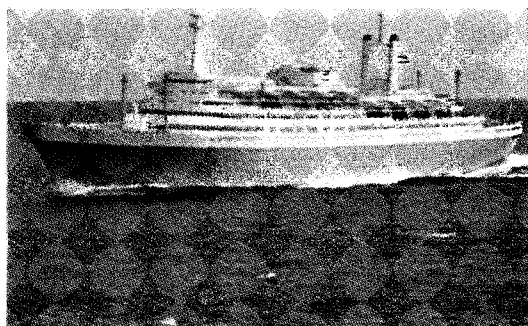
"My faith," Père de Vaux once said to me, "has nothing to fear from my scholarship." And although he has shown himself in the past on occasion rather harshly severe to non-believing scholars, I get the impression that in general the inhibitions imposed by religious commitments and by the taboos of superstition are now tending to disappear in connection with the study of the scrolls. The young man who began in a seminary may come to disregard theology and go in for archeological or paleographical research, or he may find that he can make a living teaching Hebrew or ancient Oriental history in a seminary or university where his orthodoxy will not be questioned.

II

THE GENESIS APOCRYPHON: The only one of the scrolls from Cave One which had not been read and pub-

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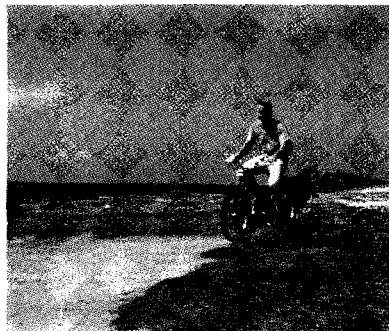
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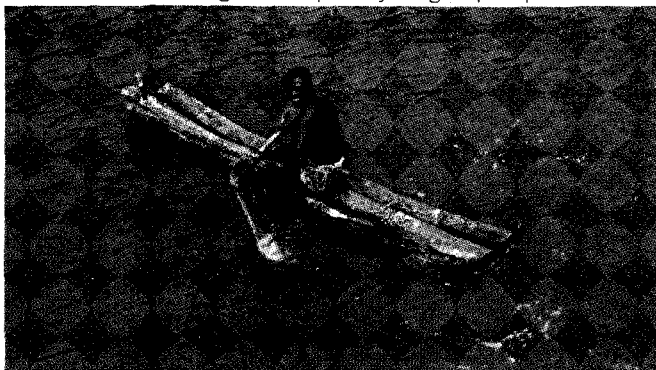
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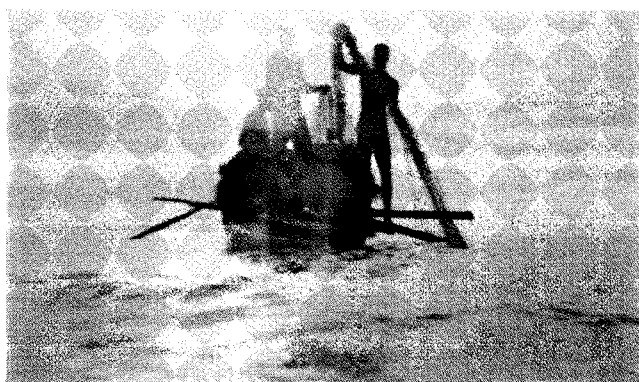
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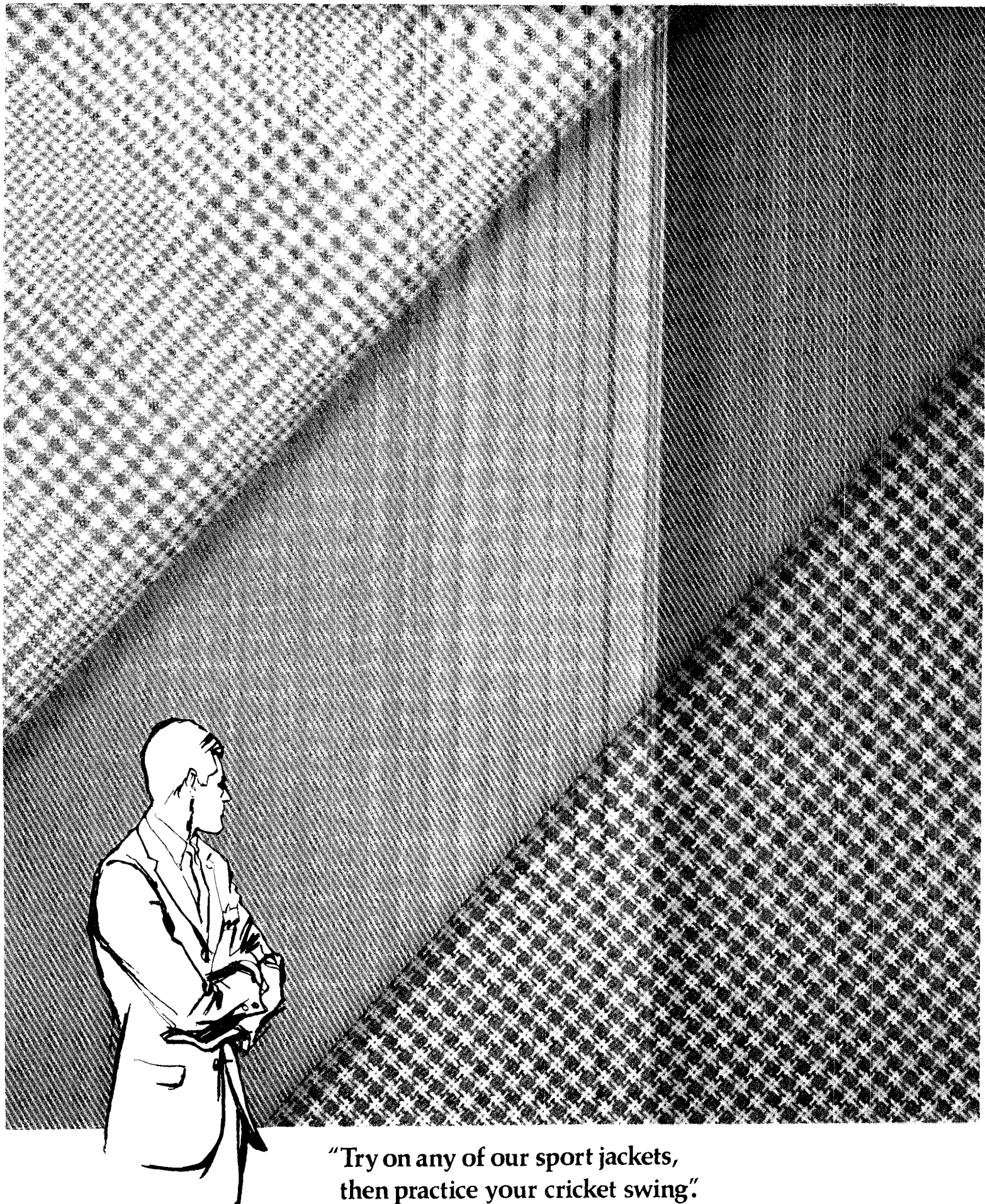
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lished when these had all been acquired by the Israeli government was originally referred to, on the basis of two detached fragments, as the Book of Lamech, a work mentioned in an ancient list of apocrypha. It was in much worse condition than the others of this group. The layers were so stuck together by some gluey substance exuded during the decomposition of the leather that it was difficult to unroll it, and the leather was now so dry that it was difficult to keep it from crumbling. The ink in which the scroll was written, which seemed different from that of the other scrolls and sometimes either ate away the leather or gave the effect of ink on blotting paper, made it also very hard to read, so that recourse had to be made to infrared rays. The lower parts of the columns were covered by a sheet of some thin white material, and this had to be removed. Part of the scroll has been rotted away, so that the tops or bottoms of columns are missing. The Hebrew University published in 1956 five more or less legible columns of this document, edited by Professors Yigael Yadin and Nahman Avigad, and announced that work was going forward on the rest. It now turns out that only at the beginning is this apocryphon concerned with Lamech; it is an Aramaic version of Genesis. In patches, it follows Genesis quite closely, and in others it corresponds with the intertestamental books of Enoch and Jubilees, which were perhaps partly derived from this text. The tentative date assigned to this copy is the end of the first century B.C. or the first half of the first century A.D.

This document is in several ways interesting to Semitic and Biblical scholars: it adds to the knowledge of Aramaic, the lingua franca of the Middle East which superseded Hebrew; it makes more specific than Genesis the geography of Abraham's wanderings; it identifies the "Red Sea" as the Indian Ocean; it attempts to fill in and explain some of the gaps and inconsistencies in the Biblical narrative. But for the ordinary reader of the Bible the most interesting feature of this Aramaic Genesis is probably the account of the beauty of Sarah, and its version, supposed to be told by Abraham himself, of his and Sarah's experiences in Egypt. (They are here called Abram and Sarai, as they are at first in the Bible, before they have been renamed by God to signalize the high destiny for which He has chosen them.) Now, in Genesis there are two episodes (12:10-20 and 20:1-18) in which a ruler—first the Pharaoh of Egypt, then Abimelech,

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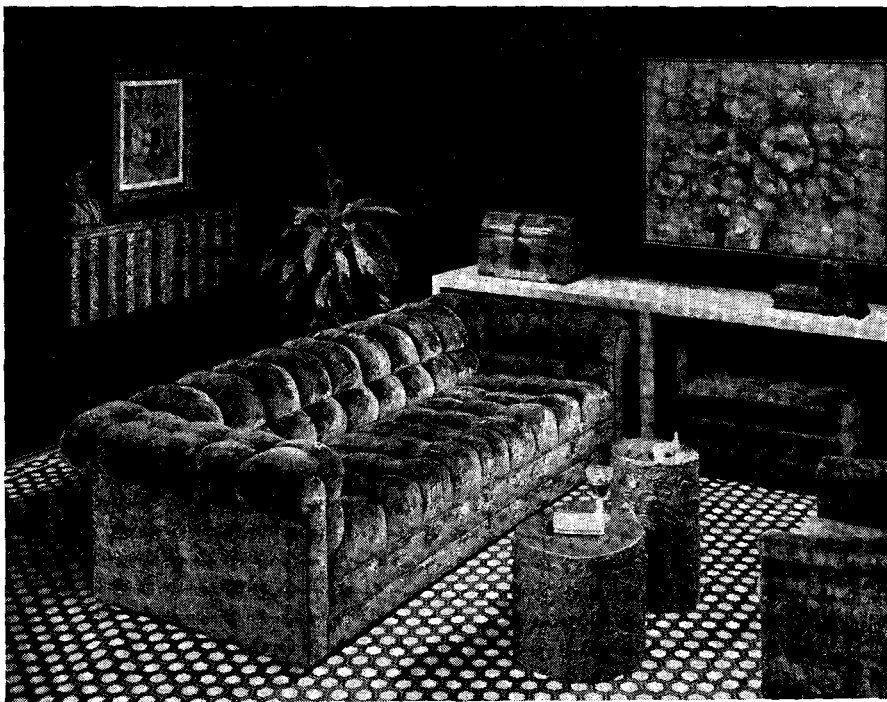
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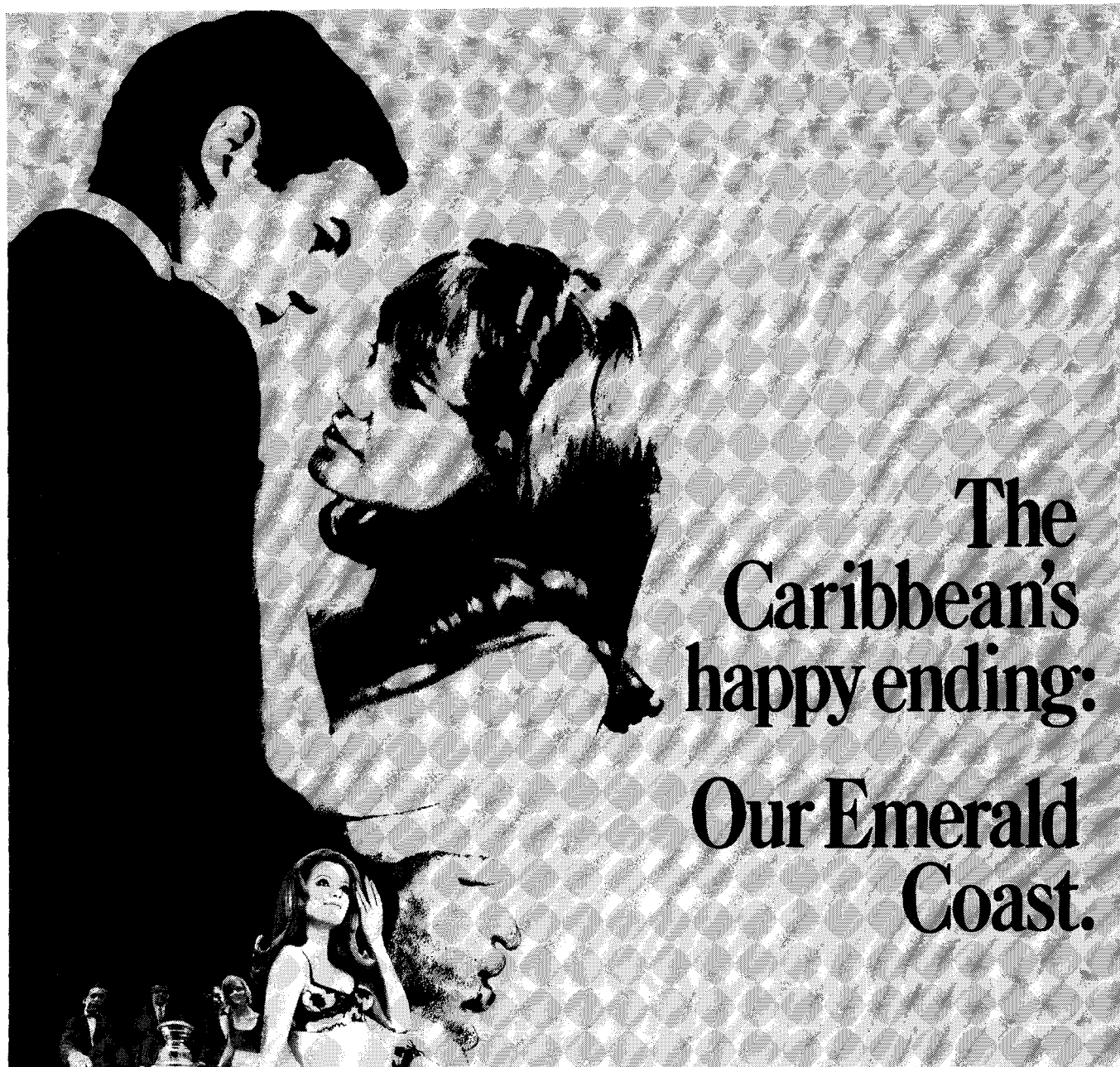
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King of Gerar—becomes enamored of Sarah, and a similar one (26:6-11) in which the king is again Abimelech but the couple are Isaac and Rebecca. The unknown scribe or scribes who put together Genesis from earlier narratives made no effort to produce a consistent story, as the Peisistratean editors of the Homeric lays presumably did for Homer. He or they simply included everything that was thought to have the authority of antiquity. So we are told that when Abram and Sarai have been driven by the famine to Egypt, the Pharaoh becomes so smitten with Sarai, on account of her wonderful beauty, that he takes her away from Abram. Abram has foreseen this and pretended that Sarai is his sister, so that the Pharaoh will refrain from killing him. (From now on I follow the new account, in which it is Sarai herself who tells the king this.) He now appeals to God to intervene so that the king will not defile his wife, and God sends an evil pestilential wind—or spirit, רוח—which, with other plagues, afflicts him for two years, making him so ill that he cannot take advantage of Sarai. All the physicians and wizards and wise men of Egypt who are summoned by the Pharaoh are powerless to restore him: "The wind—or spirit—smote them all and they fled." One of the princes comes to Abram and begs him to pray for the Pharaoh, but Abram's nephew Lot explains that Abram and Sarai are husband and wife and that his uncle cannot pray for the Pharaoh while the Pharaoh is holding his aunt. The prince explains this to the king, and the latter immediately releases her. Abram prays for him and the plagues depart.

Later on, at Gerar, in the Negev—according to the Biblical account; the published columns of the apocryphon do not include this story—Abimelech, a local king, is also attracted by Sarah. Abraham tries the same ruse, but God warns the King in a dream before he has even touched her. Now, if we trust the account of Genesis, Sarah was sixty-five when she was found irresistible by the Pharaoh, and even older when she roused Abimelech. We wonder about her beauty. We tend to imagine her, I think, as the matron, a patriarch's consort, who laughed when she heard God announce that, hitherto sterile and at ninety, she was at last to give birth to a son. But this apocryphon furnishes for the first time a description of Sarai in her bloom, as reported to the Pharaoh by a courtier:

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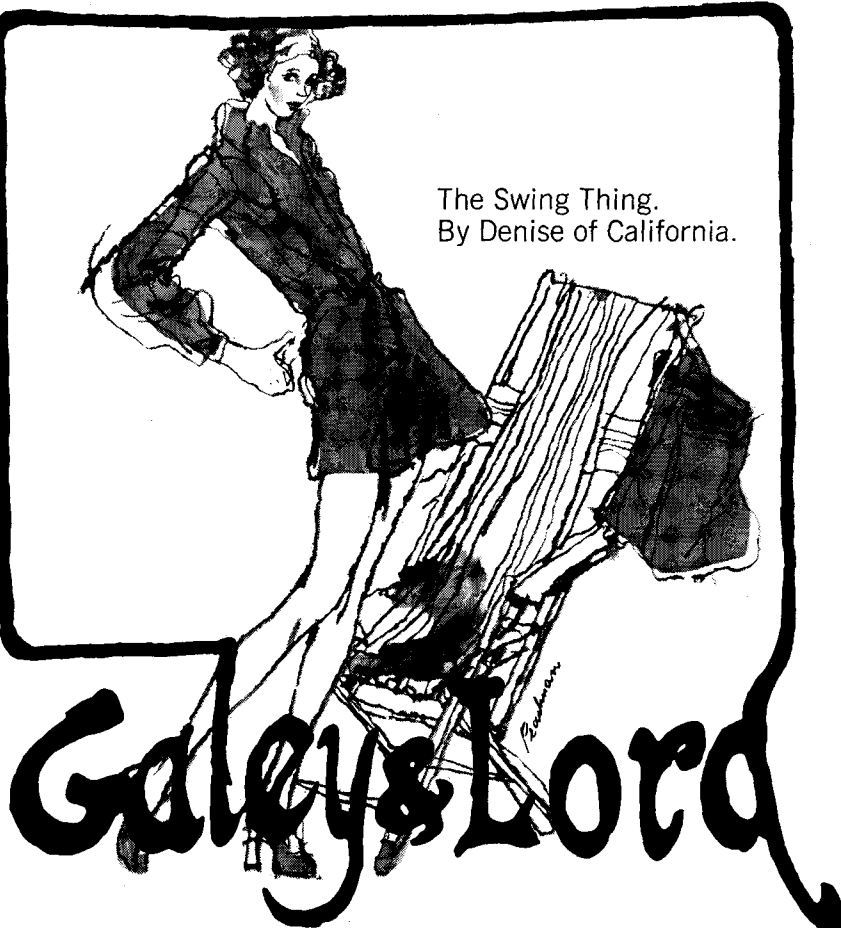
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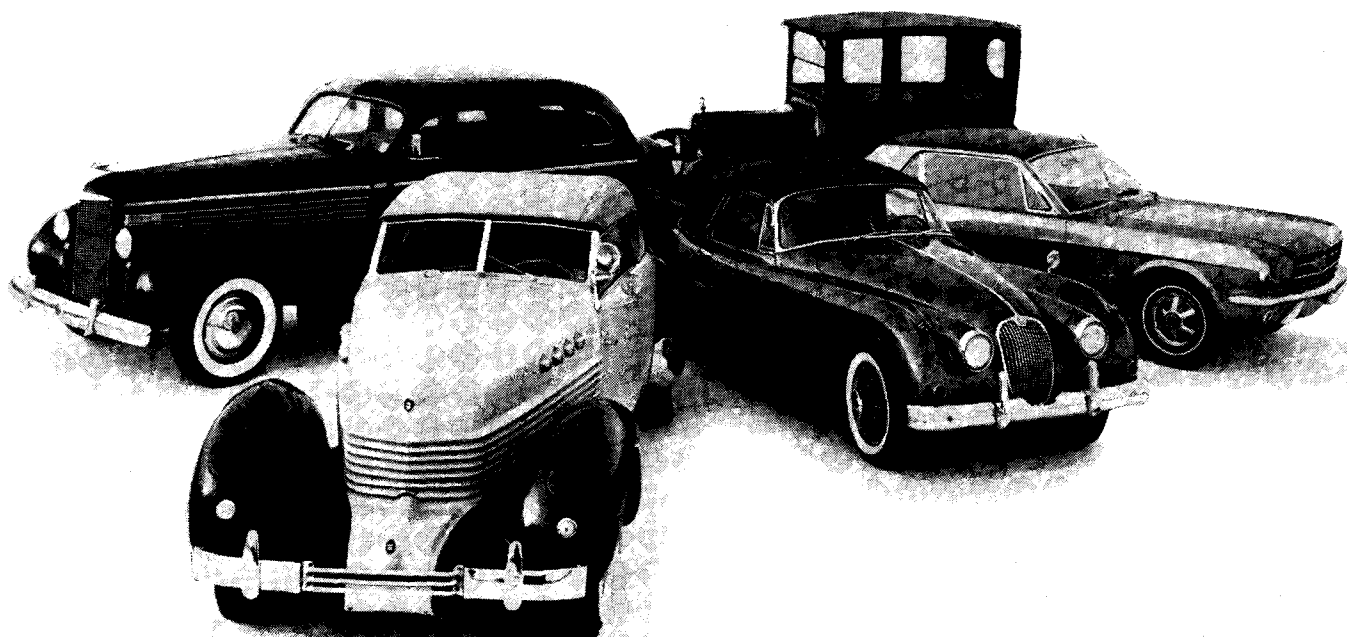
head, how fair indeed are her eyes and how pleasing her nose and all the radiance of her face... how beautiful her breast and how lovely all her whiteness. Her arms goodly to look upon, and her hands how perfect... all the appearance of her hands. How fair her palms and how long and fine all the fingers of her hands. Her legs how beautiful and how without blemish her thighs. And all maidens and all brides that go beneath the wedding canopy are not more fair than she. And above all women is she lovely and higher is her beauty than that of them all, and with all her beauty there is much wisdom in her. And the tip of her hands is comely.

Another interesting point is that Abram, in healing the Pharaoh, not only prays for him but lays hands on his head. Professor David Flusser has commented on this in the *Israel Exploration Journal*, Volume 7, No. 2, 1957. This laying-on of hands is often mentioned in the New Testament as a feature of the healing of Jesus, but it does not occur in the Old Testament or, so far as is known, in rabbinical literature. Yet its occurrence in the Genesis apocryphon, this copy of which is supposed to have been made late in the first century B.C. or in the first half of the first century A.D. (either during the lifetime of Jesus or a little earlier), would seem to indicate that the practice was not peculiar to Jesus but was a recognized method of effecting cures.

III

THE PSALMS: A new manuscript of the Psalms was published in 1965 in the regular series of "Discoveries in the Judaean Desert of Jordan"—that is, of the Dead Sea manuscripts not owned by the Hebrew University but supervised by Père de Vaux and brought out by the Clarendon Press. It has been edited by Dr. J. A. Sanders of Union Theological Seminary, who has also published a more informal and very readable book on the subject, "The Dead Sea Psalms Scroll" (Cornell). This scroll, says Mr. Sanders, when found, was covered with bat dung and partly decomposed, but it contains forty-one psalms, either fragmentary or complete. The tetragrammaton, the unpronounceable name of God, for which, in reading the Bible aloud, *Adonai* must be substituted, is here made even more remote by being always written in Old Hebrew characters as **יהוה**. (This is usual in the literature of the Sect but not in its Bible texts.) There are variants here from the Masoretic Bible—that is, from the official Hebrew text—as there are in fragments

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Well, guys, that about wraps it up.

Except for a few extra touches.

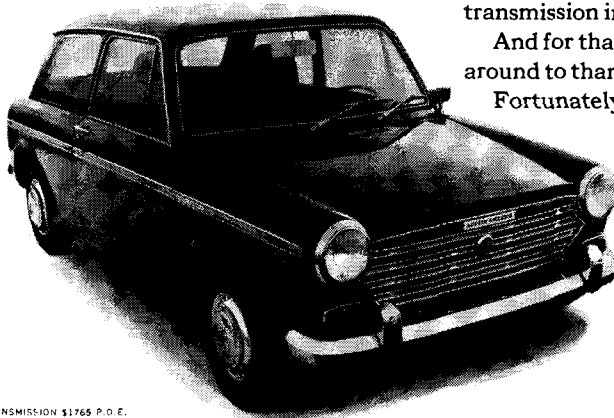
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of the Psalms that have been found in one of the other caves, but the most interesting feature of this manuscript is the inclusion of eight apocryphal compositions. (Scraps of such uncanonical psalms have also been found elsewhere.) Four of these pieces were already known in Greek, Latin, or Syriac translations. One has been identified as a Hebrew version of a canticle at the end of the Book of Sirach (known in the apocrypha as Ecclesiasticus): one of the curious eulogies of the pursuit of Wisdom as a woman, which approaches the erotic so closely that Mr. Sanders is led to suggest that it was used for encouragement to "sublimation" by the celibate community in the monastery. But three of the non-Biblical psalms had never before been seen: a paean of praise to God for having saved the psalmist from sins that had brought him near to death; a paean of praise to Zion; and a glorification of God as the creator of the world. There is also a short prose passage, hitherto unknown, which speaks of the high qualities of David and asserts that he wrote thirty-six hundred psalms (the Hebrew word *rehillim* means "songs of praise") and four hundred and fifty songs of other kinds.

The most interesting of these uncanonical pieces is probably the somewhat mysterious 151st Psalm. (There are only a hundred and fifty in the Masoretic Bible.) This had already been known in Greek as well as in Syriac, because it occurs in the Septuagint, the Greek translation of the Old Testament made in Alexandria, which does not always correspond with the Masoretic Bible and was obviously done from a different text. This 151st Psalm of the Septuagint now turns up in the new text as two separate pieces, which have evidently been combined in the Greek and Syriac versions and to some extent

censored. This censoring is thought to be significant, because in this new Hebrew version the flocks and the trees are made to respond to the music of David's lyre, as they are not in the other versions. Now, the influence of the Greek cult of Orpheus, whose music was supposed to have enchanted its animal and vegetable hearers, is clearly traceable both in Jewish and in Christian art, in the former of which Orpheus merges with David and in the latter of which with Christ. The animals and trees charmed by Orpheus are transformed into the sheep watched by David and the flock of that other good shepherd, Christ.

Among the frescoes of a third-century synagogue discovered at Dura-Europus, on the upper Euphrates, is one of Orpheus in a Phrygian cap playing his cithern to a monkey and a lion. An Orpheus was also discovered in a Jewish catacomb near Rome, and it was remembered that certain Byzantine psalters had somewhat similar miniatures of David playing to his flock. The most striking of these representations is a second-century mosaic in a Christian church in Jerusalem, which shows a male figure with a lyre, also in a Phrygian cap, surrounded by four animals, two birds, and some plants and trees. What is most surprising is that below him stand a horned and goat-footed satyr and a centaur with a leopard skin and club. Eusebius, the Church historian of the early fourth century, has compared the magic of the music of Orpheus to the magic of the words of Jesus.

The scholars who have translated this psalm have differed from one another in emphasizing or minimizing the supposed Orphic influence to be seen in it. Almost all of them, like Mr. Sanders, translate the words that precede the statement that the trees and the flocks respond to David's music as a statement that the mountains do *not* bear witness to the Lord nor do the hills proclaim Him. The Hebrew negative is certainly there, but M. Dupont-Sommer, in a paper called "David et Orphée," avoids these apparently contradictory statements by interpreting these lines as questions: "Do the mountains not bear witness?" etc. He regards the lines that follow as also betraying Greek influence—in this case, Pythagoreanism, a conception of the harmony of the world, the music of the spheres, which the pious musician imitates and reproduces on his lyre in homage to the supreme God. "For



who will proclaim and who will celebrate and who will recount the works of the Lord? God sees the universe; God hears the universe, and He gives ear." The Hebrew phrase for *the all* Sanders simply renders as *everything*; Dupont-Sommer translates it "*l'univers*," as I have left it above. God gives ear, Dupont-Sommer goes on, "as if to taste as a connoisseur both the smooth harmony of the world which he has created and the accents that rise from the inspired chords and mingle in the same mystic concert with the music of the universe."

The Jews, in their reaction against the Greeks, would have eliminated any trace of Orphism or Pythagoreanism;

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hence the abridged version in the Septuagint and the Syriac texts of this Hellenistic psalm.

Dupont-Sommer further believes that this piece was composed by some poet belonging to the Sect. What seem his most persuasive arguments are based on the prominence given to music in the Dead Sea literature and the fact that Josephus says that the life of the Essenes had a good deal in common with the life of the Pythagoreans. The Orphean hymn, furthermore, ends with the statement by David that God "made me prince of His people and ruler over the sons of His covenant." The phrase "sons of His covenant" is also found in another of the Qumrân scrolls, but, like the Orphean phrases, it does not occur in the Septuagint version. The inference would be, then, that an attempt had been made here to weed out any traces of the Sect, who had introduced the "David-Orpheus" into their Psalter and referred to themselves as "the sons of the covenant."

A WORD should be said at this point about the scrolls from Cave Eleven, which were discovered only as recently as 1956. Among these were this manuscript of the Psalms, some fragments of Leviticus, a gelatinized scroll of Ezekiel, an Aramaic targum of Job (that is, a version to be read in synagogues in the period when Biblical Hebrew was no longer widely understood), and some fragments on the Sect's "New Jerusalem," a subject not yet expounded by the scholars in spite of the fact that other fragments relating to it had already been found. The Palestine Museum, in purchasing these scrolls, had been obliged to pay forty-eight thousand pounds to Kando, a Syrian dealer in Bethlehem, who has been acting as a go-between between the Bedouins and the buyers. This made such inroads on the museum's trust funds, supplied by Rockefeller money, that the museum now refused to release any of these manuscripts for publication unless someone came forward with sums on a scale to repair this expense. The result was that only in 1964, eight years after the acquisition of the scrolls, when a wealthy American donor had put up for it twenty-five thousand pounds, was the first of this lot published. The Job has been financed by the Dutch government and has been in the hands of J. van der Ploeg, a Dutch Dominican scholar, who has been taking a very long time over it.

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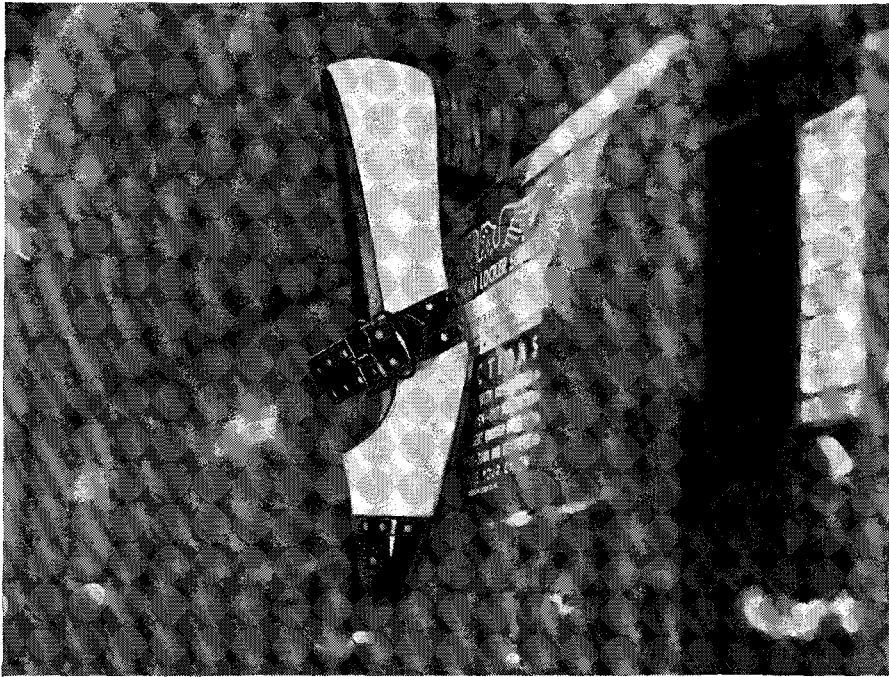
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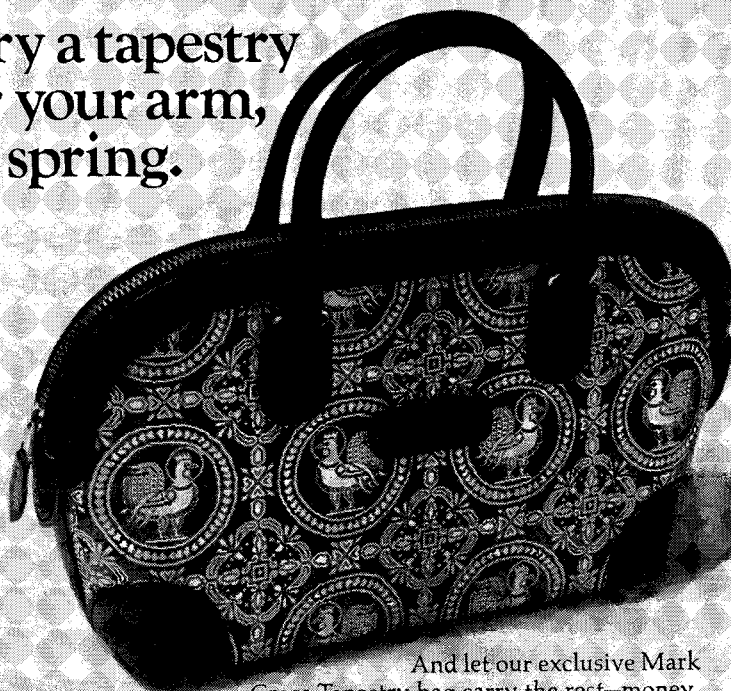
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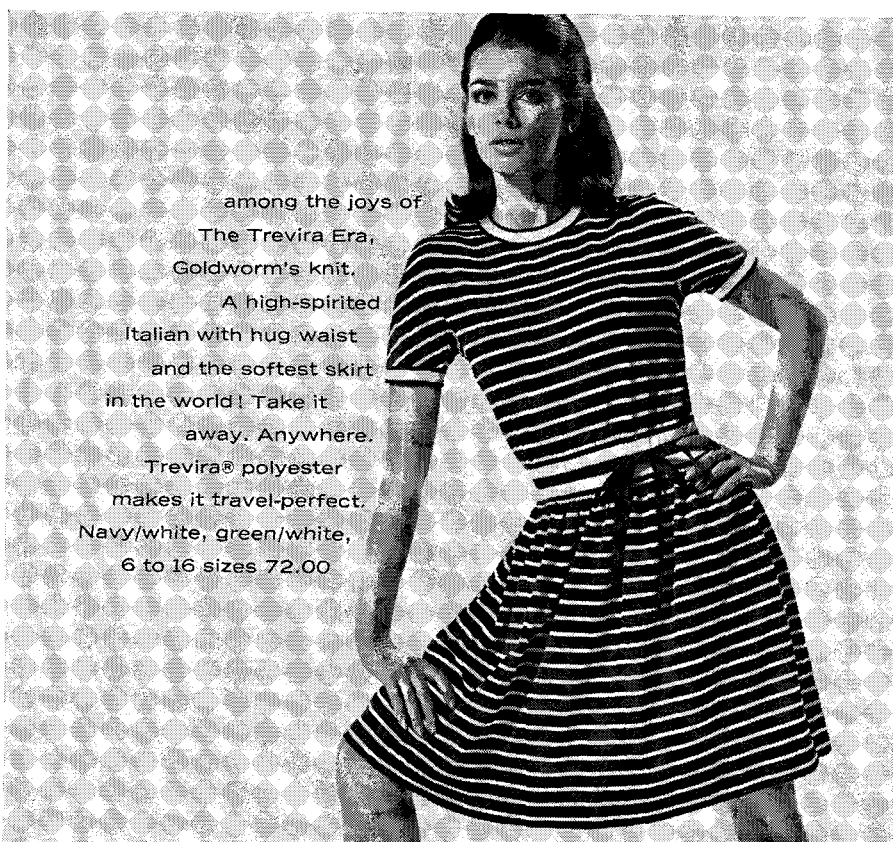
uncommitted scholars at the slowness with which, even before this special situation at the Palestine Museum arose, the contents of the Jordanian scrolls have been made public. Three of the original lot from Cave One were almost immediately published by the American Schools of Oriental Research through the Yale University Press, and the remaining four as promptly by the Hebrew University as soon as they came into its possession and could be read as a printable text. This was done with very little editing. The text was reproduced, with a decipherment in modern Hebrew characters and a tentative translation. The scrolls were in this way put at the disposition of scholars all over the world. Yadin's idea was that any scholar who chose to study them would thus be able to have the benefit of other people's interpretations. But the scrolls from the Palestine Museum have been issued only at long intervals and many years after being discovered, with heavy editorial equipment, textual and archeological, and at prices that few can afford, in the Clarendon Press series mentioned at the beginning of this section. This has all been controlled by the École Biblique, and consequently by Catholic authority, and it has been intimated that something has been found prejudicial to the dogma of the Catholic Church which on that account is being kept concealed. But although it is no doubt true, as reported above, that the Catholics have felt reluctant to attract special attention to the scrolls, I have found no reason to believe that any of these documents has been or is likely to be suppressed—or that anything, in fact, is likely to be found which will cast any doubt on the Catholic faith. There has not as yet turned up any reference to either Jesus or John the Baptist in any of the Qumrân writings, and since the Sect would surely never have accepted these prophets, it is difficult to see why they should not have been ignored. Why, in any case, should a Christian be shaken by anything that the Sect might have said about them? Aside from a possible intention of retarding and muffling the publication of the scrolls in order to prevent their implications coming out with too forceful an impact, the delay is partly to be explained by the difficulty of fitting together those manuscripts which were found in fragments, and partly by the laggardness of certain scholars. Add to this, perhaps, the very natural and familiar scholarly instinct for establishing priority and proprietorship which would impel such a man as de Vaux



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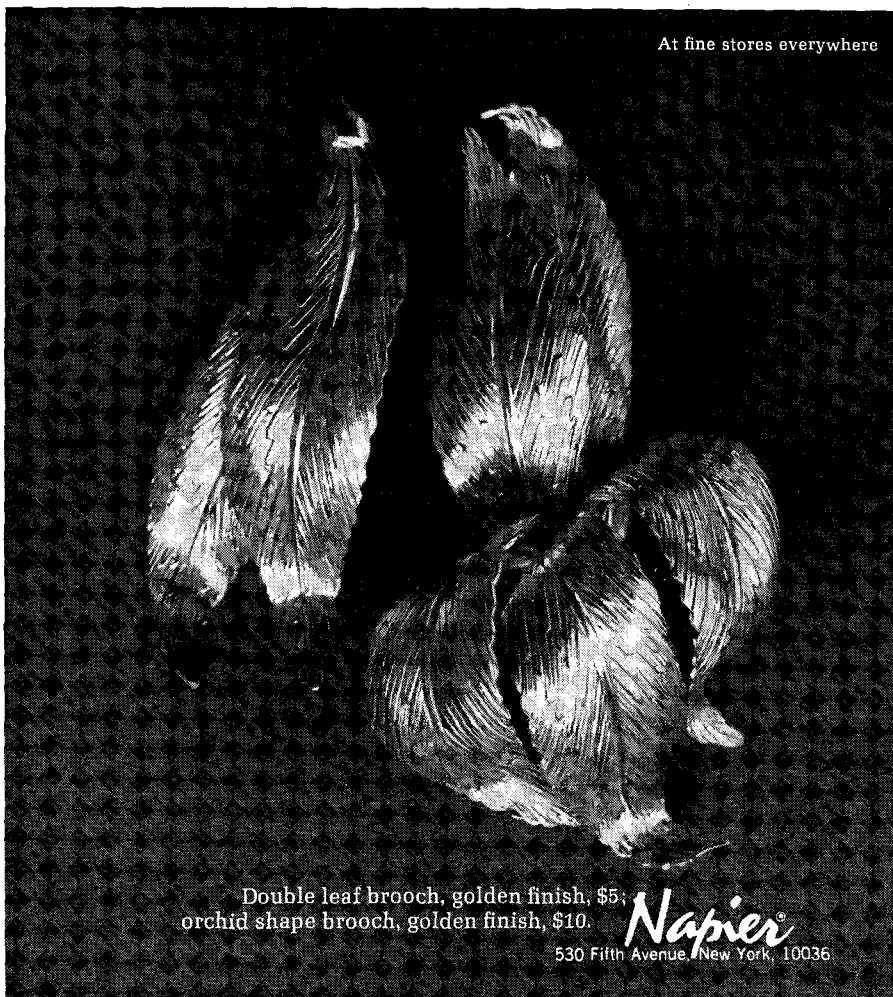


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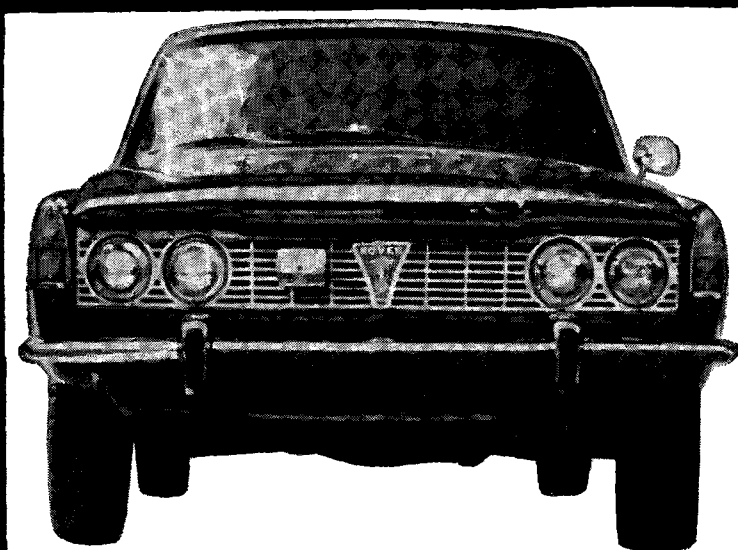
to desire to direct the handling and make sure of the proper presentation of materials which, after all, he himself had brought to light and for which he feels a personal responsibility. He has, in any case, recently responded to the complaints of the hungry scholars by bringing pressure on the various editors to get on with the tasks assigned them.

IV

THE NAHUM PESHER: One of the fascinating features of the Qumrân library has been a series of ostensible commentaries on certain of the Psalms and the Prophets, evidently written by a member or members of the Sect, which are actually half-disguised records of events in the history of the Sect itself. These commentaries are known as *pesharim*, because after each verse the special interpretation begins with "*Pishro al . . .*" ("Its interpretation relates to . . ."). At the time I first wrote on this subject, the most extensive of these was the Commentary on Habakkuk, which had been found in Cave One among the first batch of manuscripts. This stimulated a great deal of interest because it seemed to throw some light on the historical background of the documents. There appear certain unnamed figures who are mentioned in others of the scrolls: the Teacher of Righteousness, the Wicked Priest, the Prophet or Man of Untruth, and the enemy the Essenes are opposing, who are referred to as the Kittim. The last of these, who are said to worship their eagles and who seem to be identified in other ways, were believed to be the Romans, who invaded Palestine in 63 B.C. The Teacher of Righteousness had been evidently the leader of the Sect; the Wicked Priest and the Man of Untruth were perhaps the same hated person, and he was eventually identified by Dupont-Sommer as the Hasmonean Hyrcanus II, who was at once High Priest of Jerusalem (79-40 B.C.) and King of the Jews in that dynasty—a descendant, that is, of the Maccabees, the pugnacious Jewish family who put up such a fight against the Seleucids, the successors, in possession of Palestine, of Alexander the Great, after he had conquered Judea. But it was tantalizing not to know exactly who these persons were or precisely what had taken place.

Then more scrolls were recovered from other caves, among them a *peshar* on Nahum, in which it was rumored among Biblical scholars, though they were otherwise pledged to silence, that historically known names were mentioned and that important

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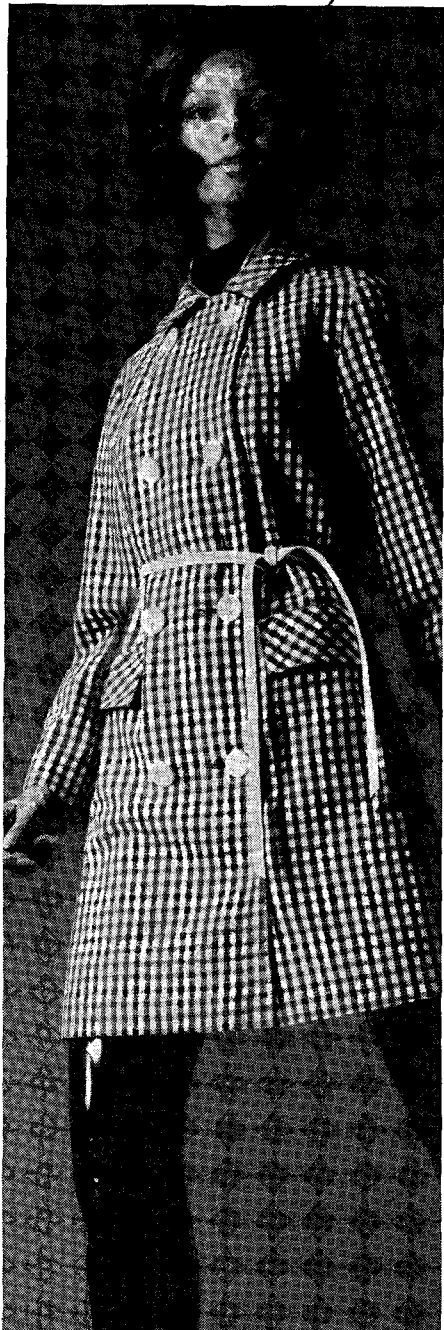
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revelations were looming. These names turned out, when one of the columns of the text was published in 1956, to be those of an Antiochus and a Demetrius, though of the latter name only three characters survived. John Allegro, a young English scholar attached to the University of Manchester, to whom this manuscript had been entrusted, announced before its publication that the Wicked Priest was not Hyrcanus II but his father, Alexander Jannaeus, also High Priest and King, whose cruelty to his own people has been recorded by Josephus. Jannaeus, believed Allegro, had been persecuting the Sect and had "stormed down" on the Dead Sea monastery, "dragged forth the Teacher [of Righteousness], and, as now seems probable, gave him into the hands of the Gentile troops to be crucified. . . . But when the Jewish King had left, and peace descended once more on Qumrân, the scattered community returned, and took down the broken body of their Master, to stand guard over it until the Judgment Day." It had already been suggested—from the practices of the Sect, their writings, and their presence in that locality, where John the Baptist had preached as "a voice crying in the wilderness" and where he had baptized Jesus in the Jordan—that John and Jesus had had some connection with the Sect, and the inference had already been drawn that the Teacher might have been a precursor of that Jesus who, by His disciples, had been accepted as the Christ—that is, as the Messiah. The Sect had been expecting a messiah, and there is a theory that they were looking forward to the return of the dead leader in this role. If it turned out that the Teacher of Righteousness was crucified, there would seem to be an obvious parallel between Jesus's career and his, as well as—what the texts do undoubtedly establish—a good deal in common between Christian doctrine and the doctrine of the Dead Sea Sect. Mr. Allegro called attention to this. "For most of us," he said, "these events will associate themselves automatically with the betrayal and crucifixion of another Master, living a century later."

Mr. Allegro, however, had been unwise in broadcasting, on the basis of the *peshet*, conclusions that were entirely conjectural before he had published the text so that anyone could check on his accuracy. Alexander Jannaeus, actually, is never mentioned by name in this text, and although in a very scrappy passage there is a mention

of someone who was crucified, there is no indication whatever that this was the Teacher of Righteousness, and none at all that "the scattered community returned, and took down the broken body of their Master." Mr. Allegro's contribution to this subject consists of three radio broadcasts, with an article based on these, and of an interview with a reporter from *Time* that Mr. Allegro declares was so garbled that he can really not be held responsible for anything reported in it, as well as of his later, fuller version of his argument in a book called "The Dead Sea Scrolls." In this book, Mr. Allegro does not repeat his statement that the scattered Sect took down the body of their Master, and he here tells his story in such a way as to make it perfectly clear that his earlier account of the content of the scroll was mainly a matter

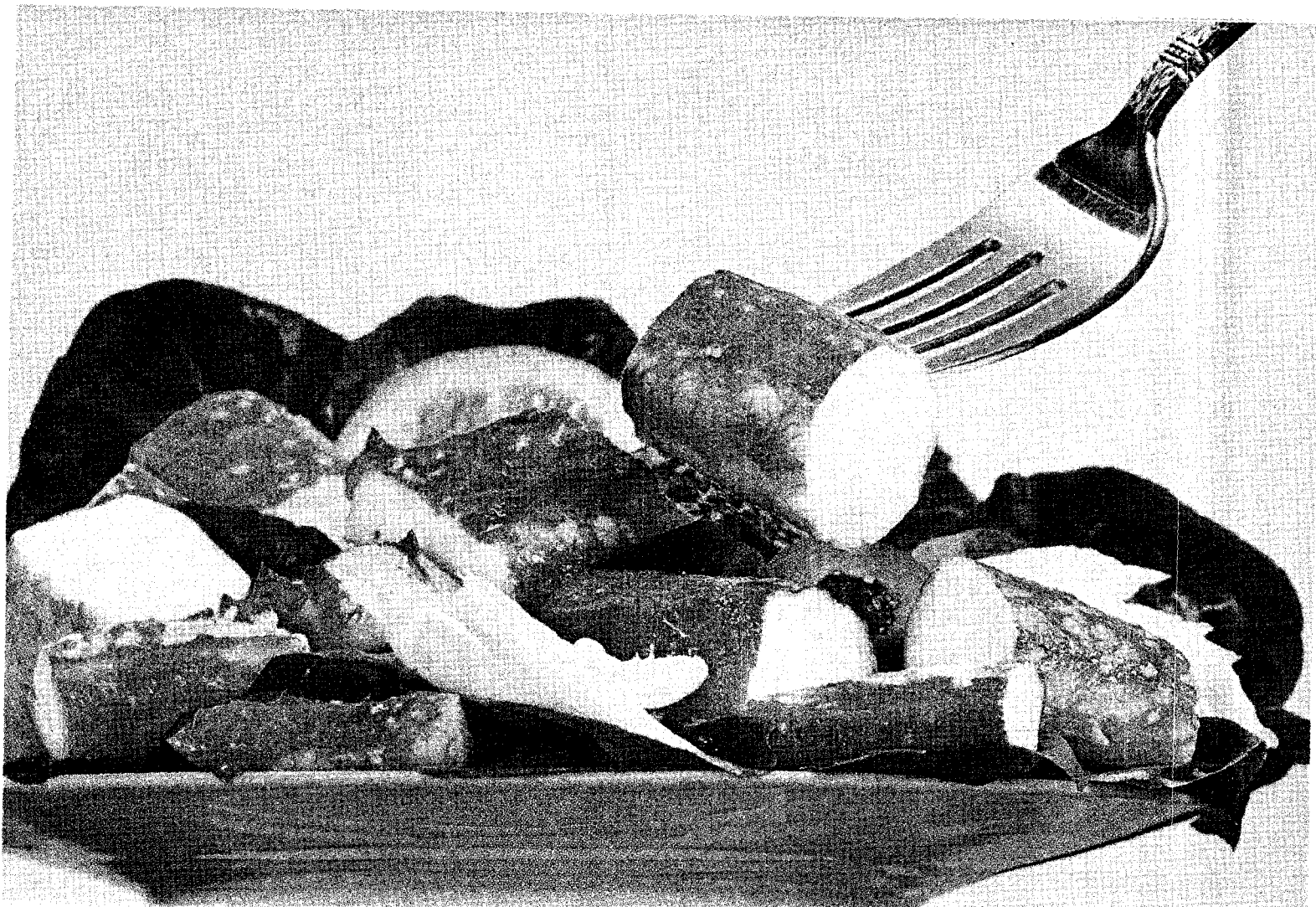
of conjecture. It is probable, however, that even here he ought to have been a little more explicit in indicating, clue by clue, the steps by which the episode had been reconstructed. What he gave was a connected narrative which he allowed himself to animate and color. He indulged himself, for example, in inventing a rather melodramatic confrontation of the Teacher of Righteousness and the Wicked Priest: "The scene as these two priests faced one another must have been dramatic enough. The one haughty and proud, scarred by the wounds of many battles, and the ravaging of a lifetime of greed and lechery, the other, white-robed and saintly, gazing scornfully on his enemy, secure in his simple trust in God and the hope of resurrection to eternal life." But it is true that it may be supposed from one interpretation of a passage in the *Habakkuk Commentary* that the Wicked Priest at some point appeared to the Teacher of Righteousness and his followers, "to confound them and to make them stumble on the day of fasting." There is also a reference to "the house of his exile." The residence of the Sect in the monastery is dated by the coins that have been found in it, and this date is exactly right for the identification of the Wicked Priest with Alexander Jannaeus. The Demetrius named in the commentary, who is said to have attempted to enter Jerusalem "by the counsel of the Seekers after Smooth Things" (presumably the Pharisees), was Demetrius III, the current Seleucid king, who is known to have been called in by the Pharisees, at the time they were contending against Jannaeus; and the Antiochus can be identified with Antiochus Epiphanes, an



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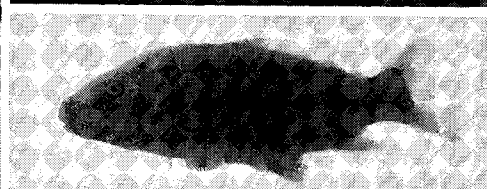
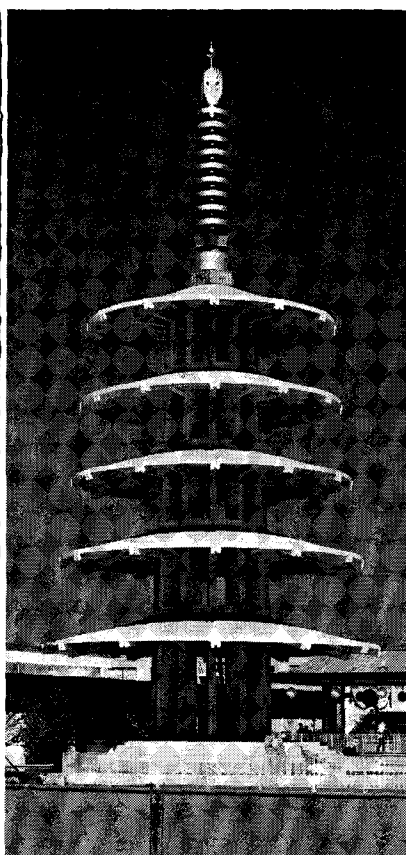
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earlier Seleucid, who had been King of Syria and an enemy of the Jews.

THE next event of importance in connection with the Nahum *pesh-*er is a paper—written after the publication by Allegro of the three columns of the document's text—by M. Dupont-Sommer in the issue of the *Journal des Savants* of October-December, 1963, which seems to me one of the most masterly reconstructions on the basis of scrappy and scattered evidence that I remember ever to have read. M. Dupont-Sommer agrees with Allegro's identifications of a "Lion of Wrath" as Jannaeus, the Demetrius as the Greek king, and the Seekers after Smooth Things (Dupont-Sommer makes it Flattering Things, using another meaning of *מְפָלֵן*) as the Pharisees. The Nineveh which Nahum denounces is made to stand here, Dupont-Sommer believes, for the official Jerusalem "Establishment," from which the Sect had dissociated themselves. The Seekers of Flattering Things (by which they were trying to win over the people), who had previously figured in certain Dead Sea fragments, we now know to be the Pharisees—I am giving here Dupont-Sommer's argument—since it was the Pharisees who called in Demetrius. It should be grasped that the Pharisees made a popular appeal—that is, they tried to win over by flattery—while the Sadducees, who supported Jannaeus, were conservative and aristocratic; and that the Sect, who had escaped from Jerusalem and now inhabited a monastery on the Dead Sea, were equally antagonistic to both of them. The commentator says that the Lion of Wrath—that is, Alexander Jannaeus—"will smite by his nobles and the men of his counsel." We know from Josephus that Jannaeus, after Demetrius had been driven out, crucified eight hundred of the Jews who had fought against him: "He brought them to Jerusalem, and did one of the most barbarous actions in the world to them; for as he was feasting with his concubines, in the sight of all the city, he ordered the throats of their children and wives to be cut before their eyes." It is evidently to this that the commentator refers when he says that the Lion of Wrath worked his vengeance on the Seekers of Flattering Things, who had backed Demetrius, by "hanging them alive." The text at this point is much broken. Both Allegro and Dupont-Sommer fill in a defective passage to read, "which had never been done before in Israel," and there



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follows an unfinished sentence which speaks of someone "hanged alive on a tree" (or "on wood"—*עץ* has both meanings), and this was the usual way of referring to crucifixion. It was this phrase which had stimulated Allegro to imagine that Alexander Jannaeus had crucified the Teacher of Righteousness. The passage contains two incomplete words, which Allegro and Dupont-Sommer restore in different ways. Allegro makes it, "For the man hanged alive upon a tree is [cal]led..." Dupont-Sommer translates it, "But he who was hanged alive upon [the] wood," and, as Allegro does, fills in the word that follows, of which the only surviving characters are a *resh* and an *aleph*, with a form of the verb *קרא* (*call*), but makes it read, "[They will c]all (upon him)." He adds, "If the word is completed in this way, the phrase refers to someone who suffered punishment on the cross and became an object of invocation. Who can this extraordinary person be? By whom could he have been crucified? There is nothing to lead us to conclude that he was executed by Jannaeus; his death may have been ordered by a successor of Jannaeus. The phrase may spring from an association of ideas: although crucifixion is a scandal, there is one crucified man who will, on the contrary, become for some an object of prayer."

Let us go on to Dupont-Sommer's reconstruction of the historical events involved. When Alexander Jannaeus died, his widow, Alexandra, reigned. She had two sons, Hyrcanus II and Aristobulus II. Since Hyrcanus was the elder, she made him High Priest. She established the Pharisees as the ruling party, and these plagued Alexandra to put to death those who had persuaded her husband to crucify the eight hundred. They cut the throats of several of her councillors. Her younger son, Aristobulus, came to her with a delegation of Jannaeus's party, the Sadducees, and begged her to call off the Pharisees and to allow the Sadducean followers of Aristobulus to live safely in the national fortresses. Eventually, when Alexandra was old and ill, Aristobulus got control of twenty-two of these fortresses and made Hyrcanus, who had no taste for government and only wanted a quiet life, acknowledge his brother's accession to the kingship. Josephus says that "the Pharisees have delivered to the people a great many observances by succession from their fathers, which are not written in the law of Moses; and for that reason it is that the Sadducees reject them, and say that we are to esteem

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those observances to be obligatory which are in the written word, but are not to observe those that are [merely] derived from the tradition of our forefathers; and concerning these things it is that great disputes and differences have arisen among them, while the Sadducees are able to persuade none but the rich, and have not the populace obsequious to them, but the Pharisees have the multitude on their side." Dupont-Sommer points out that if the Seekers of Flattering Things are the Pharisees, the Essenes were just as much opposed to them as they were to the Sadducees. These seducers of the people are thus named and denounced in two other Qumrân documents: the so-called Thanksgiving Hymns and the Zadokite, or Damascus, Document. The Wicked Priest, who figures here and also in the Habakkuk Commentary, would then be Hyrcanus II (so not the same as the Lion of Wrath). Dupont-Sommer reminds us of the denunciation by Jesus (Matthew 23:15) of the scribes and Pharisees, which he suggests may be a continuation—on the assumption that Jesus had at some time been influenced by the Sect—of the attitude toward them of the Essenes.

In the *peshet*, an Ephraim and a Manasseh are mentioned. Who are they? In Genesis 41:50-52, two sons are born to Joseph who are given these names. Manasseh is the older. Later on (48:13-20), their grandfather Jacob (now called Israel) blesses them, but he puts his right hand on Ephraim's head and his left hand on Manasseh's. Joseph attempts to correct him, but Jacob replies that the younger brother will be greater than the elder, "and his seed shall become a multitude of nations." Then the Ephraim and Manasseh of the *peshet* must be the brothers Hyrcanus and Aristobulus. Of these latter, to be sure, Hyrcanus was the older, but since Jacob, in his blessings, interchanged the order of birth, Hyrcanus must be Ephraim, whose name is associated with the Pharisees, those "who by their false teaching and their lying tongue and lip of deceit will lead many astray." Manasseh is associated with "the nobles, the honored ones"—that is, the aristocratic Sadducees—and is also a leader of "warriors," as Aristobulus so conspicuously was. We are told that Manasseh will lose his royalty, that his women and children will go into captivity and his warriors and nobles be slaughtered—which was precisely what happened to Aristobulus when he fell into the hands of the Romans. In a fragment of a *peshet* on the Thirty-seventh Psalm, we learn of "the wicked

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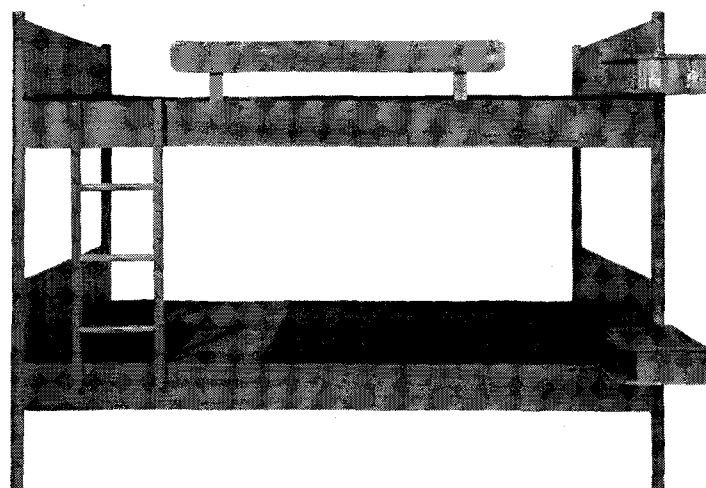
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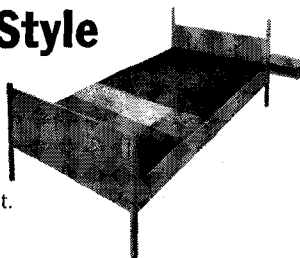
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of Ephraim and Manasseh, who will seek to lay hands on the Priest," meaning, presumably, the Teacher of Righteousness. We hear also, in the Nahum *peshet*, of "the wicked ones of its [army], the House of Peleg," those who joined Manasseh. Now, Peleg suggests a Hebrew verb, *palag*, which means *divide*, and this is played on in Genesis 10:25, where the name Peleg is given to the son of a patriarch who was destined to divide the earth. May this not refer to the Hasmonean dynasty, who are always so extremely divided?

M. Dupont-Sommer, unlike certain other scholars, who believe that the Teacher of Righteousness flourished at the beginning of the Hasmonean era—that is to say, perhaps, between 160 and 135 B.C.—has become convinced, on the evidence of the passage cited above from the commentary on Psalm 37, that he lived during the period of Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, who, contending against one another, were united in hostility to the Essenes, themselves equally hostile to both parties of the Jerusalem "Establishment," just as their supporters, the Pharisees and the Sadducees, were later to unite against Jesus. Both Josephus and Diodorus Siculus, M. Dupont-Sommer has noted, have accounts of a suggestive incident that took place when Pompey was moving against Jerusalem. Hyrcanus and Aristobulus came to him and urged their conflicting claims, but there was also a delegation that represented a third group of the Jews, who said that they did not want any king at all, that their tradition was to be ruled by "the priests of that God whom they worshipped," that though Hyrcanus and Aristobulus were the descendants of a priestly family they were actually, in their role of kings, now turning into tyrants. M. Dupont-Sommer believes that this group could only have been the Essenes—which would account both for their resistance to official Jerusalem and for Hyrcanus's having killed their leader.

I hope that this brief account may not be confusing to the reader. It can certainly give no idea of the elegance, lucidity, and logic of Dupont-Sommer's demonstration. —EDMUND WILSON

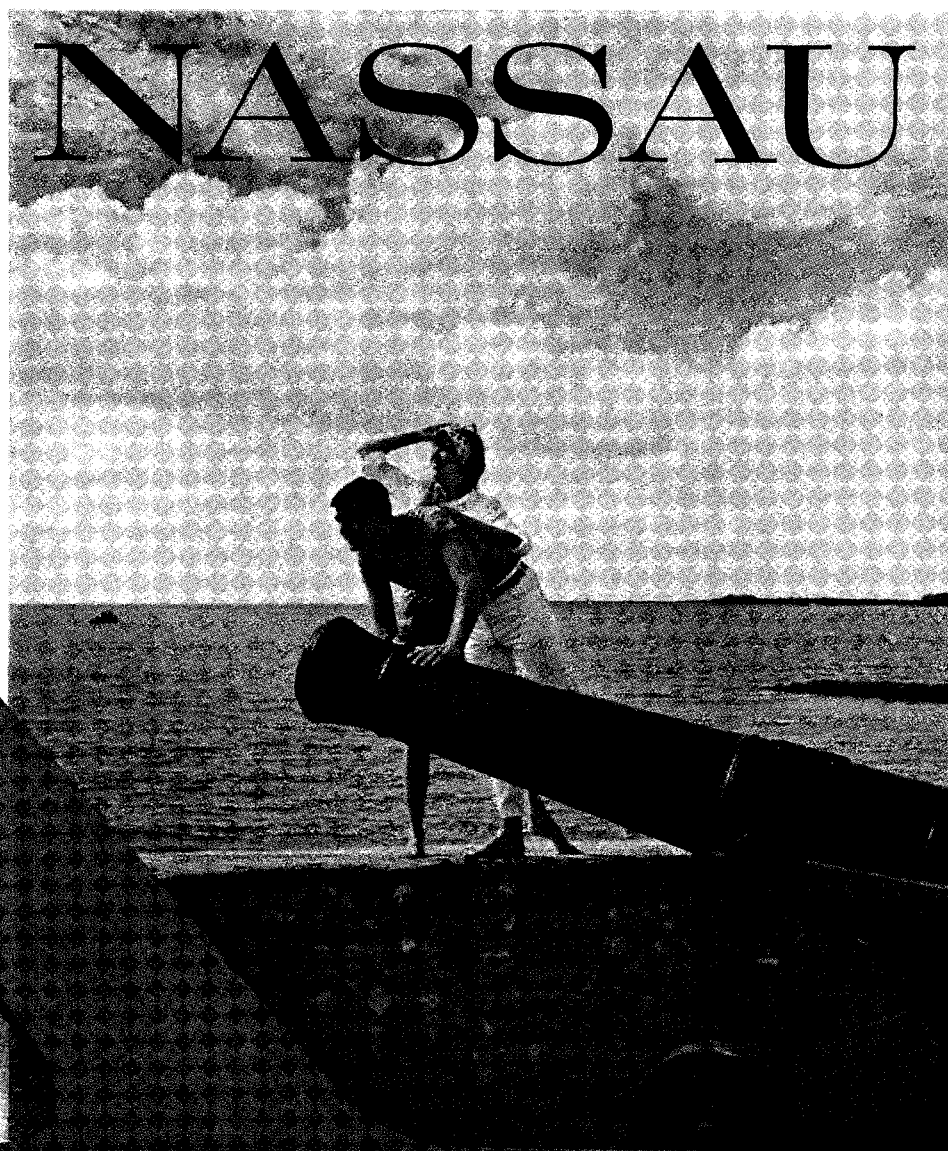
(This is the first of a series of three articles on the Dead Sea scrolls.)

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WRONG TURNINGS

LIKE Cyril Connolly's celebrated fat man, who had a thin man inside him signalling wildly to be let out, "The Watering Place," by Lyle Kessler, held imprisoned within its solemn turgidities quite a promising little play, which the author lacked the professional skill to set free. One had to be quick in forming this judgment, because the play gave but a single performance, at the Music Box. It was Mr. Kessler's first full-length work, and I am confident that he will be able to purge his next of those nagging echoes of formidable predecessors that made him seem to be speaking in a voice not altogether his own about a time that, though it purported to be the present, sounded much more like the garrulous thirties to me. The setting of the play was a decayed mansion in a suffocating Southern town whose founding fathers could easily have been William Faulkner and Tennessee Williams. It was a house of doom, the shutters of its high, warped windows closed forever against the pitiless sun, its front door bolted against the depredations of imaginary murderous strangers. Inside the house dwelt a sorry trio: a hairy braggadocio of sixty-seven, who, no longer the man he had been in bed, took care to make a public display of his virility by pitching a mean game of baseball every Sunday morning; his mildly lunatic wife, brooding with morose delectation over the death of their only son in Vietnam; and the son's pretty young widow, padding slippered about the house in a state of permanent false pregnancy, which she had been induced to assume in order to deceive and console her mother-in-law. Into this grim ménage burst an Army buddy of the dead son, who quickly charmed the mother, insulted and diminished the father, seduced, got with child, and abandoned the widow, and then returned in sullen triumph to another tour of duty in Vietnam.

Unpromising as this brief recital makes the play sound, it had a number

of largely unrealized possibilities. The father, with his fanatical will to live and his contempt for his dead son, was an interesting old coot; the icily amoral Army buddy, who was not above boasting that he had helped cause the son's death, was an interesting young coot; and the girl would surely have been worth learning more about if the author had troubled to provide her with a personality. The ineradicable defect in the play was the role of the mother. For reasons we needn't go into here, young playwrights enjoy writing about middle-aged women who have lost their looks and their marbles; young playwrights must spurn this dreadful pleasure, on the ground that there are already enough moaning, demented mothers in plays to last the American theatre a thousand years.

The brave cast of "The Watering Place" consisted of Ralph Waite, as the father; Vivian Nathan, as the mother; William Devane, as the buddy; and Shirley Knight, as the widow. The play was directed by Alan Schneider, and the single set was by Robin Wagner. The sunlight was designed by Jules Fisher. I was puzzled to observe that Mr. Fisher's sunlight was brighter than God's but had less gold in it than His does. I could preach to that text, but will not.



"**T**HE DOZENS," by Laird Koenig, gave four performances at the Booth. The play had two acts, and out of respect for the cast—

Al Freeman, Jr., Paula Kelly, and Morgan Freeman—I left at the intermission. By then, they had been subjected to sufficient humiliation in this base attempt at a comedy, the scene of which was a Coca-Cola bottling plant in "the revolution-torn African Republic of Chaka." Mr. Koenig's jokes were uniformly tawdry, and were not improved by being shouted at the top of the actors' voices—a notion that must have come from the director, Edward Parone. The only person to emerge untarnished from the fiasco was the

designer, Rouben Ter-Arutunian, whose set for the bottling plant consisted in part of hundreds upon hundreds of empty Coca-Cola bottles, suspended in such a way as to provide a glass wall unlike any I have ever seen. Well, but there you are: *autre temps, autres mœurs*.

I MIGHT have left the new musical at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre at the intermission, as I left "The Dozens," but the producer was too smart for me—there *isn't* any intermission. The musical is called "1776," and it pretends to cover the span of time when the Continental Congress, meeting in Philadelphia, debated and eventually passed the Declaration of Independence. Some attractive and hard-working people make up the large cast—William Daniels is especially attractive and hard-working in the role of the lonely and disliked John Adams—and I am sorry that their labors are devoted to so lamentable a cause. The composer of the music and lyrics, Sherman Edwards, and the writer of the book, Peter Stone, have contrived to turn one of the great events of our history into a series of childish romps. The less said about Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, and Washington in the context of this disaster the better; I will let one specimen of the authors' stunning vulgarity serve for many. If you accept their reading of history, then Jefferson was so frustrated sexually that he was unable to write the Declaration of Independence until his wife was spirited to Philadelphia; once Mrs. Jefferson was in residence, the Declaration practically wrote itself. Mr. Edwards' songs are inoffensive and forgettable, as his and Mr. Stone's clodhopperlike tampering with great men's minds is not. The scenery and lighting are by Jo Mielziner, the direction is by Peter Hunt, and the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt. I am relieved to say that at least one à-la-mode vulgarity has been avoided: neither Mrs. Jefferson nor Mrs. Adams appears topless.

—BRENDAN GILL

There is one little word I should like you to add to your everyday vocabulary. Once I write it down and tell you how to pronounce it and show you its power in motivating people, I think you will not soon forget it.

The word is from the French language. It is spelled *detente*. The meaning of *detente* is "the end of strained relations." And the word's pronounced as if spelled *day-tahn*.—*Progressive Grocer*.

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THE RACE TRACK

Lady First



BY far the most interesting event at Aqueduct last weekend was the riding of Barbara Jo Rubin. It was a good bet that the nineteen-year-old girl from Miami Beach who started her career as a jockey at Tropical Park in January and has competed since then with the boys at Hobby Horse Hall in the Bahamas, Pimlico in Maryland, and Charles Town and Waterford Park in West Virginia would turn up at the Big A. She did, and won twice in fine style. Riding Bravy Galaxy, a first-time starter, in a race at five furlongs for maiden two-year-old fillies last Friday, she led from start to finish, passing the post two lengths ahead of She's Rich and three and a half ahead of Tropical Doll. (How's that for three happy names?) What impressed me was how she steadied her mount after getting away well and wasn't the least flustered when a lively number called Agatha Rose ranged up very close alongside her on the turn for home. I also liked the way she shifted her whip from one hand to the other (I doubt if my favorite jockey could have done it more smoothly) to smack her mount a couple of times and keep her on a straight course. The girl is good at leaving the starting gate, but she didn't have the best of luck in her race on Saturday. After getting into close quarters in the first furlong, she eased her mount, May Berry, out of it, and then, going around the leaders, took command in the stretch to win by three lengths. Altogether, it was a smooth piece of work. Since May Berry was the favorite, horse and rider received almost an ovation when they returned to weigh in. Then Miss Rubin was off by plane for Charles Town, where she rode in the ninth race that evening, and finished third.

Altogether, Miss Rubin has won eight of her fourteen tries—a high proportion, which is bound to diminish as the number of her mounts increases. After watching her two rides here, however, I'd say that she has balance (her stirrup leathers are not mini-short), good control, and sensitive hands, because of which horses run well for her—for one, that two-year-old first-time starter. Of course, none

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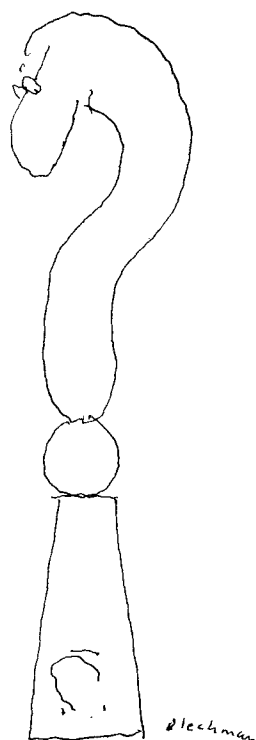
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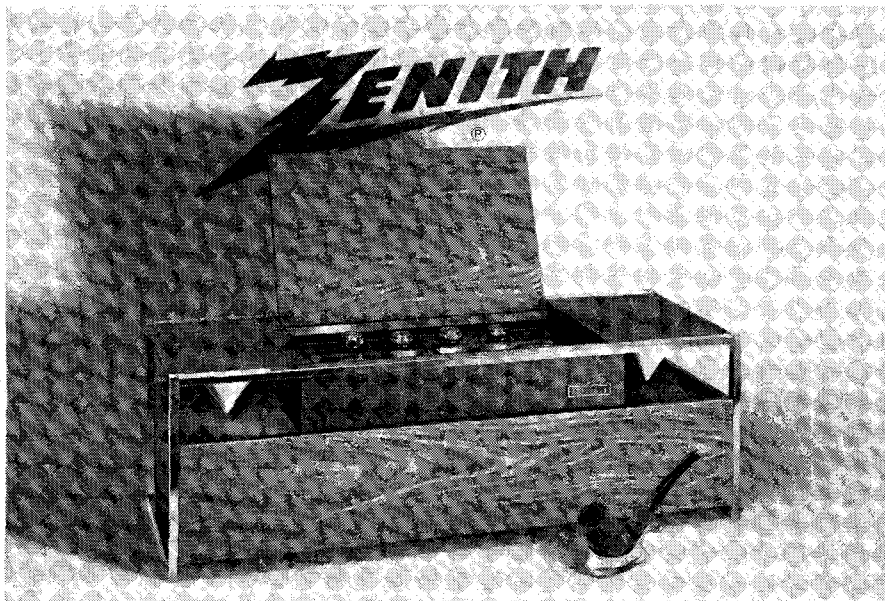
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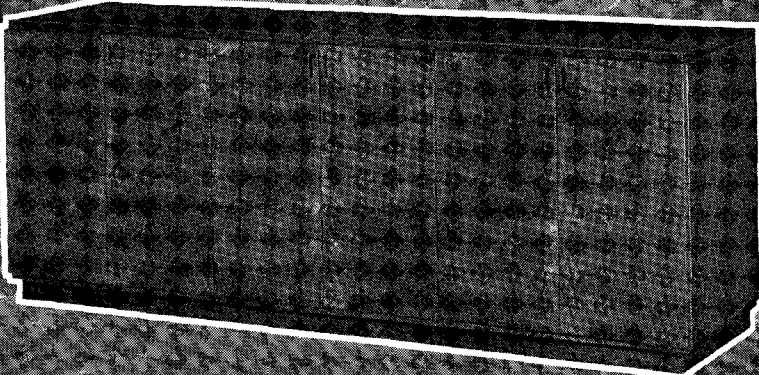
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of her races have been at more than six and a half furlongs, but, taking one thing with another, she's a lot better than fifty per cent of the passengers I see in colors these afternoons. She has caught the public's fancy, too. Last Friday, the paddock was more crowded, especially with cameramen, than it will be for the Wood Memorial or the Suburban. I heartily agree with Don Fair, supervisor of field operations for the *Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form*, that woman's place at a race track is in the clubhouse. But Francis Dunne, steward of the New York State Racing Commission, who is never at a loss for a word, said after Miss Rubin won the first time, "This could be the dawning of a new day—or the sunset of an old one." Could be.

THE opening of the New York season at Aqueduct last week was the earliest and coldest that anyone I asked could remember. Nevertheless, 40,145 enthusiasts (if that's the word) were on hand, and bet \$3,896,469 in the course of the afternoon. The main attraction was the Swift Stakes, for three-year-olds, at six furlongs, in which Reviewer, from the stable of Ogden Phipps, strolled home by six lengths, starting the establishment off on the right foot. Reviewer, a full brother to Queen of the Stage, won the Sapling Stakes and the Saratoga Special last summer, and then had leg trouble; right now he appears to be sound. The weather was slightly warmer on Saturday, and a crowd of 51,399 came out to see five sprinters run for the Paumonok Handicap, which was a lively affair. Pappa Steve won going away from Beaukins, Tumiga, Mr. Washington, and Never Confuse.

THIS weekend, there's the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct, the Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida, the Louisiana Derby at the Fair Grounds, and the San Luis Rey Handicap at Santa Anita. You pick 'em.

—AUDAX MINOR

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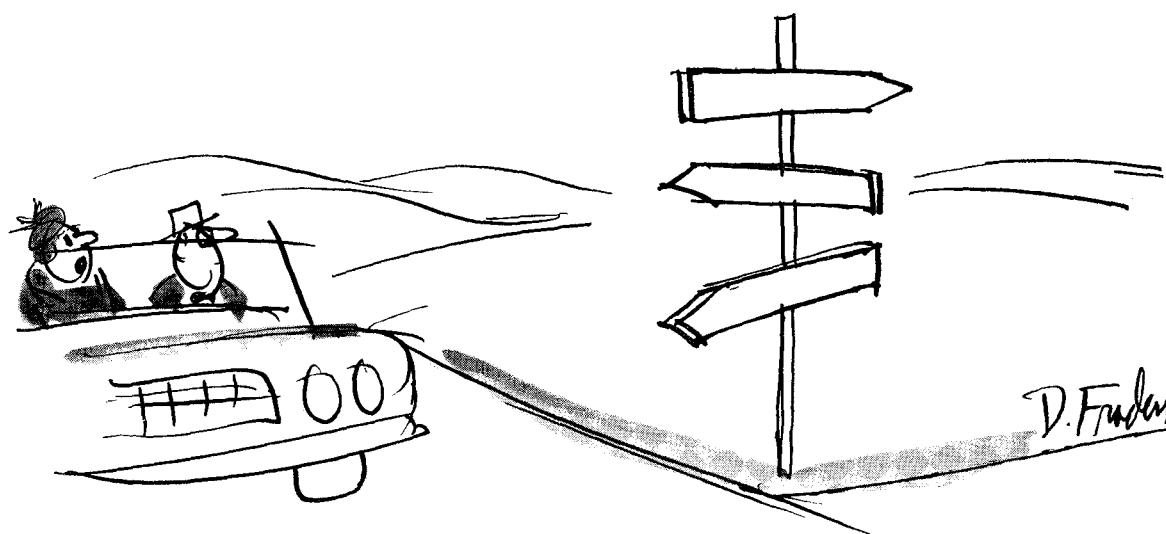
THE University of California at Los Angeles, which will be fifty years old this spring, has been situated for the past forty on four hundred and eleven rolling acres just off Sunset Boulevard, in Westwood Hills. Whereas most of the original buildings were of terra-cotta-colored brick and buff-tinted cement in an architectural style once described as Rod La Roque Romanesque, the fifty-five new buildings that have gone up since the Second World War are exceedingly modern in design; for example, four recently constructed oblong high-rise dormitories that occupy a ridge at one end of the campus resemble nothing so much as a clutch of Istanbul Hiltons. But, of all the new buildings, by far the most impressive is Pauley Pavilion, a huge, futuristic-looking white-and-buff rectangle that was completed in 1965 at a cost of five million dollars. (State funds accounted for two of the millions, contributions by alumni and by students amounted to a million each, and the final million was the gift of Edwin W. Pauley, the oilman, who is a U.C.L.A. alumnus and now a member of the University of California Board of Regents.) The Pavilion has what is known as a steel space-frame roof, which covers an area as big as a city block without any interior pillars to block a spectator's view. The structure seats just under thirteen thousand people and is used for a wide variety of events, ranging from commencement exercises and alumni homecomings to concerts and the annual Spring Sing, but, first and foremost, it is the home of the U.C.L.A. basketball team, which has been the dominant intercollegiate power in the game for the past five years.

This last statement is open to a quibble, because in 1966 U.C.L.A. did not even finish first in its own back yard, the Pacific-Eight Conference, but in 1964 and 1965 it won the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship, and after that off year it won the championship again in 1967 and 1968. (Last year, as you may recall, Houston ended a U.C.L.A. winning streak at forty-seven games by edging through, 71-69, in

the Astrodome, but in the rematch two months later, in the N.C.A.A. championship, U.C.L.A. gave an unforgettable demonstration of its superiority by overwhelming Houston, 101-69.) This year's team, which was beaten early this month by the University of Southern California after extending another winning streak to forty-one games, is somewhat weaker than its predecessors, but it still has an excellent chance of going all the way and winning the N.C.A.A. title. (At this writing, the Western regional elimination tournament is under way.) If it succeeds, this will be the first time that any college has carried off the national title three years in a row. When you wrap all these things up together, you can easily understand why, when Pauley Pavilion was inaugurated as a sports arena, in the autumn of 1965, the opening night (which featured an exhibition game between the varsity and freshman basketball teams) was dedicated to John Robert Wooden, the man who has coached U.C.L.A. basketball since 1948. In these last few years, he has produced what experts from all over the country consider to be perhaps the finest college basketball teams of all time. On that opening night—not altogether surprisingly, since Lew Alcindor, the fabled seven-foot-one-and-a-half-inch super-center, was playing for the freshmen—the varsity went down to defeat, but this did not happen again at Pauley Pavilion until the recent upset at the hands of U.S.C.

About a month ago, after several years of admiring the U.C.L.A. teams from afar (via television), I made a brief trip to the Coast to catch them in their native habitat. I attended two

practice sessions, took in one Pacific-Eight game (against Oregon State), and talked a good deal in between with Coach Wooden. He is a curiosity in our present era. In one respect, he is a typical southern Californian, being an immigrant from Indiana, but where most Middle Westerners shed their mid-continental mores with gusto once they hit the eucalyptus-and-palm belt, transplantation has only served to intensify Wooden's devotion to the principles he learned as a boy, and today he stands undisputed as the firmest old-time moralist to hit American sport since the late Branch Rickey. In his wallet Wooden carries a crinkled piece of paper on which his father, Joshua Wooden, who was a hard-pressed farmer, wrote down the core of his creed: "Be true to yourself, make each day a masterpiece, help others, drink deeply from good books, make friendship a fine art, and build a shelter against a rainy day." Besides his father, three other men had a profound influence on the shaping of young Wooden: Earl W. Warriner, his country grade-school principal and coach ("He instilled a sense of motivation in me," Wooden says); Glenn M. Curtis, his coach at Martinsville High ("He had a tremendous talent for inspiring individuals and teams to rise to great heights"); and Ward L. (Piggie) Lambert, his coach at Purdue ("He refused to swerve from what he believed to be right regardless of personal gain, recognition, or glory"). The spelling out of ideas in words means a good deal to Wooden, and on the back wall of his office, behind his desk and between photographs of Curtis and Lambert, is a large, framed diagram



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of the Pyramid of Success, in which he has formulated his philosophy of life in relation to the game of basketball. The cornerstones of the five-stone base are Industriousness ("Worthwhile things come from hard work and careful planning," a supplementary legend explains) and Enthusiasm ("Your heart must be in your work. Stimulate others"). From that foundation, the pyramid rises on such stones as Condition, Skill, and Team Spirit to its crowning piece—Competitive Greatness. Over the years, Wooden has been asked so frequently for copies of the pyramid that he keeps a stack of them handy, along with stacks of several other carefully wrought syntheses—lists in which his fine compulsion for order and clarity has moved him to marshal his thoughts on such aspects of coaching as "Important Principles to Keep in Mind" (fifteen points), "Selecting the Squad" (seven points), "The Practice Plan" (sixteen points), "Practice" (fifteen points), and fourteen "Primary Traits" and fourteen "Secondary Traits" that "should be developed by the coach who wants to reach the top in his chosen profession." All this amounts to quite a heap of uplift, and I must confess that during my first visit with Wooden in his office I found myself suddenly wafted back over the decades to my youth in New England, when the Y.M.C.A. was the ethical influence, and when at the weekly meetings of the Hi-Y Club the simplicitarian, self-exhortative values and vocabulary flowed like Moxie.

Wooden is a trim, brown-haired, clear-eyed man of fifty-eight (he has six grandchildren) who bears a considerable facial resemblance to that rather different contemporary moralist John O'Hara. Soft-spoken and pleasant, and with a decidedly unmissionary manner, he is aware that he is regarded in many quarters as something of an anachronism, but his homespun tenets have generally served him well and he has seen no reason to revise them. (This does not mean that he has not suffered rough periods in which he viewed himself as an utter failure. Indeed, he underwent just such an ordeal last spring, when, in rapid succession, one of his best players, Lucius Allen, was convicted on a marijuana charge, and another, Mike Lynn, was involved in a credit-card difficulty. In both instances, it was a case of the young men having fallen in with the wrong crowd—something that can happen rather easily in L.A.—but Wooden felt that he could have prevented the trouble if he had got through to them

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properly. As he sees it, this is just as much the job of an athletic coach as winning games.) Wooden has been deep in basketball all his life. Indiana towns have long been notorious for the fever the game induces in them, but no town could have been more febrile than Martinsville, where Wooden grew up. It had a population of forty-eight hundred, but the high-school gym seated fifty-two hundred and was filled for every game during Wooden's three years on the varsity, for Martinsville had superb teams, which reached the final of the turbulent State Championship each of those years and won it once (in 1927, his junior year). Wooden, a fast, solidly built, five-foot-ten-and-a-half-inch ball-handling virtuoso, played what was known back then as "floor guard," or "running guard," and was an All-State selection each year. At Purdue, his hard-driving style fitted in perfectly with the type of game that Coach Lambert was sold on. Well ahead of his time, Lambert was the first coach in the Middle West to stress the fast break on offense, the full-court press on defense, and a basic flexibility of attitude and maneuver, which he liked to sum up in the phrase "The team that makes the most mistakes will probably win." Wooden has never forgotten Lambert's concept of basketball or his maxims. An honor student as well as an annual All-America choice in college, Wooden went into coaching upon his graduation, turning down offers in book publishing and from the English Department at Purdue. He coached the high-school team in Dayton, Kentucky, for two years, and then moved on to Central High in South Bend, where he not only coached basketball, baseball, and tennis but taught English and served as the school's comptroller and its director of athletics. Nine years in South Bend were followed by three in the Navy during the Second World War (his assignment was to get combat fliers into top physical shape) and two more coaching at Indiana State Teachers College. Then, in 1948, Wooden accepted the basketball post at U.C.L.A. At that time, he was thirty-eight and had long since played his last basketball game, but he left behind one record as a player that still stands and is remembered in Indiana with awe. During one stretch in seven seasons of pro basketball that he managed to sandwich in on weekends in the nineteen-thirties—he played for the Kautsky Grocers in a league that was the forerunner of the present National Basketball Association—he made good on a hundred and

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thirty-four consecutive foul shots. No one has ever come close to that mark—and no wonder, since it is a rare thing for a player to run up a string of even twenty-five straight free throws in competition. "I practiced so much at the hoop I put up at home when I was a kid that after a while I could literally shoot free throws in the dark and make them," Wooden told me. "I tossed the ball up underhand, as we did in those days, with a little backspin on it. I never looked at the basket until I was in the act of following through on a shot. Practice."

Because of the remarkable success of his teams since 1964, there is a good deal of speculation now on why it took Wooden so long—sixteen years—to win his first national championship at U.C.L.A. The explanation is that although he consistently put together excellent teams during those years, there was almost always someone a little better on the West Coast—in the middle nineteen-fifties, the Bill Russell teams at the University of San Francisco, and, right after that, the strong teams at the University of California at Berkeley, coached by Pete Newell. The amazing thing about Wooden's first championship team was that not a single player on it was over six feet five. Instead, in Walt Hazzard and Gail Goodrich, both of whom have gone on to bright professional careers in the N.B.A., U.C.L.A. had two exceptionally gifted backcourt men, and under their direction it outran, outgeneralled, and, sooner or later, outplayed much larger and brawnier rivals. To be technical for a moment, that 1964 team—along with the 1965 team, which successfully defended the national title—used what is termed a high-post offense: the center is positioned at the foul line, and the rest of the players cut and drive and buzz off him. Because of the presence of Alcindor, the 1967 and 1968 championship teams, and this year's team as well, have employed a different kind of offense—one that is, in a way, less interesting to watch. In college basketball today there are more than seventy-five seven-footers, but, with Alcindor towering like Everest over Jackson Heights above the others in coordination, agility, touch, and just plain talent, Wooden has gone to a low-post offense in order to make the most of his star's skills: Alcindor, playing in close to the basket, is fed high lob passes by his teammates and then glides into one of his many elegant moves for the basket

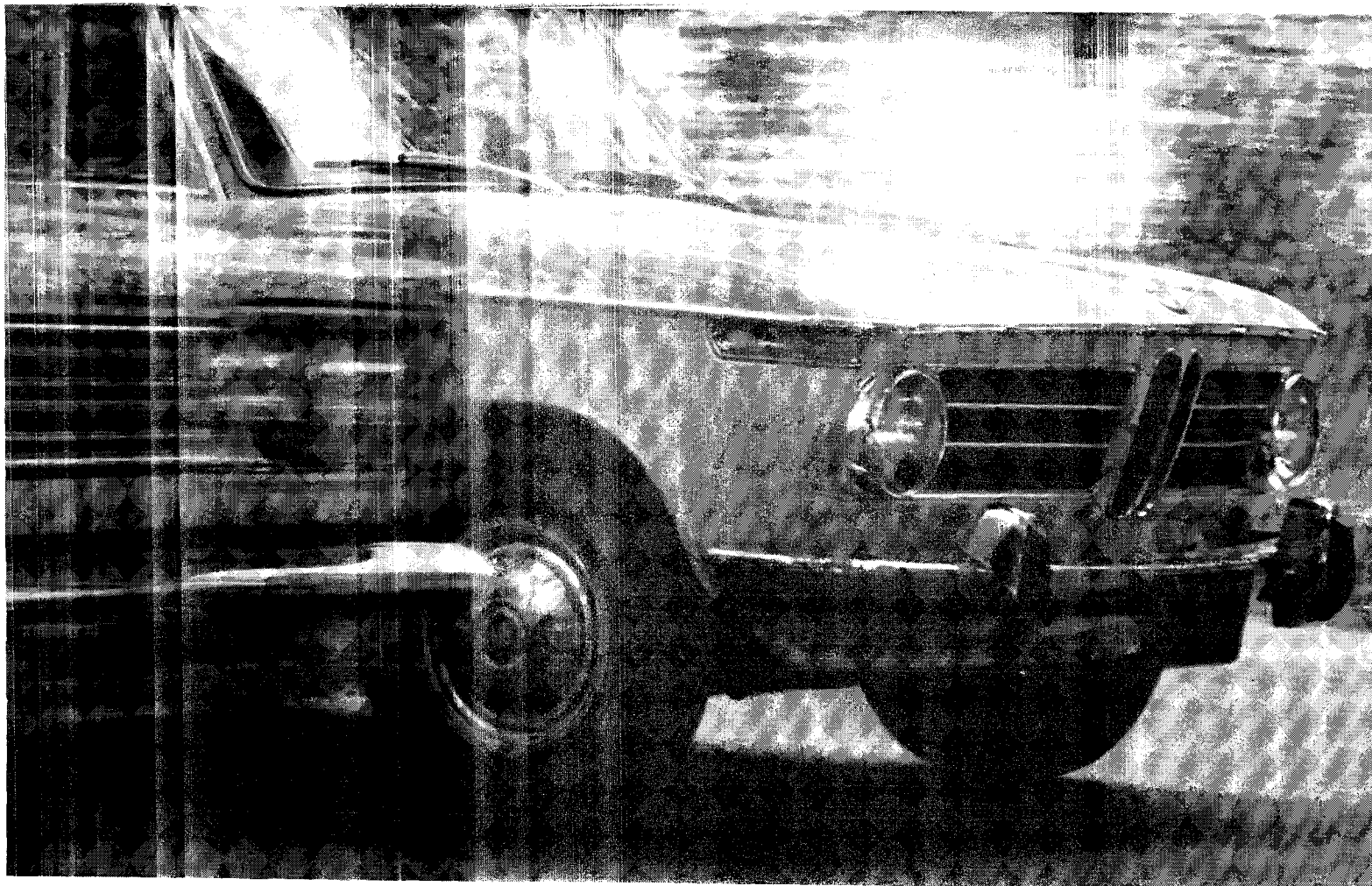
or, if the traffic is too thick, passes the ball back. During his varsity career he has averaged an impressive twenty-four points a game, despite being double-teamed and sometimes triple-teamed by the opposition, but his most important contribution has undoubtedly come on defense. Patrolling the area around that basket, he has, with his superb timing and his Roc-like reach (nine feet from toe to fingertip), become increasingly adept at soaring up and blocking an opponent's shot before the ball has really got started on its way to the basket.



Along with the great intimidation that Alcindor imposes, U.C.L.A. enforces a harrying full-court press, plus a sophisticated "trap zone," and all this amounts to a defense so potent that it frequently takes the other team's offense away.

This year, because of the loss of Allen, U.C.L.A. has not been notably strong in the backcourt, and its offense has frequently sputtered, but its defense has seen it through so efficiently that Wooden must surely have been pushed to the verge of coining an adage: "The best offense is a good defense."

EARLY in the basketball season, when Wooden's squad has a lot to learn, practice sessions last two and a half hours; after midseason they last only two hours—from three o'clock to five. Just before attending my first practice, I had a nice long chat with Wooden in his office, which is in the Athletic Department building, a small structure adjacent to Pauley Pavilion. The high spot of our talk came shortly after I had remarked that when I watched his recent teams on national television they looked relatively slow and oddly vertical in their movement, and had asked why this was, since they obviously had to be extremely fast to immobilize highly rated, well-coached rivals, as they regularly did. "I don't know how fast we are," Wooden said, rising from his desk chair. "We try to be in better condition than anyone we play, and now and then we wear them down that way. I think we've won quite a few tight games in the last five minutes on superior physical stamina. But what we really work for is not so much speed as quickness—controlled quickness. That means quickness not only when we're actually playing a game but when we're preparing. A young man can learn to do things quickly if he learns to do them properly. For instance"—and here Wooden sprang quickly into the position a player takes when he has the ball in the attack-



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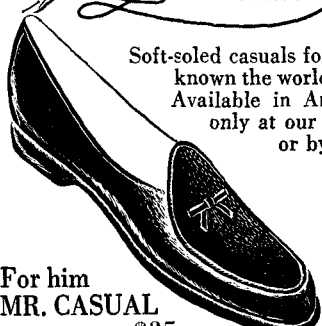
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ing zone—"I believe you mentioned the word 'vertical' in describing how our players look to you. I can see what you mean. We like our players to stand so that the head is directly above the midpoint between their feet. Chin up. This may give them a rather straight-up look, but in that position a player has the best control of his physical balance, whatever move he's going to make. We like the feet to be spread the width of the shoulders, or a bit wider—again, for balance. We want the elbows to be tucked in close to the body. This gives you better protection of the ball and also helps keep you in balance. Balance—that's the key to quickness, and effectiveness. When a player goes up for a jump shot"—Wooden simulated a one-hand pop—"if he's in good balance he can shoot quickly and the ball will come off the touch fingers the way it should. If a player makes his moves too slowly, he'll lose his rhythm and his touch."

Back in his desk chair, Wooden outlined some of the rudiments of his philosophy of basketball: how he avoids giving his teams a great many intricate patterns to digest, preferring to instill a relatively simple style of play and to work for a very high standard of execution; how a team can tear down overnight what it has built up unless it is morally prepared day by day (here Wooden made a reference to the Pyramid of Success); how the hallmark of a good basketball player is his ability to spot an open teammate, and how he likes a player who has scored to call out some acknowledgment to the man who set him up with the pass; how success, in his definition, boils down to realizing one's potential as fully as possible (here Wooden referred to a number of former U.C.L.A. players who had not gained national fame but had been enormously valuable because they made the most of their ability); and how he doesn't believe in pep talks before a game or during the half-time interval ("I tell the team that, win or lose, I want the head held up when the game is over. I tell them the important thing is that they do their very best, that the score doesn't matter. But I add that I think that the score more often than not will be to their liking").

When it was time for Wooden to get over to the practice session, I walked with him to the Pauley Pavilion. On the way, remembering that I had noticed many volumes of philosophy and poetry, ranging from the ancient Chinese to Grantland Rice,

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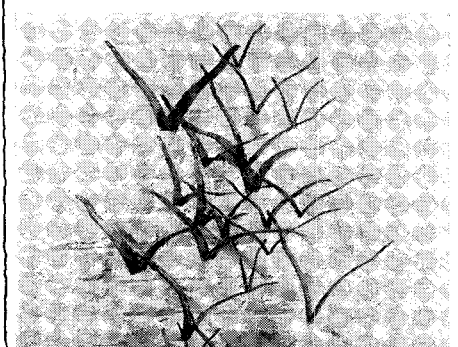
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piled around his office, and remembering also the pleasure he had taken in quoting short passages from inspirational poems he had entered in a big, zippered notebook, I asked him what his favorite poems were. "Oh," he said, smiling with an edge of shyness. "Gray's 'Elegy.' Then there's Bryant's 'Thanatopsis.' Milton, 'On His Blindness.' 'Hamlet,' of course. Generally, the same things I admired when I read them as a young man."

A U.C.L.A. basketball practice is a disciplined occasion. For the first half hour, the players warm up and practice their shooting, and Wooden goes around giving some of them individual instruction. In the remaining hour and a half, the squad goes through a succession of fast-paced drills lasting from five to fifteen minutes each. The best way to describe these drills is simply to set forth a breakdown of a typical late-season session, which Wooden was kind enough to write out for me:

- 3:30-3:35: Team ball handling—run offensive patterns without shooting.
 3:35-3:45: 3-man lane vs. 1-1 defense.
 3:45-3:55: 2 on 1 (start from opposite free-throw area).
 3:55-4:05: 3-on-2 conditioner.
 4:05-4:15: Strong side defense.
 4:15-4:20: Rebound and pass out.
 4:20-4:25: Team fast break vs. 2-1-2 full-court defense.
 4:25-4:40: 5 on 5. Defense vs. opponent's offense and fast break upon possession.
 4:40-4:45: Free throws.
 4:45-5:00: 5 on 5. Team offense vs. opponent's defense with pressing defense when the ball is lost.
 5:00: Each player makes 5 consecutive free throws and then goes to the shower.

To this, Wooden added:

- 4:20-4:25: The top eight players will alternate on offense.
 4:25-4:40: The top eight players will alternate on defense and fast break when they obtain possession.
 4:45-5:00: The top eight players will alternate on offense and put on pressing defense when they lose possession.

At practice, Wooden wears basketball shorts and a warmup jacket, and he carries a whistle and a three-by-five-inch card on which he has jotted in abbreviated form the drills selected for that particular workout. Everything moves like clockwork. The whistle blows, Wooden announces the next drill in his flat Hoosier voice, and the players line up for it as smoothly as Rockettes. In those drills in which the full squad does not participate the

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Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.



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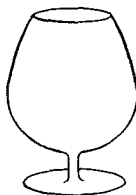
1 oz. Galliano
 1 1/4 oz. Brandy
 Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

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Add crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds. Serve in 10 to 12 oz. brandy snifter.



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Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop 1/4 section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

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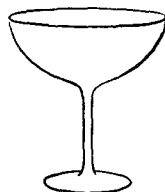
In each large cup pour 1 oz. measure of Galliano, add one teaspoon of sugar, add hot strong black coffee to approximately 1/2 inch from top of cup, swizzle, then add cream.



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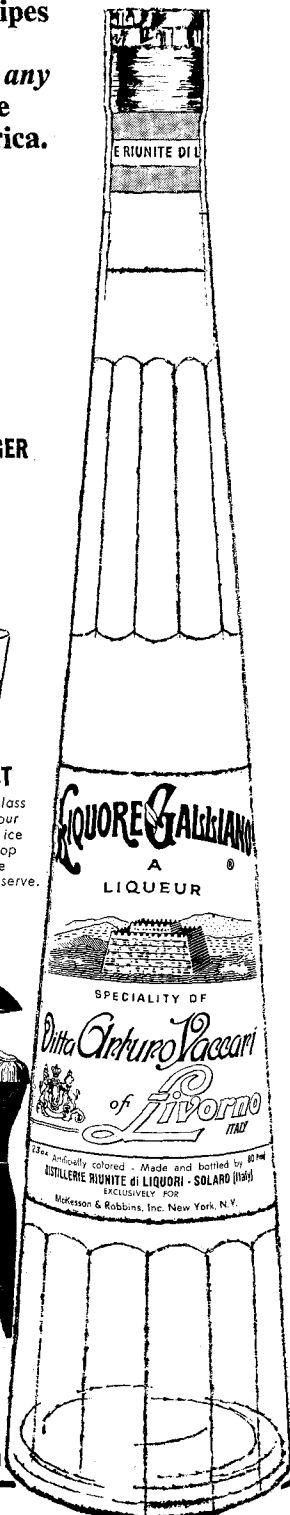
1 oz. Galliano
 3 oz. Orange Juice
 1/2 tsp. Lemon Juice
 Pour over ice and stir.



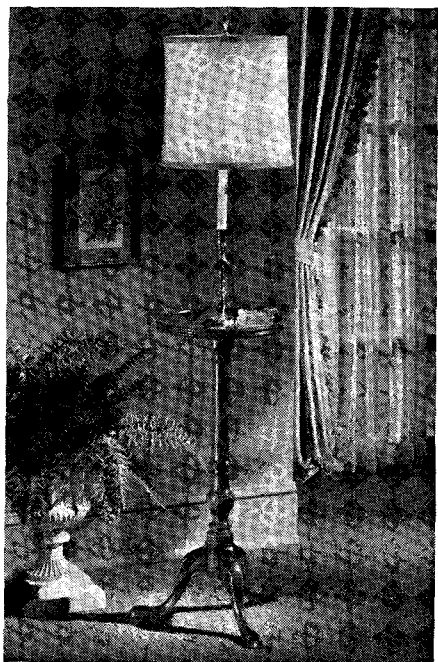
YELLOW BIRD

1/3 jigger Galliano
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 Juice of 1 lime

Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into stemmed glass with lime slice as garnish.



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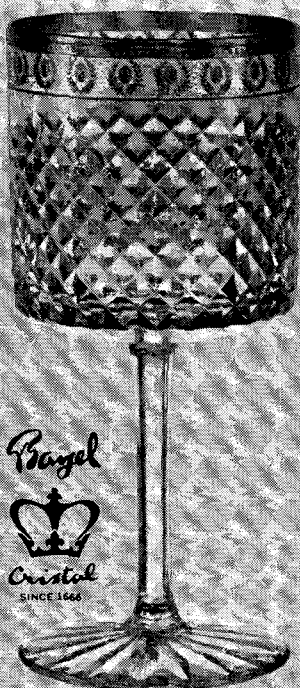
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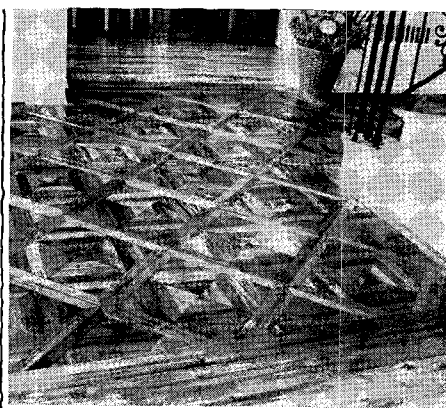
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whole time, each man on the sidelines—where he doesn't stand around, but practices jump shots or foul shots—knows whom he is to replace and when to do so. (Wooden, by the way, never uses the word "substitute" to describe his back-up players; everyone is referred to as a member of the team whether or not he's on the first five or the first eight.) Now and then Wooden will turn certain phases of practice over to his assistant, Denny Crum, and supervise from a sideline seat, but he usually conducts the sessions himself. He calls his players interchangeably by their first and last names, except for Alcindor, who is always Lewis. During practice, the comments he shouts are never really personal—like all good coaches, he handles such matters in private with the man involved—but are spurs to better performance, on the order of "Stay on your feet when you make that pass," and "I want to see you run when you get that ball. Hard, hard," and "All of you were underneath the basket. Terrible. You give up two points," and "Follow through. I don't want you backing up when you shoot. And be quicker about it." During the workouts I watched, there was a minimum of horsing around. Occasionally, a player would call out "Author! Author!" to a teammate who had just made a sensational basket, but that was it. As the session neared its end, however, Wooden's manner became conspicuously lighter, and when the players were wrapping things up with that final round of free throws his mood was relaxed and bantering.

Just before the second day's practice, I had a short talk with Alcindor. Ever since his high-school days, at Power Memorial Academy, on West Sixty-first Street, in Manhattan, Alcindor has been a celebrity. (U.C.L.A. does its share of recruiting, but no more than most colleges in its category. On this year's team, Alcindor is the only non-Californian. U.C.L.A. also does some "red-shirting"—that is, holding a player out of action for a year when he isn't needed, so that he has that extra year of athletic eligibility left when he is—but, again, U.C.L.A. does no more of this than its rivals do.) Because of his long subjection to the limelight, and because he will be picking up something like a million dollars when he turns professional a few months from now, I had wondered what he would be like. I found him a most intelligent young man, intelligent and very responsive. He is majoring in history, and, having completed his requirements in that sub-



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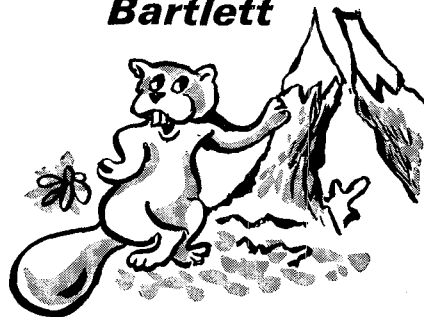
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ject (the courses he liked most were the History of North Africa, the History of China, and the History of India), he is spending the bulk of his time these days on his thesis, "The Effect of Islam." He told me that, looking back now, he is very happy that he chose to come to U.C.L.A. "The first year was pretty difficult, but that was chiefly because I had to get used to being away from home—a long ways away," he said. "After that, I've enjoyed it here. I've enjoyed the basketball. We work hard. We try to play the game on the run, but that's what you have to do to be good. Some other teams may practice longer hours, but I bet we get a lot more done."

THE evening of the following day, I watched U.C.L.A. win its thirty-seventh straight game (and its eighty-third in eighty-four starts) by defeating Oregon State, 91-66. The team got off coldly, missing fourteen of its first fifteen shots from the floor, but midway through the first half its pressing defense forced the opposition into a series of errors, and after a spurt in which it outscored Oregon State, 20-4, the outcome was as good as settled. Wooden, who is capable of administering a sharp, if mannerly, needle from the bench if he thinks the refereeing is going against U.C.L.A., had no provocation that evening and was the picture of equability. Half an hour after the game was over, he left the dressing room and collected his wife, his daughter, and his son-in-law, and they made their way toward the exit. He walked out slowly, shaking hands with a few friends, and pausing for brief conversations, like a man on Main Street in a small town. I have an idea that his deportment must have been identical—however churned up his feelings—when, two weekends later, U.S.C. beat U.C.L.A., 46-44, in the last six seconds, busting that prized long winning streak. He is an anachronism, John Wooden—an island of James Whitcomb Riley in a sea of Ken Kesey, the Grateful Dead, Terry Southern, and Jerry Rubin—and, I would think, the right man in the right place.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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U.S. JOURNAL: GEES BEND, ALA.

"THE BLACK WOMENS OF WILCOX COUNTY IS ABOUT TO DO SOMETHIN'"

"**T**IS with Fingers of love that I pause here to request the honor of your present at the groundbreaking of the sewing center," Mrs. Estelle Witherspoon, the manager of the Freedom Quilting Bee, wrote the organization's friends and business acquaintances last month. "It will take place March 8 1969 at 10 A.M. We are so greatful and Thankful to the Lord that he have answered our prayers and ables us to by a piece of land throught the help of our meny friends." Compared with most poor, uneducated Negro women living in the rural counties of the Alabama blackbelt—in fact, compared with just about anyone living in the rural counties of the Alabama blackbelt—the members of the Freedom Quilting Bee have a wide range of friends and business acquaintances. By the time the board of directors met on the Wednesday before the groundbreaking, several hundred invitations had been sent out—one of the quilting bee's advisers, a white Episcopal priest named Francis X. Walter, having had photo-offset copies of Mrs. Witherspoon's original made in Tuscaloosa. The board meeting was held in what the members call the quilt house—a two-room unpainted shack in Gees Bend that belongs to one of the members. In Gees Bend, a farming area in Wilcox County that is enclosed within an elongated loop in the Alabama River, Negroes have lived almost isolated from whites for years—first as squatters on the neglected plan-

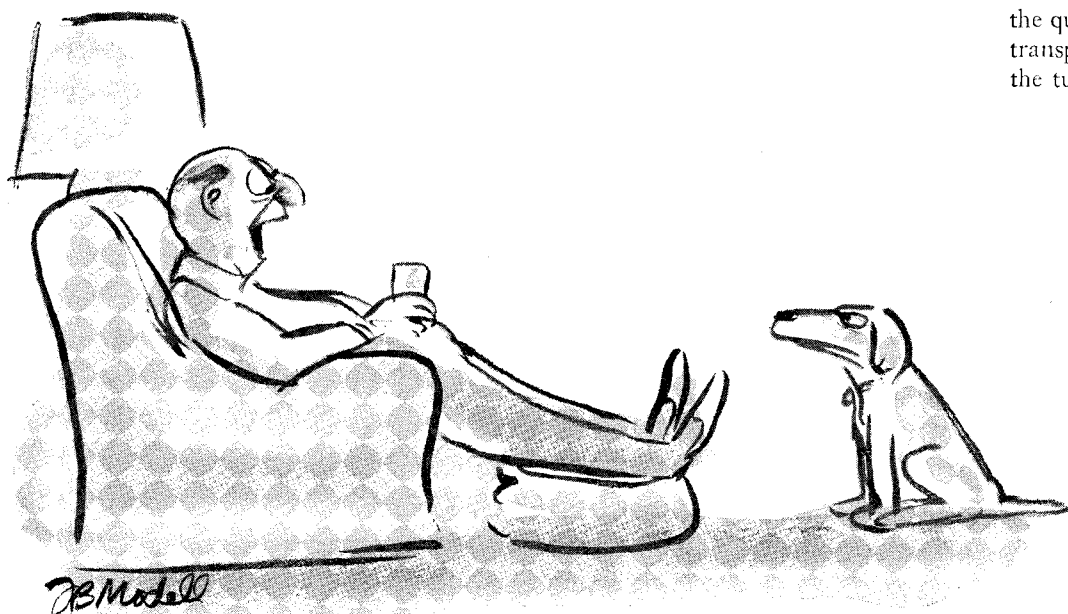
tation their ancestors had developed as slaves, then as participants in a New Deal experiment in more or less cooperative farming, and then as small farmers or farm workers, and always as poor people. Although some of the eighty-five or so women active in the Freedom Quilting Bee live as far as sixty miles away, most of them live in Gees Bend. Many of them work in their own homes. Some work in the back of a dilapidated, sparsely stocked general store, where some of the local men spend part of the day sitting on up-ended soda cases around the stove, and where someone has scrawled "Freedom Is Near" next to the door. Some work at the quilt house. Some work at the Freedom Quilting Bee headquarters—another shack, several miles closer to Alberta, where a few white people live, but not close enough to be within reach of the telephone lines that end on the way from Alberta to Gees Bend.

A dozen board members, most of them heavyset women who appeared to be in their fifties or sixties, gathered in the larger room of the quilt house for the board meeting. The front window was broken—the missing panes had been replaced with a flattened pasteboard box that once held a turkey distributed by the Department of Agriculture surplus-food program—but a wood-burning stove kept the room warm. There were three men present: Father Walter, a serious, straightforward Alabamian in his thir-

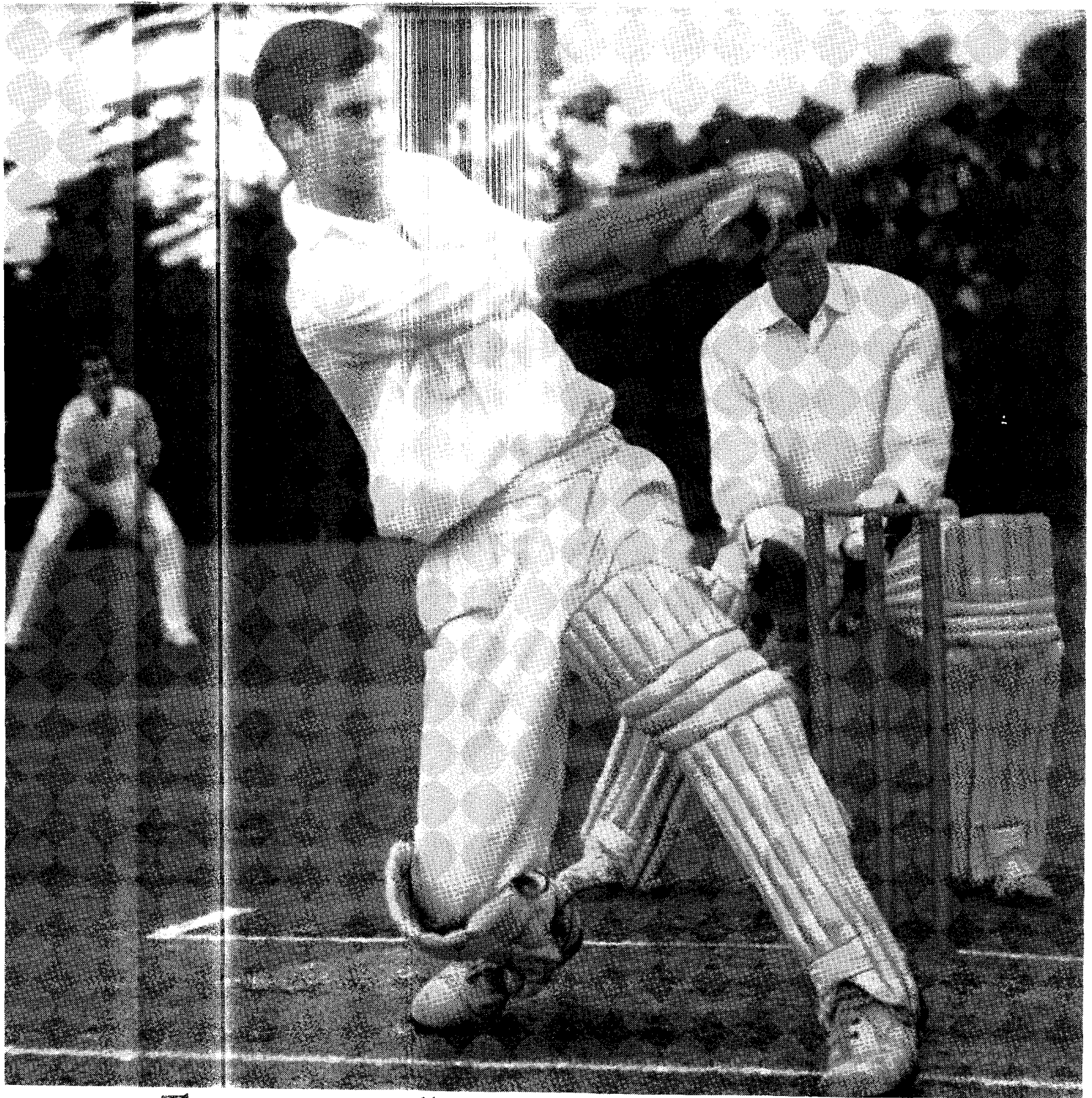
ties, who was dressed non-clerically in a sports shirt and a tweed jacket; Ezra Cunningham, a Negro farmer who is a field representative for the Southern Cooperative Development Program; and Stanley Selengut, a New Yorker who was retained as the quilting bee's industrial-development consultant last year with money from a grant and continued as a volunteer after the money was gone. Selengut, who has a thick brush mustache and wears his sideburns somewhat longer than is customary in Wilcox County, had arrived that morning from New York. He had brought with him a revised plan for the new sewing center (the board of directors had asked for an extra bathroom with a bathtub, indoor bathrooms and bathtubs both being in demand around the Gees Bend area) and some color transparencies of pictures due to appear in *Life* this spring to advertise products of the Freedom Quilting Bee and the Poor People's Corporation of Mississippi as the first test offering of a new *Life* merchandising project called *Life's Treasures*. Before the meeting, Selengut passed around the transparencies and Mrs. Witherspoon passed around a magazine clipping that showed a picture of a quilted love seat in the summer house of Mrs. William Paley, a New York style setter who is regularly on the list of best-dressed women. In one of the major successes of Father Walter's early efforts to make Freedom Quilting Bee quilts fashionable, a Manhattan decorator named Mrs. Henry Parish II placed a large order for Mrs. Paley's summer house and for the nursery in the apartment of Mrs. Paley's daughter, another career dresser named Amanda Burden. Mrs. Callie Young, the quilting-bee president, held the *Life* transparencies up to the window, above the turkey box, where the light showed

an icy-looking blond model and a blond little girl standing in front of a Freedom Quilting Bee rickrack-pattern quilt and wearing the African dashiki-style minidresses now produced by the quilting bee. "Ain't that beautiful?" Mrs. Young said. "That's real pretty—that sure is."

The board meeting began with a hymn and a prayer. After Father Walter read through the program that he and Mrs. Carey of the entertainment committee had prepared for the groundbreaking, there was some discussion about who would introduce the special guests and who



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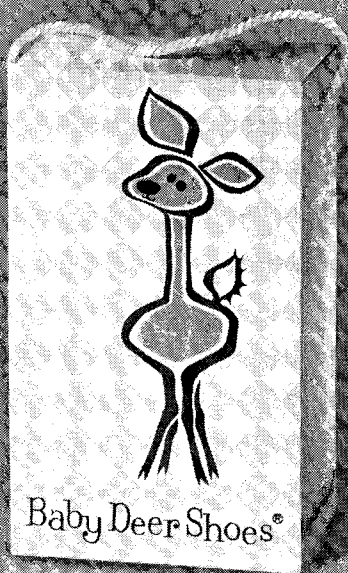
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would register visitors, and there was a shorter discussion about whether to dedicate the sewing center to Martin Luther King, Jr., at the groundbreaking or to dedicate it to Martin Luther King, Jr., after it was up. Then Mrs. Young said, "Now we comin' down to new business"—and it was the business everyone had been waiting for. The sewing center had been scheduled to be built on an acre of land along the county highway that runs from Alberta to Gees Bend—an acre the quilting-bee members had acquired only after a long period during which it had seemed that no white landowner would sell—but in the week before the board meeting a white farmer named Lee Rose indicated to Mrs. Witherspoon his willingness to sell the quilting bee a much larger piece of property that included a house, a well, and twenty-three acres of land. Mrs. Witherspoon related several conversations she had with Rose, introducing each of them with an exact rendition of how they had greeted each other—"He said 'Estelle?' I said 'Sir?'" (Mrs. Witherspoon has a local reputation as a mimic; she can imitate a couple of the whites in Alberta and a couple of the quilting-bee members, and she can reproduce both sides of the conversation the women had with the Wilcox County sheriff a few years ago when they went to the county courthouse to register for voting.) It sounded as if Rose's price went up with every conversation, until he was asking ten thousand dollars plus the acre the quilting bee already had. A couple of the board members shook their heads in wonderment at talk of that much money, but Father Walter reported that the American Friends Service Committee in Atlanta would be willing to make an interest-free loan if the board wanted to buy the land and thought that business was good enough to warrant it.

Business is getting better all the time. Father Walter first noticed some boldly designed quilts hanging on clotheslines at a place called Possum Bend in 1965; as director of the Selma Inter-Religious Project, which had been founded by clergymen who were on the Selma March, he was going through Wilcox County collecting depositions from Negroes who had been evicted because they registered to vote. Father Walter eventually organized the quilters into a co-op—marketing the quilts for fifteen dollars through his newsletter and some church mailings, and soliciting scraps from sympathetic

white liberals. About a year ago, he came across Selengut, who sent someone to Wilcox County to work on design and quality control, invested in good fabric to replace the scraps, and decided that quilting, a difficult and time-consuming process, should be treated as a kind of expensive art form for the most talented quilters while more profitable lines were developed for the bulk of the quilting bee's business. The Freedom Quilting Bee, which did twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of business last year, already has twenty thousand dollars' worth



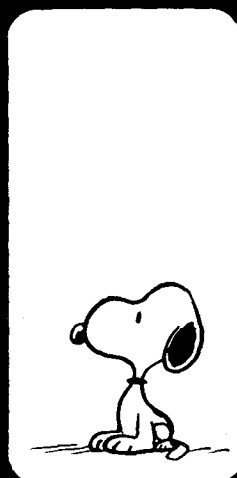
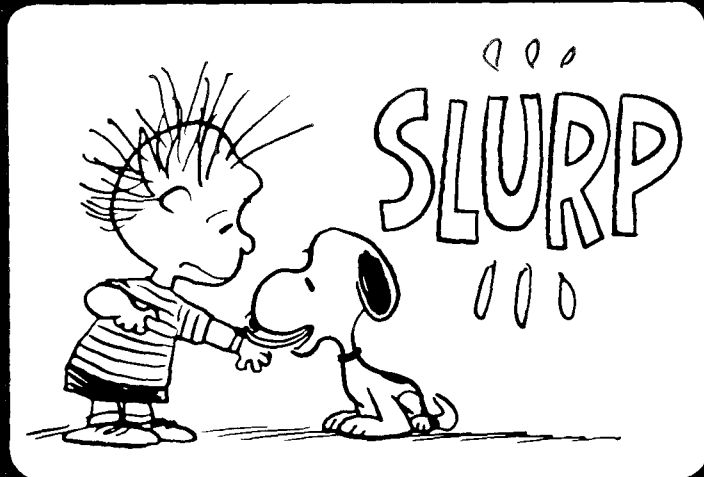
of orders this year. Its problem is not whether it can sell what it produces but whether it can possibly produce enough to fill the orders it has sold. Mrs. Witherspoon reported to the meeting that

a recent writeup in *Woman's Day* about the quilts had already resulted in more than a thousand letters; as the board members began smiling about that bonanza they were told that, considering large orders from *Life* and Bloomingdale's and the fact that making dashikis or throw pillows is so much more profitable than making quilts (Mrs. Witherspoon has conducted a time study), a lot of the inquiries would probably be sent along to a co-op in West Virginia.

Father Walter had been carefully neutral as he presented the alternatives the board had in considering whether to buy the farm, but after some talk about what might be done with twenty-three acres—a catfish farm or a pig-feeding program that could provide work for men in the community, a day-care center—he finally admitted, "I can almost taste that farm." The board members wanted to buy the farm as long as they didn't have to surrender their original acre, and someone put that in the form of a motion. Mrs. Young said, "All in favor say the word 'aye'—no, let me see you stand, that'll be better." All the board members stood.

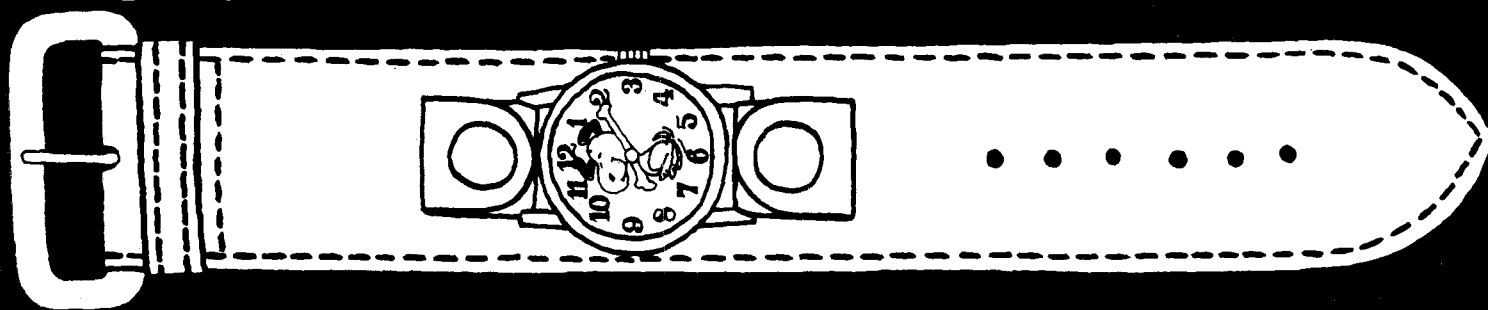
There was a report from the cooking committee, name tags were handed out, and someone asked what the board members would wear for the groundbreaking. Ezra Cunningham, who had said little except during the discussion of potential agricultural projects, looked up and said, "I suggest they wear dashikis and miniskirts."

FATHER WALTER and Selengut were, as usual, houseguests of the Witherspools during their stay in Wilcox County. After Mrs. Witherspoon



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began drawing a steady salary (two thousand dollars a year) as the quilting-bee manager, the family moved into a relatively solid house that has indoor plumbing. Their property includes a yard for pigs and chickens, a patch of garden for growing greens, and, across from the garden, a tiny unpainted house that serves as a home for Mrs. Witherspoon's mother, a diminutive woman who always wears a man's felt hat and is known to everyone in the area as Ma Willie. Ma Willie did Amanda Burden's nursery. Among leaders of the Southern co-operative movement, which has assisted the Freedom Quilting Bee, pride in its accomplishments is sometimes coupled with resentment about its dependence on whites—one way to envision a Negro co-op is as a kind of black kibbutz that provides an alternative to white capitalism—but Father Walter and Selengut continue to feel comfortable among the quilting-bee members, who tend to be strong believers in Martin Luther King's teachings about love. The cynicism occasionally expressed in the co-op movement about white businesses that help themselves while helping the poor—about how much a decorator like Mrs. Parish charges for a yard of quilted material, for instance, or about how *Life*, which might expect to incur the displeasure of its advertisers by any step toward mail-order merchandising, can protect itself from criticism by making the first test with merchandise produced by poor people's co-ops—is never heard among members of the Freedom Quilting Bee. They are interested mainly in adding a few hundred dollars to a family income that is likely to be less than a thousand dollars a year.

On the evening of the board meeting, Father Walter and Selengut remained behind after dinner while Mr. and Mrs. Witherspoon, armed with a five-hundred-dollar check, went to see if Rose would accept a down payment to sell for ten thousand. (Mr. Witherspoon, a small, energetic, humorous man in his sixties, is unable to do farm work because of a hip injury and often helps out with quilting-bee business affairs.) Rose instantly accepted the offer. The following day, after Father Walter had driven to Alberta to phone the quilting bee's lawyer and the American Friends Service Committee, the Witherspools and the Roses drove to the county courthouse to sign over the deed. That evening, Mrs. Witherspoon, unable to find an envelope around the house, wrapped a check for nine thousand five hundred dollars in

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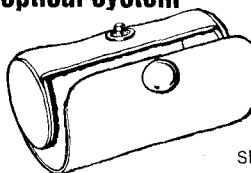
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a paper Christmas-party napkin, and her husband, after a few jokes about how much more money that was than Rose had ever held in his hand before, went with her to deliver the check.

IT rained during most of Thursday and part of Friday. Father Walter, Witherspoon, and Selengut interviewed contractors; Witherspoon presided over the butchering of two hogs and the clearing of the section of Rose's cornfield that had been selected as the new site; Selengut staked out the building; and many members of the quilting bee stopped sewing and started cooking. On Saturday, it was clear. At ten o'clock, two hundred or so people—about half of them whites from the university community in Tuscaloosa or from Atlanta or from New York—gathered a few hundred yards up the road from the new property. Father Walter had put on not only his clerical collar but an imposing liturgical hat and an elaborately brocaded cope. The board members wore hats and their Sunday coats—cloth coats with fur collars—but under their coats they wore dashiki-style dresses, a foot or so longer than miniskirts. The choral group from Tuskegee and the flute-and-drum trio from Memphis that were scheduled to perform had both encountered transportation difficulties, but there was a song from an Atlanta folk singer in West African dress and a hymn from the entire group. Then, led by a color guard carrying a cross flanked by an American flag and an Alabama flag, everyone marched down the county highway toward the building site, singing "I'm Going to Do What the Spirit Say Do." In Rose's muddy cornfield, Father Walter blessed the site and dedicated it to the memory of Martin Luther King, Jr. The board followed Father Walter and the color guard around the strings Selengut had placed to indicate where the building would be, and each of the board members turned over a shovelful of earth—all of them with the quick, efficient motion of people who are familiar with shovels. Lee Rose and his wife watched from the driveway. Rose told a visitor that he and his wife had been wanting to move closer to their children and had been happy to help out the colored folks by selling them the land. "We got a lot of good niggers around here and a lot of sorry ones," he said. "I guess it's that way everywhere with both races."

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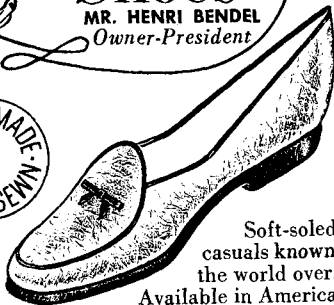
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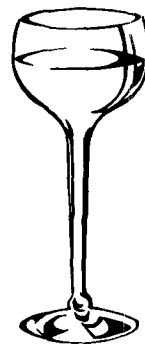
Bend, there were several speeches, including one by Mrs. Young, the quilting-bee president, who said of the occasion, "It makes me feel like the black womens of Wilcox County is about to do somethin'." The special guests were introduced—representatives from the Federation of Southern Coöperatives, the manager of a co-op that was furnishing concrete bricks for the building, executives of a couple of foundations that are helping to pay for the building, a designer from Bloomingdale's who had color-styled some quilts and designed a line of throw pillows for the Bloomingdale's order, a man from Life's Treasures, a New York textile importer named Preston Schwarz, who had extended the Freedom Quilting Bee credit on the African dashiki panels he imports from a factory in Holland. Afterward, at the local school, everyone lined up for dinner—fried chicken, barbecued pork, collard greens, black-eyed peas, sweet-potato pie—and looked at a display of quilts and pillows and sunbonnets and pot holders and dashikis made by the Freedom Quilting Bee. Visitors were also encouraged to stop by the quilting bee's current headquarters—a rickety, unpainted, two-room shack that the Witherspoons used to live in. In one room, Mrs. Witherspoon and the assistant manager somehow handle the office work, hemmed in by a cutting table and bolts of fabric and finished quilts. In another room, of about the same size—a room in which all four walls and the ceiling are covered with faded flowered wallpaper—there is space for a small table and a quilting frame, around which a half-dozen members of the quilting bee usually work. The quilt on the frame was in the traditional Grandmother's Choice pattern of alternating squares of material. The squares were of black velvet, green velvet, and a Paisley print from Liberty of London. It will retail at Bloomingdale's for a hundred and forty dollars. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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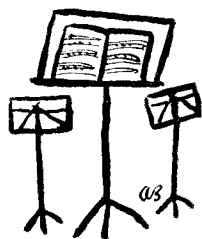
MUSICAL EVENTS

Phase-Out

I HAVE always disliked the idea of fashion in art. My position has been that a work of importance is to be judged by certain more or less constant values, and that it may be expected to retain at least a fair degree of "immortality." But during the past fifty years the orderly evolution of music has been severely disturbed by the avant-garde, and the result is that in the eyes of many people, including avant-garde composers themselves, a rapid succession of fashions has replaced history. Perhaps this phenomenon is part of the psychology of what Eric Larabee has called "the self-conscious society." In any case, it has brought a sort of obsolescence to music, or to the work of given composers, which has had its harmful influences. The successful middle-aged composer, except in rare instances, is a thing of the past. He has been swept aside by succeeding fashions. Of course, in a period when the real evolution of music has come to a stop there is a tendency to try to present the effect of change by other means. Music ceased to evolve at the time of Schoenberg and Webern, and did so quite abruptly. What we have heard since are fashionable variations on their techniques or on techniques that preceded them, all the way back to Renaissance music. Nobody, as far as I can see, has made a genuine step forward. Most composers have merely reshuffled the pack, bringing one or another element to prominence. Even the electronic composers, with whom I think the future of music may possibly lie, have so far been unable to break out of the established post-Schoenberg formulas. The great composer of the immediate past has been Igor Stravinsky. But Stravinsky has been nothing if not a fashion setter—moving from style to style quite eclectically and producing a new arrangement of old formulas every ten years or so. There are still some individualists, like Alan Hovhaness and Carl Orff, but they are few.

DURING the past week, I have listened to a good deal of contemporary music. I started out with Aaron Copland's "Music for a Great City," which was performed last Monday night in Carnegie Hall by the American Symphony Orchestra under Leo-

pold Stokowski. Now, Mr. Copland is one of our most respected composers, and he has managed to stay with us despite changing fashion. He has his own two distinctive styles—one folksy, the other atonal—and of the two I must say I prefer the first. "Music for a Great City," however, seems to me to represent a return to an earlier Copland concept. It is very French, or, to be more accurate, very Parisian. There are, in the first movement, repeated figures that descend unmistakably from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka;" the third movement, entitled "Subway Jam," contains



echoes of Honegger's "Pacific 231;" and there is about the whole composition an impressionistic character that dates from the Paris of the twenties—a place and period in which the aesthetic of the art of painting was apt to influence the art of music to an enormous degree. "Music for a Great City" is a pleasing composition, but it lacks something, and to describe this something I must have recourse to the vocabulary of the rock generation—it lacks "soul." "Soul" is common to all really great music. It appears at the point when you are no longer conscious of a detached, intellectual interest in what is going on and are swept along by a hypnotic force. You cease to analyze; you feel. And you don't feel impressionistically—about landscapes, environments, or nostalgia; you feel the particular sort of hypnotism that only music can exert. The rock people know what "soul" means in regard to their own music, and their music frequently has this quality. But the quality is also present, in a more complicated form, in the works of the great composers, from Bach to Richard Strauss. The main trouble with contemporary symphonic and operatic music is that it lacks "soul."

LAST Tuesday night, I went to Philharmonic Hall to hear a concert by the Little Orchestra Society, under the baton of Carlos Chávez. And, sure enough, there were two works by Mr. Chávez on the program—a Toccata for Percussion and a more recent composition, "Elatio." The percussion work was what you might expect—boom-boom in a variety of rhythms and tone colors, and not very interesting. "Elatio" approaches a noise

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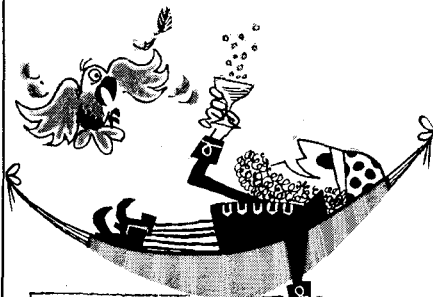


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composition, but it is an impure noise composition, with snatches of melodic line here and there for oboe, bassoon, and so on. Its scheme is to start down low and move up high in the gamut of vibration frequencies—not a terribly fascinating idea. "Elatio" not only lacks "soul," it is distinctly old-fashioned. Mr. Chávez conducted some other works, including Beethoven's First Symphony, which, I regret to say, was done in a pretty slipshod manner.

LAST Wednesday night, Izler Solomon brought his Indianapolis Symphony to Carnegie Hall and performed, among other things, a Piano Concerto by the Argentine composer Antonio Tauriello. Mr. Tauriello is in his late thirties, and his Piano Concerto, though it, too, lacks "soul," is exceedingly fashionable. It is a pure noise composition in the latest style, its general technique very much resembling that of Krzysztof Penderecki's "Passion," which I commented on last week. It has the same close-packed intervals, the same division of string choirs into individual players, the same aleatory notions. I remarked last week that this sort of music is effective only in connection with the theatre. But a sort of theatre was provided in the strenuous activities of the solo pianist, Miss Hilde Somer, who flailed away at her instrument with such impact that I suspect she left the stage black and blue.

LAST Thursday night, Pierre Boulez assumed the conductorship of the New York Philharmonic. M. Boulez is a thorough craftsman with a wonderful sense of intonation, which showed in his remarkably clean and luminous performances of Debussy's "Jeux" and "La Mer." He is not a glamour boy, however, and his conducting is businesslike rather than deeply inspired. His version of "La Mer," for example, was lucid, but it never approached the fluidity and the elasticity that Toscanini and Koussevitzky gave to this work. He also did the Berg Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, with the assistance of Alberto Lysy, an able violinist with a rather small tone. In this concerto, which dates from 1935, one has the feeling that "soul" is being deeply buried, never to reappear in so-called "classical" music. The other item on the program was Edgard Varèse's familiar "Intégrales," which, on this occasion, seemed very old-fashioned indeed. "Intégrales" contains a lot of noise, but



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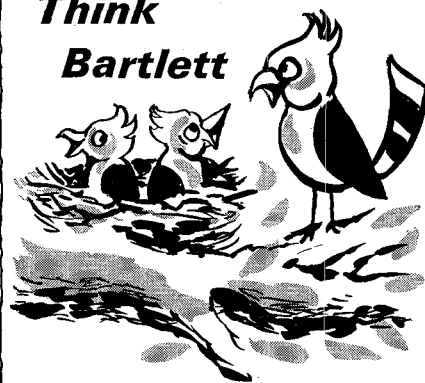
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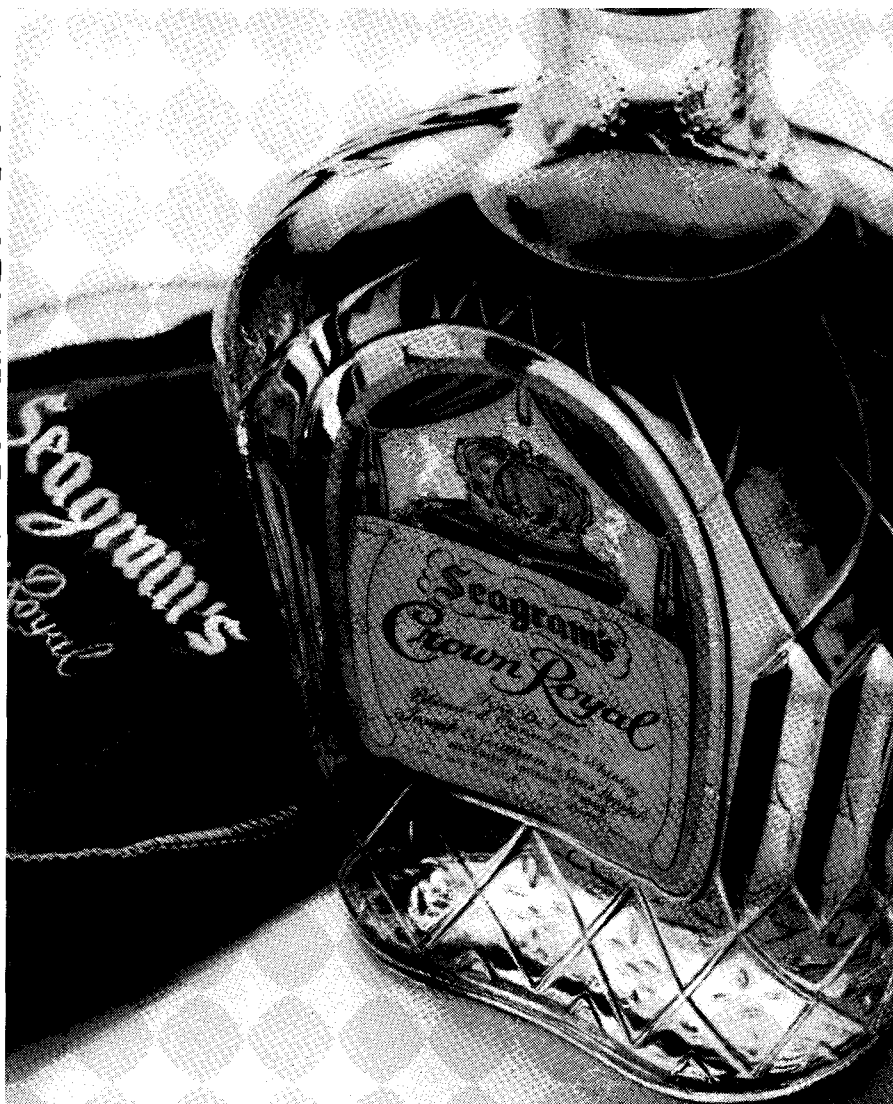
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nowadays we have much purer and more sophisticated noise. In sum, M. Boulez's program was made up of twentieth-century spice, with nothing very substantial to go along with it, and, to judge by the announcements, I gather that all his programs with the Philharmonic are going to be similar to this one.

THERE were other items on the earlier programs of the week besides the contemporary ones. Mr. Stokowski presented a pleasant composition by Gershwin (orchestrated by Andre Kostelanetz) called "Promenade," and he brought along the pianist Earl Wild, who played Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy" with an extraordinary display of hammering finger-work. (He reminded me of something I missed commenting on the week before; namely, the performance a couple of weeks ago of Saint-Saëns' Second Concerto for Piano and Orchestra by Philippe Entremont and the Minnesota Orchestra under Skrowaczewski—a dazzling affair. It is good, once in a while, to hear these wonderful virtuoso display pieces of the past; it's a little like watching a superb ballet dancer performing leaps and entrechats.) Then, on Wednesday night, Mr. Solomon, who is among the most efficient, musical, and self-effacing conductors in the country, performed Dvořák's Eighth Symphony in a memorable manner, along with the Overture to Rossini's "La Cenerentola" and the Suite from Stravinsky's "The Firebird."

LAST Friday night, I made my way uptown to the Manhattan School of Music to hear a student performance of Enrique Granados's seldom performed opera "Goyescas," which I had never heard before. It is a short (fifty minutes) melodrama about passion and death, ending with a fatal duel, and its music (this, curiously, is derived from a piano suite the composer later arranged in operatic form) has such freshness and exuberance that I am surprised the opera isn't done more often. The idiom is, of course, deeply Spanish, and the performers are required to dance as well as sing. The performance was good enough to gain an idea of the work from. Among the student singers, Elizabeth Jacobi, soprano, and a rather dashing and handsome tenor named Price Browne stood out. Anton Coppola was the capable conductor, and the staging, by Basil Langton, was ingenious and attractive.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 15

BY 1973, if the Congress provides the wherewithal and if the contractors meet their schedules, the Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missiles at Malmstrom Air Force Base, in Montana, and at Grand Forks Air Force Base, in North Dakota, will have at least the theoretical protection of Spartan and Sprint anti-ballistic missiles, the chief components of what up to now has been known as the Sentinel ABM system but henceforth, it seems, will be known as the Safeguard system. Given the extraordinary rate of "progress" in American weapons technology, spurred to ever more prodigious accomplishments by an accelerating Soviet technology, Spartans and Sprints will probably be obsolete by 1973; indeed, by then the Minutemen may be regarded as archaic and useless weapons, far less worthy of protection—in the interests of "second-strike capability" and "deterrent credibility"—than an arsenal in outer space, or even some bugs in a bottle somewhere. But the President has taken his decision, and if in the months ahead that decision can be—as undoubtedly it will be—characterized as scientifically and strategically unsound, diplomatically

imprudent, and altogether a waste of money and other resources, it can be said in his defense that among the choices he regarded as being available to him he took the one that comes closest to recommending itself to rationality, and that in doing so he displayed a certain amount of imagination and a remarkable flair for explication. For although he was and will continue to be under heavy pressure to abandon the whole concept of the ABM, he was under equally heavy pressure to embrace the concept and enlarge it. The last Administration, in yielding to the military on the installation of a "thin" ABM to shield the nation's centers of population, filled the air with untruths about its purpose and utility. The thing was rigged so that logic, and even terminology—who that values life wants a "thin" defense of it?—seemed to compel enlargement or escalation. Thus, the most important decision announced by the President yesterday was the negative one—the decision to junk the old Sentinel program and reject the outrageous pretenses of its defenders as to its efficacy.

In the aftermath of the announcement, it is, naturally, being asked what kind of sense it makes to purchase and

to deploy anywhere a mechanism so generally discredited by the scientists who have inadvertently and reluctantly sired it and who are, it would seem, the only people who can claim to understand its complexities. If it won't work in Massachusetts or Illinois, why should it work in Montana or North Dakota? A truly courageous President—assuming that he was persuaded by the scientists and served only the gods of truth—might have informed his countrymen that the whole ABM program was a snare and a delusion, and that he refused to spend as much as a dime on it. This was the kind of decision that Senator Fulbright and many others were hoping for and affecting to expect. But it is the kind of decision that Presidents and politicians in general rarely make. It would have been far easier for John F. Kennedy to have scrubbed the Bay of Pigs invasion in his first days in office than for Richard Nixon yesterday to have capitulated completely to the opponents of the ABM. To have yielded more than he did would almost certainly have been damaging to his Administration. It would have involved the repudiation of a Secretary of Defense just settling into his new duties, and this would have precipitated further divisions within his party and throughout the government. Though it might have led to new honors for candor and audacity, it would also have led to new charges of hypocrisy and duplicity. For while Nixon avoided the ABM controversy during his campaign—as did his opponent—he made a big issue of what he called the "security gap" and never failed to present himself as a believer in American military "superiority." He gave no known hostages to the "military-industrial complex," but his connections with many representatives of it were close, and one can be sure, even in the absence of polls or other documentation, that he got more of its votes and money than Hubert Humphrey did. Not long after his inauguration, he made a pilgrimage to the Pentagon and assured the high brass there that he felt "humble" in their presence, and that he, unlike some civilians they had dealt with lately, intended to show great respect for their expertise. And so it was simply never in the cards for this President—in what his press agents billed as his "first major decision" as Chief Magistrate—to pursue a course that would outrage and humiliate all his senior military advisers.

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tem in the form approved by Lyndon Johnson and Robert McNamara—a system whose whole rationale would have called for an almost unending expansion. If it is possible and, as it must be, desirable to save twenty or forty or eighty million lives, it should be equally possible, and surely more desirable, to save two hundred million lives. This is the line of reasoning that Nixon has rejected—relying on the scientific judgment, as opposed to the military judgment, that what is certainly desirable is not possible now or in the foreseeable future. “Although every instinct motivates me to provide the American people with complete protection against a major nuclear attack,” he said, “it is not now within our power to do so.” In time, technological and political developments may force him to a very different judgment. If the Russians are unimpressed by Nixon's professions of a readiness for accommodation, or if they regard his new plan for the use of Spartans and Sprints as provocative, they may take measures of their own that could lead him and the American electorate to accept what are currently regarded as unwarranted risks and economic sacrifices in quest of security. (It is also possible that there will be Soviet escalation prompted more by developments in China than by developments here but nevertheless heightening American anxiety and fear.) For the moment, though, Nixon has worked himself into a position that makes him largely immune to criticism from all but those who are unready to concede that his decision had to be some sort of compromise. He has abandoned the version of the Sentinel that would have led to guaranteed escalation. He has rejected the proposal of Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., of M.I.T., to suspend all operations while seeking the advice of a blue-ribbon panel of blue-ribbon brains. (Since Dr. Killian had his own mind made up firmly against the Sentinel, he was merely offering the President a strategy for delay, which might in other circumstances have been welcome but which the President really doesn't need, because there will be plenty of delay in any case.) Moreover, he has promised an annual review of the program he has endorsed. Finally, he has informed his critics here and the rulers of the Soviet Union that he stands willing to consider a negotiated reduction of defensive as well as offensive weapons.

The President has positioned himself well for the forthcoming conflict in

Congress, but nothing he could now do could avert that conflict—at least in the Senate, where the opponents of any ABM system see targets of opportunity all over the place. There are partisan Democrats who are simply spoiling for an old-fashioned brawl with a Republican President. There are opponents of the Vietnam war who think they can strengthen their cause by exposing what they regard as the incompetence of the military in yet another field. There are those with the primary concern of preventing any deployment at all of the ABM, whose underlying



concept they regard as absurd and dangerous no matter where the President decides to put them. But what seems to motivate them all—for they are an uncommonly bipartisan group—is the hope they now see of tarnishing the prestige of the military and thus

preparing the way for a decrease in its influence in the Congress and in the country at large. The militarization of the country that has been taking place over the last quarter century has been viewed with more disapproval here than has generally been recognized or reported. Senator Joe McCarthy did a foolish and ultimately ruinous thing when he took on the United States Army in 1954, but even in this most dubious and heretical of his enterprises he was not entirely without sympathizers among his colleagues, many of whom would have enjoyed bullying certain generals themselves. But McCarthy did not tangle with the military on any but essentially frivolous matters, and he did not challenge its officers as a priesthood whose judgments on matters of “national security” were not open to question by mere civilians. Nor did anyone else until very recently, despite a widespread suspicion, formed by exposure to military testimony in congressional hearings, that the level of intelligence and initiative in the upper reaches of the uniformed services was lower than the country deserved and had a right to expect. Congressmen lived, like most other Americans, with the myth that we had never lost a war, and felt themselves in no position to expose the military mystique. Now a large number of them are prepared to tear away at it. Some among them have foreseen events in Vietnam with greater acuity than the generals. Large segments of public opinion are disillusioned not only by Vietnam but by the Pueblo affair and by the campaign, now abandoned, to ring their communities with warheads of unknown potentiality and thus of great potential danger. It

remains unlikely that this new congressional coalition will prevail in 1969. Unless the scientists and some of their allies among the "defense intellectuals" can demolish the case for the new Safeguard system as effectively as they undermined the case for the original Sentinel deployment, the prospects for building even a Senate majority against appropriations for the ABM as currently conceived are slim. This has been acknowledged by the Majority Leader, Senator Mansfield, who is himself perhaps the most eloquent of the ABM opponents, and by others who felt that victory was almost assured if the President had given no ground at all on the Sentinel. But the ABM opponents can force the Administration and the Pentagon to take the defensive—indeed, this has already occurred—and establish a new political atmosphere, one in which the military can no longer expect carte blanche but must, rather, be prepared to submit all its projects to close and, one would hope, informed civilian scrutiny. The existence of such an atmosphere will not in itself save the republic from folly or extinction, but it can at least give added scope to dignity and reason.

THE nuclear-non-proliferation treaty has been approved by the Senate, and talks with the Russians on weapons control and the Middle East will shortly be under way, in Geneva and at the United Nations. The negotiations in Paris appear to be getting nowhere, and it is conceivable that the President will order an American walk-out as one "appropriate response" to the Vietcong and North Vietnamese offensives against American bases and South Vietnamese cities. (On the surface, this would seem the least "appropriate" of responses, but the argument for it rests on the contention that it is the only non-military choice we have.) Paris aside, though, the moment does have certain elements of propitiousness. The President has more room for maneuver than his predecessor had, and probably as much as he can hope to have at any time in the future. Not a great deal is known about how much freedom of maneuver the Soviet leaders have, but evidently they have given the Administration assurances of their eagerness to get on with negotiations; their representatives here express downright impatience with the American side and sometimes seem to be saying that all kinds of agreeable deals could be made in a very short time if only the Administration would get moving. There is no doubt that the

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President is quite deliberately dragging his feet, at least in moving toward the kind of summit meeting that the Soviet leaders and many statesmen in this country and others have been urging upon him. He said yesterday that he did not see any prospect of such a meeting "in the near future"—a term that in diplomatic usage generally means several months at the very least and could well mean a year or two.

The President's aides offer two explanations for what seems—in view of the haste he showed to hold a series of summit meetings in Europe within weeks of his inauguration—a rather uncharacteristic reluctance to pursue the kind of personal diplomacy he has so often claimed to believe in. One is that he wants to be sure he will bring back something of value in the way of an agreement before he sets out on so grand and fateful a mission. He wants a conference that will ratify accords already firmly secured by sub-summit negotiators. This is sound doctrine, though it was not applied to his meetings with General de Gaulle, which, in the nature of things, according to most people here, had to be regarded as adversary proceedings quite similar in character to any meetings he might have with the chiefs of the Soviet government. The case for particular caution in respect to the Russians is defended by chilling recollections of President Kennedy's Vienna meetings with Chairman Khrushchev in 1961—an ill-prepared conference that produced a tacit agreement for both superpowers to cool it in Laos but a conference that was far more memorable for the number of misunderstandings and disagreements that emerged from it. (Some historians believe that if there had been no Vienna summit there would have been no deep American involvement in Vietnam; their judgment is that Kennedy's escalations in Vietnam were undertaken as what the then President considered, in the present one's phrase, an "appropriate response" to Khrushchev's insolence and his threats regarding Berlin and Cuba.) In any event, no one strongly dissents from the position that summit meetings should be regarded as useful only when it is reasonably certain that the participants can announce agreements previously worked out by subordinates. The second case for delay has encountered considerably more dissent. Essentially, it is that the President wants, and hopes in time to get, a large "package deal"—an agreement that would resolve all or, at any rate, several of the

conflicts of interest that now exist, or appear to exist, between this country and the Soviet Union. It is not so much, it is explained, that he and his advisers would not be pleased to settle one conflict at a time—clearly, they are seeking to do so in Paris and elsewhere—as that they doubt the feasibility of piecemeal settlements. In their view, the balance of power in the Middle East is part of the general balance between the superpowers, and it is pointless to discuss limitation and control of the armaments reserved by the superpowers for possible use against each other without discussing the balance, or imbalance, of power in the Middle East and in Vietnam, since this could lead to larger wars in which the weapons supposedly subject to control would suddenly be decontrolled.

The line, in short, is that all the great problems are, at bottom, political rather than military. This is a point of view that has been fashionable for some years, particularly among those who have seldom found much common ground with the head of the present Administration, and events have for the most part confirmed it. But there are many people here who think that it has hardened into a dogma which is holding up the negotiations in Paris (its stoutest defenders there are the Communists), and that a rigid application of it by the Administration could paralyze our diplomacy. However closely interrelated Vietnam and the Middle East and the Soviet-American balance of strategic power may be, different principals (and also different principles) are involved in each, and it is positively utopian to suppose that they can all be settled at once. It has always been a basic tenet of diplomacy and of all



non-absolutist politics that half, or even a quarter, of a loaf is better than none. Not many people, in or out of the Administration, doubt the practicality and good sense of those who would urge the President to get whatever agreements he can and to get them as rapidly as possible. Yet the seemingly utopian view may for the present be the only realistic one. Damping down the arms race even while war rages in Vietnam and threatens in the Middle East would obviously be in the best interests of both the United States and the Soviet Union. But in itself it would not for a moment lessen the danger of war between them. No imaginable settlement would leave one militarily vulnerable to the other—or either one of them vulnerable to China. The danger of war, except by accident or inadvertence,

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arises not from their possession of infinite powers of destruction but from finite conflicts involving third and fourth parties elsewhere. If both countries destroyed fifty per cent of their offensive and defensive nuclear weapons tomorrow, the chances of war would hardly be lessened by one per cent unless there was a concurrent end to the hostilities in Vietnam and the Middle East, where the killing is done by "conventional" weapons from the Russians' arsenal and ours. From the point of view of bringing about a more sensible allocation of resources in this country and in the Soviet Union, it is undoubtedly most desirable to stop the competition in the production of nuclear warheads and missiles that neither nation needs. But from the point of view of averting general war or of maintaining peace where it can now be said to exist, it is more important by far to bring about political settlements where military settlements are now being sought. And this would probably mean not only in Vietnam and the Middle East but also on the Sino-Soviet frontiers, for, as the President shrewdly said yesterday, it might be one thing for the Russians to agree in principle with us about the undesirability of an ABM system in either country but quite another for them actually to dismantle any of their own while Chinese offensive capability was being developed.

There is something, then, to be said for what appears to be the President's leisurely approach to meetings at the summit. His agents in Geneva and their Soviet counterparts may sometime this year come up with a treaty on the limitation of armaments, and his representatives in Paris and at the U.N. may come to some agreements on Vietnam and the Middle East. Vietnam is quite clearly more susceptible to a negotiated or "imposed" settlement than the Mid-

dle East, for neither side could carry on if American troops and Soviet matériel were withdrawn. (If it is a fact that the Chinese are now holding up Soviet rail shipments to Hanoi, this might prove a decisive event and hasten the war's end.) The Middle East presents a much tougher problem, for the political issues have far deeper roots, and the client states on both sides have greater resources of their own—as well, probably, as greater access to the resources of others in the event that the superpowers should reach some accommodation between themselves. This seems at present most unlikely, but it also seems an almost indispensable precondition for a settlement that would promote peace as well as save money.

IN January, Dr. Arthur Burns, the distinguished economist who is spoken of in some quarters as the most influential of the President's advisers on domestic policy, announced that by March the major social and economic programs of the Administration would be before the Congress and the public. Now, in mid-March, the President says that by mid-April "I will . . . state a general domestic program. By that time, the program will be at the point that I think it should be completely summarized and set forth. . . . I would not like to anticipate now what will be in that program." The situation is odd in the extreme, and unprecedented in the modern history of the Presidency. The President is asking for nothing in the very period in which he could expect to get the most. The Congress has done little but vote higher salaries for its members' services and attend to some matters of internal housekeeping. The suspicion grows that the Administration does not have and never has had a domestic program and is only now improvising one.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

LETTER

Men are running across a field;
pens fall from their pockets.
People out walking will pick them up.
It is one of the ways letters are written.

How things fall to others!
The self no longer belonging to me, but asleep
in a stranger's shadow, now clothing
the stranger, now leading him off.

It is noon as I write to you.
Someone's life has come into my hands.
The sun whitens the buildings.
It is all I have. I give it all to you. Yours,

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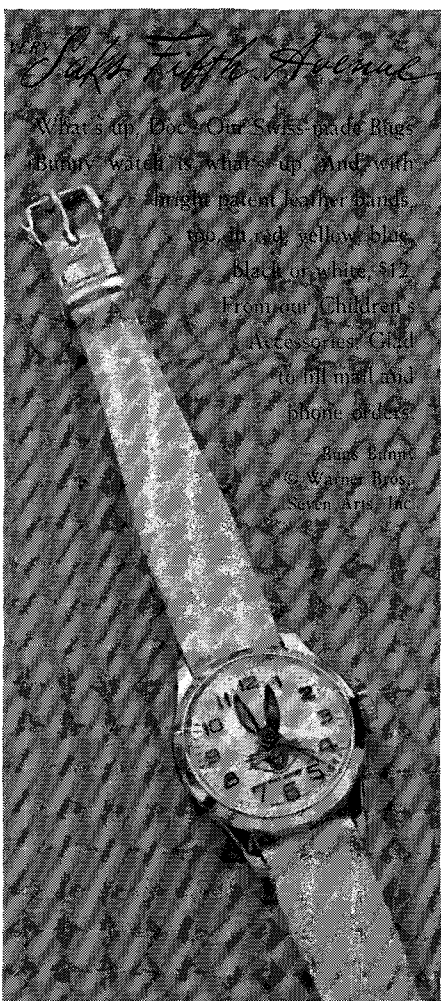
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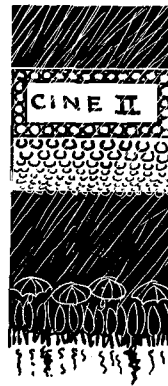
WOW!" said a girl sitting in the audience at the end of a great number in Donn Pennebaker's "Monterey Pop," sliding down onto her shoulder blades. "Wow!" mouthed a girl in the film half a second later, sitting among fifty thousand teen-agers at the Monterey International Pop Festival nearly two years before.

Seen with the public that Pennebaker's documentary musical has found for itself since it opened at the Kips Bay this January, the film is almost eerily time-collapsing and collaborative. The cinema audience and the kids on the screen merge, and the mood down here is as good as it is up there, though the weather in the movie is blessedly warmer.

The director and his associates—strolling around the Festival shooting a total of forty-five hours of footage, working by light cues, and recording in a revolutionary way (on an eight-track stereo unit previously used only for discs, and also on a tape-recorder travelling with each camera for cueing and cut-ins to build sound perspectives)—have arrived at something that had always before seemed essentially confined to live performance. One takes part. The film makes audiences answer back, and hold their breath for the musicians, because its whole effect is open-ended and in the present. It is as if one were at the circus, with clowns wandering among the seats chewing hunks of bread, and trapeze artists doing something beautiful that may end terribly. I don't know quite why it should be so contagious and moving whenever people behave as though a performance could be entered into. Breaking down the fourth wall has been talked of for ages in the theatre, but it is hard to do except in music hall. Joan Littlewood's productions have achieved it. And there was once a performance of "Lear" in a remote English village in which an old watcher who had been sitting forward tensely for several minutes suddenly yelled "Don't!" at the King for doubting Cordelia. The sophisticated Mod interpretations of "Hamlet" do less well, rigid with doomed theories about how to arrive back intellectually at the primitive, dealing in soliloquies spoken directly to the audience and in the worried suggestion that Hamlet belongs to the student generation, elevating him

from a mere genius into a specimen representing a trend and into what is oddly called "a now person." I have found it very unnerving when this person advances downstage and throws a question into the bashful auditorium about whether he should be or not be, opening the point to the floor, as it were. The floor is naturally stuck for an easy answer, although eager to feel switched on. Even at Christmas pantomimes or at "Peter Pan," children's distaste for come-ons and buttonholing tends to make them recoil from the traditional moments when they are asked to sing with the actors or to lie for Tinker Bell's sake about believing in fairies. Audience involvement can actually disengage an audience for years. I once had a bad time with Milton's "Samson Agonistes," which an insanely enthusiastic director had decided to involve us in by presenting it in the round. I happened to be sitting on an aisle, and my involvement became a hopelessly social one with Samson, who had bounded in through an audience exit too early for his lines and hovered beside me on the stairs to fill in the time, smiling a lot and blowing his nose in a convivial way on a Kleenex that had been tucked under the shoulder strap of his vaguely eurythmic tunic.

"Monterey Pop" ropes watchers in because the people at the Festival are so unmistakably meshing with the performers. "It's going to be like Easter and Christmas and New Year and your birthday all together," says a girl at the start of the film. So it is for the kids collected in California that foggy summer weekend, and the mood spreads. But though the film carries such a powerful inflection of the present tense, and in spite of the pacifying ease of style between the 1967 audience and us in the cinema in 1969, in another sense there is some sad splinter of greater knowledge that inserts itself between then and now. When the film was shot, a lot of bad ground for America hadn't yet been travelled. Some of the movie seems halcyon, and I don't believe that this has to do with nostalgia. While television and newspapers are drumming home images only of students' bloodied faces and of angry children not going to class, it is fine to have a film like this



around. In its way, it records the fact that the root of the great rising was in the mass possession of a gentler-natured idea of how to live. Rancor was not where it began. The feeling in the movie for the musicians' personal virtuosity comes to stand for the present unparalleled admiration for kinds of hard-schooled courage that are beyond the vocabulary of Army codes and statute books. "Monterey Pop" acts as a good sort of mnemonic. It summons up not Chicago but the lunch counters. And if it should be found a thousand years later, it would not be a bad witness. It is about the time of girls with long, shining hair, of babies carted to huge outdoor rallies, of young men who painted flowers on their cheeks for festivals as Indians decorate their bullocks, of sweet corn passed around and milk shared out of cartons, of posters saying "Hiroshima" and "Only People Can Read Library Books," of near-worship of performers who hit public moments truly, of the coupling of a Geiger-counter pickup of the phony with amazingly little defensiveness about the possibility of being had. Like the responses of the people in the cinema, the instincts of the Festival audience seem strikingly free of the self-protectiveness that sometimes makes encounters with worried older city dwellers such brambly experiences. At a lull in the picture, a gorgeous girl is cleaning rubbish off the folding chairs. "How come you have to do this?" says an interviewer. "Are you a friend of somebody's?" "Not really," she says shyly, quite missing any point that he thinks she's being exploited to do a dirty job. "I just happen to be lucky, I guess."

BEFORE "Monterey Pop," there is a twenty-minute direct-cinema film by Richard Leacock called "Chiefs," about a Waikiki Beach convention of police chiefs and their wives. The Kips Bay audience laughs and applauds affably at the sight of cops in full fig countermarching and gazing seriously into each other's eyes as they make petal patterns, like the drilled swimmers in old Esther Williams pictures. Later on, there are informal talks in Hawaiian shirts about riot-control weapons, preceded by a prayer: "Give to our policemen, Lord, the firm consciousness . . . that their vocation in life is a noble one demanding a high degree of intelligence." A heavy common sigh goes up in the auditorium. The police wives do hula dancing. More worship:

Minister: "Let me bring into focus



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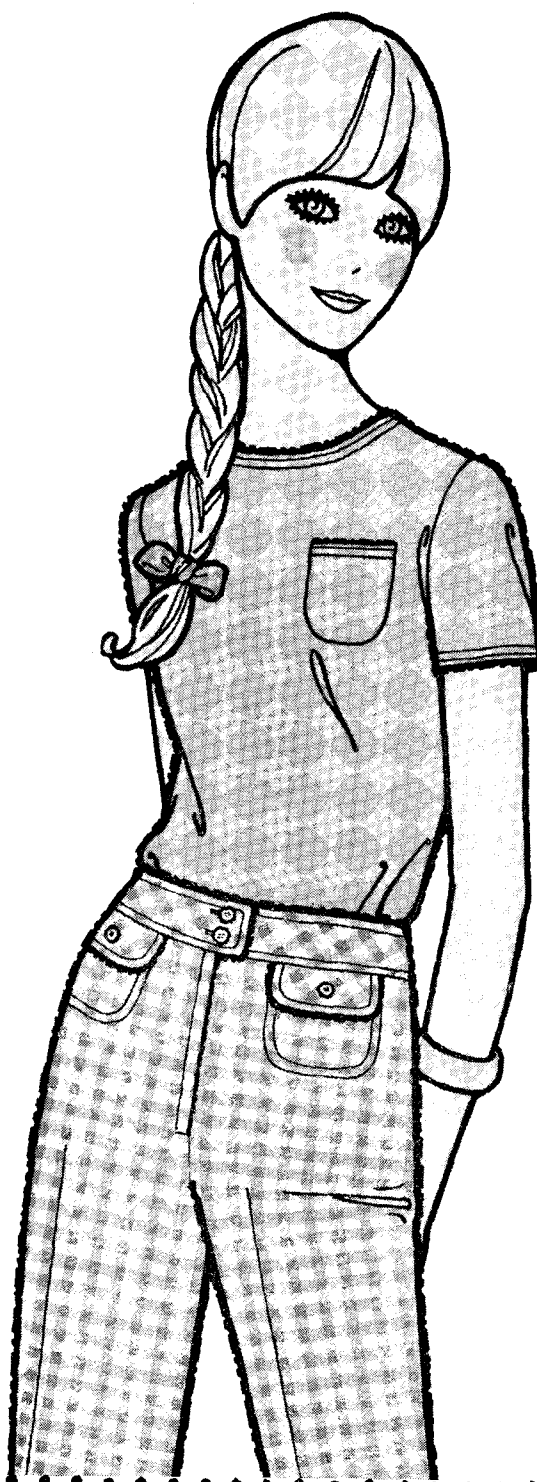
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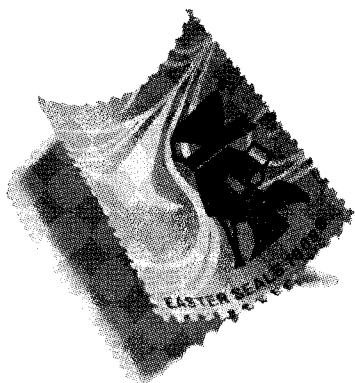


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a very controversial subject: the Chicago riots. . . . There were terrible, terrible provocations. Stink bombs were used. The police were taunted, spat upon, cursed, and ridiculed. And, of course, when the showdown came it was rather enthusiastic. . . ." (Many members of the audience must have been in Chicago at the time. They listen without uproar.)

Then the police chiefs chat about riot weapons. It is nightmarish. Conducted in merchandise jargon:

"Another thing that has come this year that we are adding to the line . . . Of course, your riot equipment, your basic . . . your backbone of it, is the 201Z riot gun with your range of projectiles. . . ."

"Well, you've got the streamer here; then you've got these and the regular burning type of grenades, which are available, of course, in the CM type of tear gas, the CS, and also the DM."

The cops talk about intellectuals. Angry, unpliant, baffled:

"In regard to the liberalism and teaching of personal philosophies by professors—and this goes on constantly—we find that when there is a demonstration at an induction center in opposition to national policy that it goes right along with a lot of the thinking of the professors, and here are the students. They're coming out now . . . they're acting out what they've soaked up."

"Well, and the professors demonstrate with them. . . . They join the thing. They join it."

"And, of course, they're very prone to write letters to the President or the newspaper, and they'll sign all these names with all these academic . . ."

The tone has been unbroken scorn. Then the film catches one cop with a thought that seems touchingly impressed, for I don't believe irony came near it: "And they're beautiful letters, with a lot of initials after the names." Exercises. Applause. On to Chemical Mace:

"Well, you know, one of the things I've always felt about it . . . if a fellow had a feather duster and you used it as a weapon and it worked, somebody would be against it if you were frustrating their purposes. I mean, there would always be somebody allergic to feathers, too."

The men talk about the unspeakable gadgets as if they were cars. Fingertip control is discussed. They fool around with groin protectors and with the hiding of an unhideable baton in the pocket of a sports shirt. An expert picks up a



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pepper-fog machine that looks like a small cannon:

"It has a kind of a roar, a rumbling roar, and psychologically..." (The Kips Bay audience here laughs very loudly.)

The machine is demonstrated. "It has the appearance of a weapon," says a cop, approvingly, unnecessarily.

"Yeah, yeah, sticking out—that snout, you know. And that roar—it has a great voodoo effect."

The short ends with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" sung by the police in close harmony. It struck me that the audience behaved pretty well. It didn't hoot, hiss, or seem scared.

THE sheer difference in the sorts of faces shown in the two films bears looking at for a long time. The men in "Chiefs" often call up George Grosz drawings. The people in "Monterey Pop" scarcely seem related to them. Art Garfunkel's reposed profile is suddenly lit in silhouette, and it might belong to another branch of mankind. (The film was shot in 16 mm. on fast color stock and blown up to 35 mm. It looks beautiful.) A performer's joy about the "groovy sound system" relieves the effect of the policeman's sales talk about the march of progress in pain gadgets. Some of the musicians perhaps mean to send up destructiveness—to take the harm out of it—when they go into routines of destroying their instruments. For instance, with an immense racket, while the filmed and actual audiences both laugh, a guitar player ceremonially wrecks his guitar; it is something to hurl himself into without shame, maybe. The ritualist of bedlam is dressed with charming ornateness, in pink. Jimi Hendrix goes much farther out and enacts an elaborate rape of his guitar, kneeling over it, mourning over it, dropping matches onto it. The faces of two girls in the filmed audience look mildly alarmed. The late Otis Redding, on before Hendrix, shouts, "We all love each other, right?"—daring you not to, even if he is semi-ironic. The fusion between the event and the kids in the theatre seems total. "One more time," someone says in the theatre audience, anticipating by a split second Otis Redding's saying "Do it just one more time" to the musician on drums. Just before Ravi Shankar's appearance, at the end of the film, in the Kips Bay theatre a child of about seven led out a little girl of not more than five, who was sobbing at having to leave. "Come on," said the seven-year-old. "You've seen it two and a half times." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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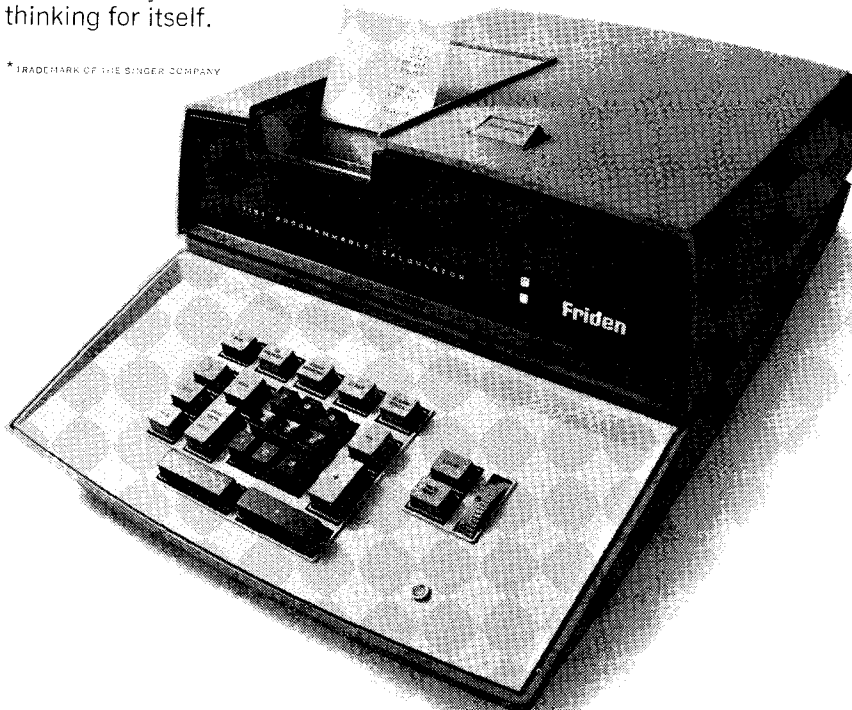
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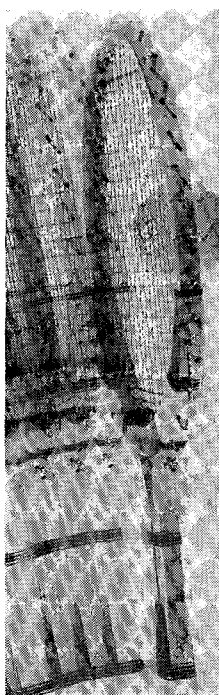
MARCH 12
THROUGH memory, the violent climate and the hopes and events of May last year have produced an inverted, depressant atmosphere here—a kind of slump or chill in the present new spring month of March. The sensitive social barometer in Paris shops and streets has seemed heavy, with no breeze animating commerce or talk. "Behind the basic projects of the labor unions can be discerned concomitant signs of serious trouble in the French economic family," it was pointed out last week by *France-Soir*, the popular afternoon news voice for all France, with its more than a million circulation over the length and breadth of the country. "Salaried workers, peasants, little storekeepers, and artisans are all discontented and, what is more, are worried—rightly or wrongly, and despite a satisfactory industrial output. Workers of every kind are prey to a latent pessimism, and in this they are joined by the owner class. The workers demand an immediate rise in pay, the little shopkeepers want fiscal relief, the rich owning class believe in the possibility of the devaluation of the franc and, to shore up their fortunes, buy gold, apartments, and furnished mansions." Yesterday's one-day national general strike was almost looked forward to as a brief idle breathing space amid the psychological smog—a day off from complaining to contemplate the good luck that had just been announced the day before. On Monday, the Fifth Republic's Finance Minister, M. François-Xavier Ortoli, announced the government's long-promised, elaborate income-tax cuts, especially for modest and middling bourgeois earners (though not for the rich), which he had just placed before the Economic and Social Council, and which, if approved and voted in the upcoming spring Parliamentary session, will become law by 1970—too far off to arouse immediate cheers but welcome as a future reform and relief.

Closer at hand is the citizens' prospect of having to vote again, at the end of April, on another de Gaulle referendum of the kind by which he has legally enabled himself to change France, in successive stages, simply with his demand for a national vote of "Yes" or "No," without changing his

own unaltered status as France's continuing, astonishing, inventive elderly leader. This new change will actually reshape the provincial map of France, in order (it is hoped) to increase commercial and administrative efficiency and to fight the age-old paralyzing centralization of the country on and around Paris. If the new regional pattern is accepted, it will divide France into twenty-one new geographical pieces, like parts of a new puzzle but in their names following the old regional titles of Burgundy, Auvergne, Brittany, and so on. Ever since 1790, when France was divided into eighty-three departments, repeated efforts have been made to reassemble it—one even by the philosopher August Comte, in 1854, who wanted to realign it into only

nineteen regions. With this new projected map will go a resurrection of the old Senate, which de Gaulle, in his quarrel with its Negro president, Gaston Monnerville, put out to grass several years back. It will have its consultative power restored in relation to Parliament's passage of new laws and, above all, will function through the new regional parliaments. Some Gaullists would like as many as forty regions on the new map; Pierre Mendès France favors ten regions only, each with enough big provincial towns to assure equilibrium. In a recent vociferous national meeting of big-town mayors, few of them wanted any regional changes at all, and said so loudly. De Gaulle refrained from tying the success of his new referendum to any threat of what he would do if its results were negative, but it is accepted as a foregone conclusion that a "No" vote would let loose a political crisis without precedent.

Just as he did last spring in his televised speech to the nation at the height of the May riots, when he offered his French citizens a choice between him and chaos, so in last night's speech he said that he was offering a choice "between progress and upheaval." Because, unfortunately, he never changes his mind, he accused those who called yesterday's strike of being "the same accomplices, utilizing the same means and threatening once more to bring down the franc, the economy, and the Republic" as the mixture of revolutionaries and anarchists who sparked the May riots. In reproof, *Le Monde*

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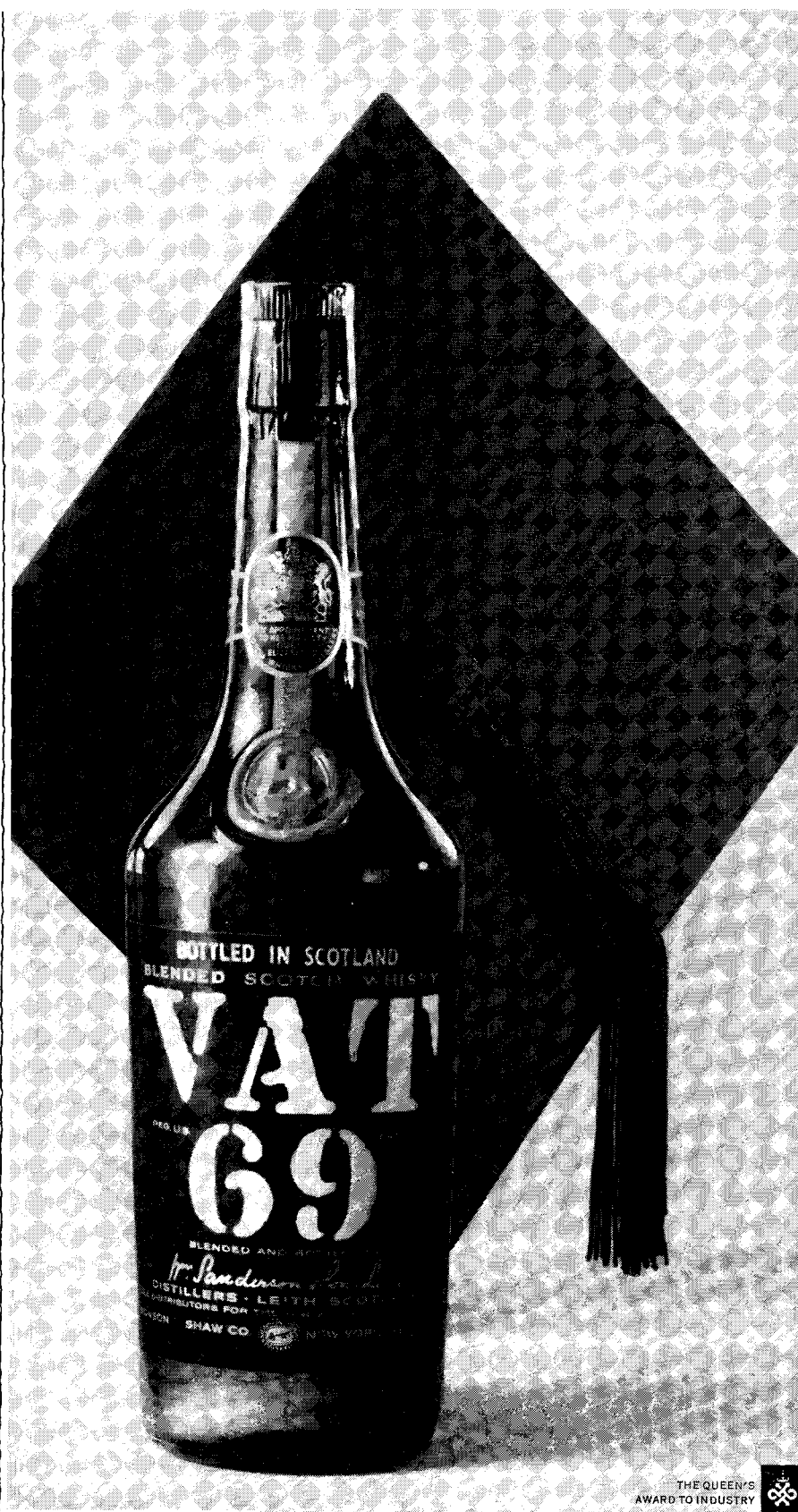
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severely remarked, "The unions were right in wishing that what they had gained" in the post-riot Grenelle wage accord "should not be taken from them now" by high prices and inadequate wages. It is true that the long march yesterday afternoon—it took over three hours for the strikers' parade to walk from the Place de la République to the Bastille—was led by a member of the biggest labor union, the Communist-dominated Confédération Générale du Travail, who was carrying a red silk flag bearing the union's initials in gold. But the two other unions—the Catholic and the Socialist—also walked in the parade and participated in the strike. Students who tried to join the march were pushed away by the parade marshals, who wanted no capers or antics, for it was a serious demonstration by serious workers running short of pay. There were repeated shouts of "*À bas de Gaulle!*" and some black flags were waved, both being parts of today's Fifth Republic norm. All day yesterday, the electricity cut in households and offices was absolute, unless they were on a line also serving a hospital.

Not in recent years has de Gaulle himself looked so vigorous and confident as he did on television during his speech, though the professionally majestic voice is, with time, wearing out and becoming increasingly vibrato. And never in the last turbulent year has he in what he said—recited, as usual, from memory—expressed so awesome and mystifying a disregard for the deep reasons that underlie his *belle France's* persistent social unrest.

IT has been many seasons since a theatre here has supplied a play that shocked its audience in the way that a choice range of productions can shock theatregoers in New York and London. The Théâtre de Paris, in the Rue Blanche, is now shocking its listeners and viewers with "*Le Concile d'Amour*," but it shocks principally in a way generally untillating to Anglo-Saxons—by a kind of giddy blasphemy, as well as, perhaps, by the fastuous beauty of Léonor Fini's cloth-of-gold costumes for the fifteenth-century papal court of the unholy Borgia Pope Alexander VI. After all, Paris is blasé after long-repeated seasons of nude Folies-Bergère spectacles, so popular with French children at Saturday matinées. In fact, with all the wickednesses here on earth Paris has long been surfeited, which leaves merely Heaven and its Trinity as a locality and personages that can arouse certain contemporary Parisians to a state

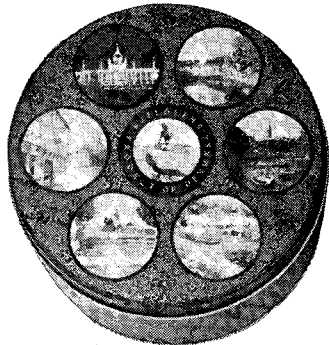


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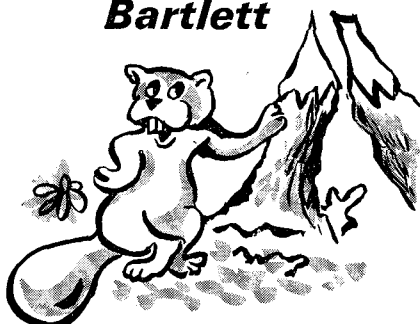
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of shock today—shock through theatricalization of agnosticism as an idea, since shock through ideas is perhaps the only remaining shock source that modern Parisians still possess. In France, the Catholic faith and religion are still regarded as unwieldy, solemn material for lengthy consideration of immortality, rather than as the source of a diverting night out, especially to hear a very thin-scripted play. "The Council of Love" is a translation of a short opus written in 1895 by a Bavarian doctor, Oscar Panizza, who later died in a madhouse, suffering from a persecution complex about popes engendered by his widowed mother's having been prosecuted at law for bringing up her children as Protestants and anti-papists rather than in Catholicism, the local state religion. The Surrealist André Breton first discovered the Panizza work. As a play, its varied effects on Paris theatre critics have furnished considerable diversion to Parisians who have not bothered to see the performance, which the *bien-pensants* consider to be surely in handsome bad taste. Jean-Jacques Gautier, critic for the bourgeois *Figaro*, having been accused by another critic of being better at dealing with simple good acting than with abstruse texts that enrage him, exploded in a violent, tautological, single-sentence damnation of "The Council of Love," declaring that it was "stupid, boring, incongruous, obscene, repugnant, abject, ignoble, revolting, outrageous, offensive, filthy, vile, scandalous, and deplorable." Robert Kanters, the scholarly and witty critic for the weekly *Express*, suavely wrote, "It is the golden legend of syphilis." And, indeed, in the play this malady of infectious love, like a scourge for the lubricious, is the punishment suggested and invented by the Devil himself, called up for counsel with God in Heaven on how to poison at its very source mankind's too flagrant practice of physical love, yet not wipe out the human race. The long soliloquy by the Devil, dressed like a fusty church sexton, with a clubbed instead of a hooved foot, would have been more entertaining if written by G. B. Shaw. To build up the play's minimum action, a Borgia dinner entertainment includes wrestling acts by magnificent musclemen, one a Negro; pavaes danced by virgins completely clothed except for their small, naked bosoms, like round ornaments on their bodices; and ancient musicks of the period. God is presented as a rachitic, cross old man on crutches, the Virgin looks like a yellow-frizzle-haired val-

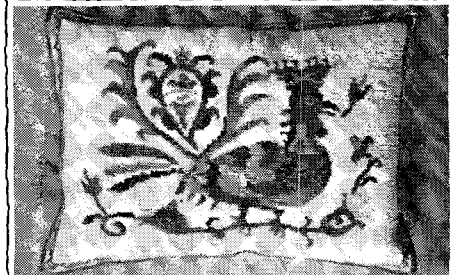
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entine as imagined by some early Italian painter, and the Saviour is presented as an invalid, still suffering from his tortures at Calvary. As a series of magnificent golden-dressed and -hatted characters, viewed almost speechless and in pantomime, the production can at least dazzle the eyes of the beholder, whether French or foreign, though few foreigners are now in this city.

AN interesting usual and unusual exhibition on Charles Baudelaire as art critic is soon closing at the Petit Palais. What are shown are vital family papers, such as his widowed mother's certificate uniting her in second marriage to the military person of General Aupick. There are also, of course, early and late editions of "Les Fleurs du Mal," published first in 1857. There is family correspondence about Charles Baudelaire as an industrious schoolboy, soon to become a dissipated, overdressed dandy and ne'er-do-well, whose stepfather, to discipline him, sent him on a voyage to India, which the future poet cut short to return to Paris, to his poetry writing, and eventually to his debut in art criticism. He was France's first aesthete, reporting in his articles on the various salons, beginning with that of 1845, where he started off at once on the wrong foot by admiring "The Fountain of Youth," by the painter Haussoullier, a pretentious mixture of nudes and a medieval garden party around a meagre fountain—a work that was openly laughed at by salon visitors, which, in part, may have determined Baudelaire to praise it. It must be explained that this odd exhibition contains a mixture of pictures by artists whom Baudelaire admired and wrote about, and pictures he should never have written about at all, the mélange giving a startling insight into the workings of his mind and the maturing of his tastes. It contains one splendid early, brutal Manet—a portrait of the hoopskirted Jeanne Duval, now dying and in poverty, and formerly Baudelaire's mistress—to which he did not give any comment at all, Manet never being one of his favorites. It must be said at once that Baudelaire's great aesthetic sensibility was seeing art with his emotions rather than philosophically, as was then the mode. His aim was to write about what he called modern art in a modern way. He admired Delacroix to the point of exaltation for his perfect drawing, his "incomparable science of coloring." He proclaimed Corot "at the head of modern landscape painting,"



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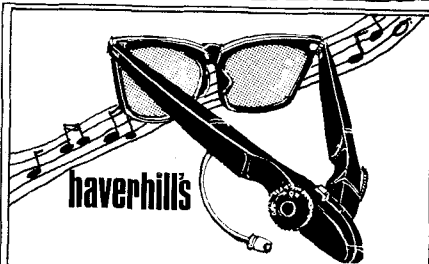
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recognized the quality of Daumier and Ingres, noted that Courbet was an important painter, and had a special fondness for the delicate drawings of Constantin Guys. (Works by all are on the Petit Palais walls, and a pleasure to see again.) He was also very much struck by the portraits of American redskins by the American painter George Catlin, shown here long ago at the Louvre on the invitation of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King. Baudelaire compared Catlin to Delacroix in the quality of his portraits, such as that of Chief Buffalo Fat—one of those savages "who make one comprehend antique sculpture," he said of this striking redskin, now on the Petit Palais wall. In 1846, Baudelaire met Edgar Allan Poe—on the printed page. "The first time I opened one of his books, I saw with shock and delight not only the same subjects I myself had dreamed of but phrases that had been thought of by me and he had written twenty years before," he wrote a friend. And so began his translations of Poe and his investigation of that Baudelairean American, for they looked not unlike. The cover of the Petit Palais catalogue is a self-portrait by Baudelaire in heavy ink-strokes, which, indeed, could be almost a likeness of Poe. The exhibition was preceded by one on Poe organized by the Cultural Services of the United States Embassy and displayed in the American cultural center on the Left Bank, in the Rue du Dragon. Besides its rich material on Poe from the University of Virginia, it displayed six lithographs by Odilon Redon, to whom J. K. Huysmans once said, "Your masters are Poe and Baudelaire."

—GENÊT

None of the superbachelors, however, seem like the kind who would strike a woman. All said they were looking forward to having a wife and family some day—and all had definite ideas about what they wanted in a mate. Here are the winners, and their descriptions of *The Ideal Woman*:

Chad Mitchell, 32, the singer: "A girl who's involved with her own life, rather than being a syncophant of her husband."

—Judy Klemesrud in the *Times*.

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BOOKS

The Empty Road

LONELINESS can seize anyone, but some of us are peculiarly susceptible, because we live almost alone, in out-of-the-way places—places whose very appearance suggests mystery, grief, and suffering. In parts of the South, the trees weep with moss, and a bayou can be wholly the property of a single heron at the water's edge, unconscious of time, its long neck arched and motionless, its long bill pointing to something miles away, its long, fragile legs planted in sand or muck, or seemingly on the water's surface. North of moss and bayous come the foothills of the Appalachians—and fear. The roads wind dangerously. The driver feels dizzy; the trees hover; and rocks can come tumbling down at any moment upon the highway. Finally, one catches sight of the Cumberlands—high, misty, many a mountain still untouched. “Hereabouts, it’s just you and what you’re doing each day, and you don’t have much time for talk and visits and like that. In the morning you hope you’ll be here to go to bed, and at night you’re glad you’re still around up here. So you close your eyes and look at one of the hills and say, thank you God for sparing me this far. Tomorrow He might not be so kind.” As I read Cormac McCarthy’s second novel, “Outer Dark” (Random House), I kept thinking of the man who said this to me. He lives in Needmore, a North Carolina town near the Great Smoky Mountains. McCarthy’s people could be from Needmore. They talk and act like Appalachian highlanders or yeoman farmers, but they seem meant to represent something else, something that stretches beyond the limits of space and time. What matters is not the where and when of McCarthy’s story, for all the intricate and lyrical descriptions of rural life, but the feeling that he wants to make his stories suggestive, allegorical, apocalyptic. Plot means little, even this mixture of the sublime and the grotesque, the religious, the rude, and the barbaric. The ground rules are clear: We will be told a story that will frighten and alarm us, but, as in a nightmare, the mood evoked will matter more than details—the mood of darkness and hopelessness that no technological progress, no refinement of psychological analysis, can explain away or (that cool, slippery word of our times) resolve.

Cormac McCarthy’s “outer dark” is not that by now cozy unconscious whose wild and irreverent and banal tricks continue to amuse our fashionable novelists. Nor is he interested in becoming a gilded version of the American social scientist, who has a name or a label for everything and wants at all costs to be *concerned* and *involved*. McCarthy’s “dark” is not the mind’s interior or the world’s exterior; it does not deal with the conceits and deceptions that are always at work everywhere—even, say, in the White House and the Kremlin. One begins by wondering what McCarthy’s psychological and political purposes are. (Everyone, we have discovered, must have such purposes, and be knowingly or unwittingly at their mercy.) Soon, though, we are asked by the author to stay in the presence of this “outer darkness” and suffer what Conrad called “the horror, the horror” or else to dismiss his novel as dense and out-of-date and so muddled with Biblical and Attic overtones that it is the worst of all possible things today—*irrelevant*.

Culla and Rinthy Holme, brother and sister, are lovers, and the parents

of a son. Culla delivers his son in a shack no visitor has entered in months, and immediately abandons him to the woods. A tinker whom Culla, shamed, has rebuffed outside the cabin, because Rinthy, inside, is obviously pregnant, discovers the child, gives it to a wet nurse, and goes his way. Rinthy sets out to find her child, because she does not believe Culla’s assertion that he is dead. She senses that the tinker may have come upon her child; she may have heard his wagon pass by. Then Culla sets out to find Rinthy. So they pick their way through woods and hills and across swamps and rivers, resting under trees, in houses, in towns that seem deserted. Mostly, because they are wary and haunted, they stalk the land. Who are they and what do they intend, the country folk along the way ask. “I’m a-huntin this here tinker.” And why the tinker? Did he steal something? “Well. Somethin belonged to me.” What? “It was just somethin.” Culla is often assumed to be an outlaw, a rascal on the run, and therefore easily exploited by law-abiding citizens, who can have it both ways—the profit from a desperate man’s plight, the pride and power that go



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with hospitality. Hungry, frightened, driven, Culla and Rinty never stop anywhere for long. They meet all sorts of obstacles, human and natural, as they move relentlessly on:

She slept through the first wan auguries of dawn, gently washed with river fog while martins came and went among the arches. Slept into the first heat of the day and woke to see toy birds with sesame eyes regarding her from their clay nests overhead. She rose and went to the river and washed her face and dried it with her hair. When she had gathered up the bundle of her belongings she emerged from beneath the bridge and set forth along the road again. Emaciate and blinking and with the wind among her rags she looked like something replevied by grim miracle from the ground and sent with tattered windings and halt corporeality into the agony of sunlight.

It is a hard book to read—a book written with fervor and intensity and concentration, an urgent and at times an inscrutable book. As if to assert timelessness and universality, McCarthy moves from the clear, concrete words of the mountaineer to a soaring, Faulknerian rhetoric of old, stately words, unused words, medieval words. Here is the baby, left to die: "It howled execration upon the dim camarine world of its nativity wail on wail while he lay there gibbering with palsied jawhasps, his hands putting back the night like some witless paraclete beleaguered with all limbo's clamor." Yet, a few pages later, the mother, on a road that will never end, can stop at a store and ask for water and remark simply that it's "been a little warmer" and say "I thank ye" and comment that she "ain't eat two pones of lightbread in my life." The brother and sister are forever alone: "They ain't a soul in this world but what is a stranger to me." The author uses nature to establish an ironic tone, to comment indirectly on mankind, and to entrance his readers with his flowing and at times stunning descriptions of rats and turtles and spiders and snakes and birds and trees and flowers:

When he came out on the creek a colony of small boys erupted from a limestone ledge like basking seals alarmed and pitched white and naked into the water. They watched him with wide eyes, heads bobbing. He crossed at the shallows above them with undiminished speed, enclosed in a huge fan of water, and plunged into a canebrake on the far side. Crakes, plovers, small birds clattered up out of the dusty bracken into the heat of the day and cane rats fled away before him with thin squeals. He crashed on blindly.

That he does—crashes on blind to his fate, blind the way fugitives and



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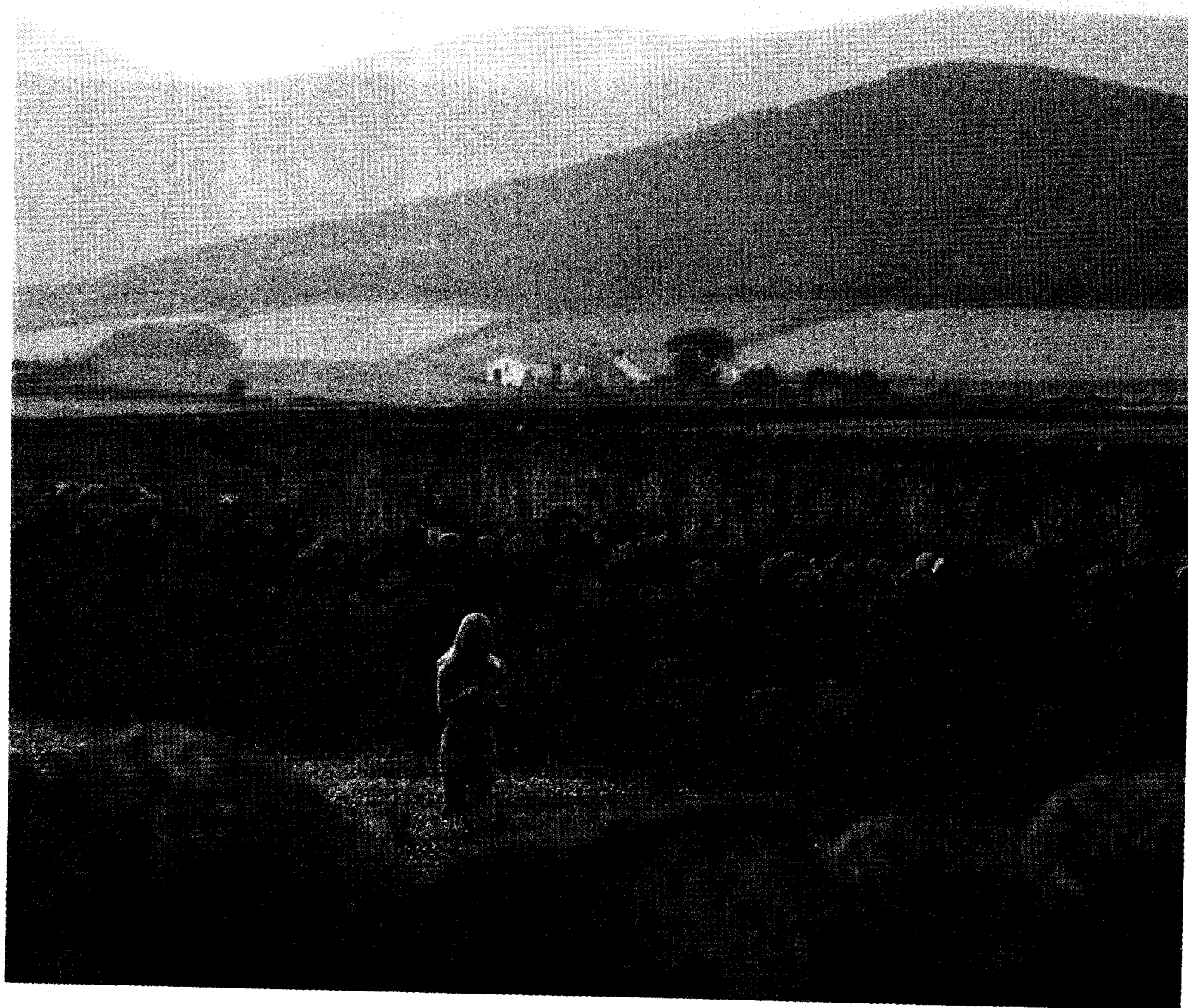
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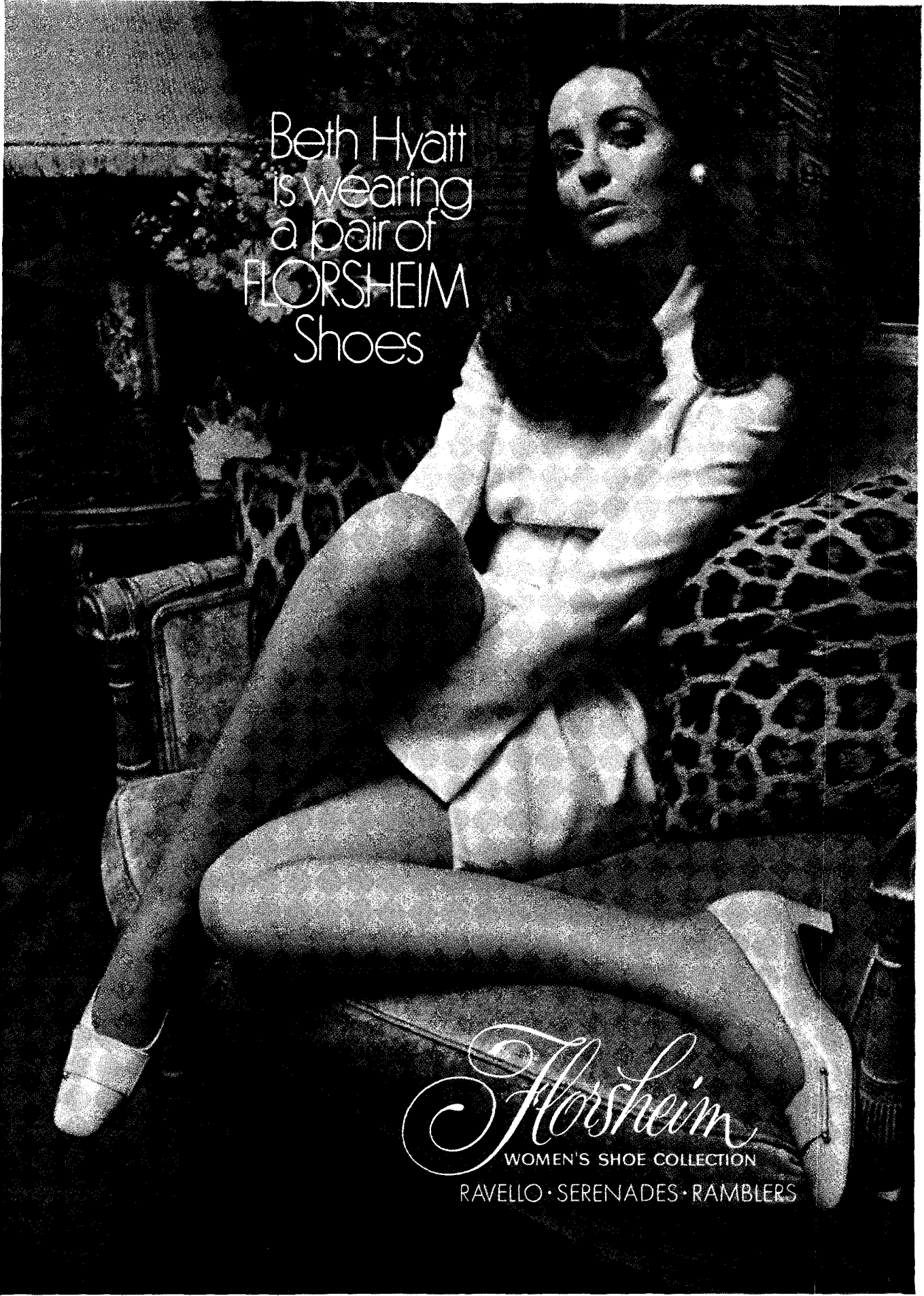
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vagabonds become, blind the way Cain was when God said to him, "Now art thou cursed from the earth."

Cormac McCarthy's first novel, "The Orchard Keeper," won him the William Faulkner Foundation Award and a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. "Light in August" comes to mind as "Outer Dark" unfolds: the poor white people, the harsh puritanism, the disastrous collision of Instinct with Piety and Custom, and the imagery—of the exiles, the wanderers, the outcasts, all dressed up, though, in rural American habit. "I et polite . . . like a lady I et. Like a lady travelling," says Faulkner's Lena Grove, and then, "So she seems to muse upon the mounting road while the slowspitting and squatting men watch her covertly." In "Outer Dark," as in Faulkner, we are required to pay close attention. But McCarthy directs our attention to very few people, nor are we allowed to sit back and relax and just laugh, though there are lovely, tender moments and a few eerily comic scenes. McCarthy's handful of characters move from place to place, always going downhill. Their curse is explicit, and the futility of their lives is spelled out: Rinthy finds the bones of the tinker and her child, and Culla meets a blind man on a road toward a swamp, "a spectral waste out of which reared only the naked trees in attitudes of agony and dimly hominoid like figures in a landscape of the damned." In "Outer Dark," characters touch, collide, then go on, rather than get to "know" one another; they hurt and are hurt in accordance with unfathomable necessities. They don't analyze themselves or others. They don't have to earn their distinction, their significance. Their origins don't have to be expressed and related to society or "the culture." They are immediately presented as people larger than life, important for reasons everyone can sense. The "action"—again there is the contrast with Faulkner—is swift and unequivocal. One person commits a crime against the gods, then others are drawn into a series of accidents, misfortunes, and, finally, disasters, all of which make for a tragedy whose meaning every reader had better comprehend.

Not for a long time has an American writer—a young one, at that—attempted to struggle with the Fates and with what Plato called their mother: Ananke, or Necessity. On our way to another planet or layer of the unconscious or new "social structure," we of this century don't worry about the dread every man is heir to, nor do we con-



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sider envy, passion, and hate things that will always plague man, however lovingly and scientifically he is reared, and in whatever social, political, or economic system. Always it is the next bit of progress, the next device, the next body of knowledge, the next deal or plan that will—what? Make man superman? Free man of himself, of his nature as someone who is born, lives, and dies, and in between, for a second of eternity, tries to flex his muscles, clench his fists, and say "It is me, me amid the outer dark"? Necessarily, said Plato, the Fates can never be thwarted, and they cannot be thwarted today, even by a million computers and consulting rooms. Necessarily, says McCarthy, the dark is out there, waiting for each of us. Necessarily, our lot is assigned; we have to contend with our flaws, live with them, and all too often be destroyed by them.

We do not learn what Rinthy and Culla Holme were like when they were young and perhaps smiled and laughed from time to time. We meet them in Hell, and we keep wondering what they could have done to earn their desperation. At worst, they are a little too stubborn—thick-headed, and unwilling to share themselves with others, to share their vision, their secrets, their temptations, their humanity. Questioned, they demur, they flee. A touch of self-righteousness comes through—brilliantly and subtly arranged by a writer who can bring about emotions in both his characters and his readers without making a whole showy business out of the effort. Then all is scrambling and grumbling; the road turns and one desperately makes the turn, and no fire, no roof, no blanket will work. McCarthy's "outer dark" is austere and bleak and blue and cold and ultimately impassable; his mountains open up only to reveal a foul swamp, a wild river, and yet another mountain. If exiles and fugitives have fascinated writers—who themselves often keep their distance—so have men like McCarthy's tinker. V. K. Ratliff, Faulkner's sewing-machine agent, is a reminder that we the readers are there, with advice and ideas and *our* stories to tell. "Outer Dark's" tinker, who not only sells or repairs kettles and pots but offers everything from food and soap and liquor to gadgets of all kinds, is something else. It is a measure of McCarthy's seriousness that we are allowed no letup. The tinker provides us no alternative, no vision of a better world. What hope and encouragement we do get can come only from a rural



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landscape that is rich with life, variety, spontaneity, endless possibilities, and an unself-consciousness that Culla and Rinthy Holme will never possess.

The only diversion granted us is in the best sense unintentional; it is the commanding diversion a writer's skill provides. McCarthy works hard to write well and ingeniously, but there are moments in this sad, bitter, literally awesome book when only an exceptionally gifted and lyrical writer could take his audience's continuing attention for granted. To say that a book is hard to put down is no compliment these days, when books pour upon us from all quarters, and when the reader impatiently wants to hold on simply because he wants to be done, to go on to the next "experience." "Outer Dark" is arresting and puzzling enough to drive one to distraction, but always to the next surge of reading. It is as if the reader, too, becomes a traveller, and for doing so is rewarded with an astonishing range of language—slow-paced and heavy or delightfully light, relaxed or intense, perfectly plain or thoroughly intricate. Eternal principles mix company with the details of everyday, pastoral life—always under some apocalyptic cloud, though. Errors will be punished, retribution exacted. The blind lead the blind, though some think of themselves as seekers rather than driven, as knowing rather than compelled. And we all must face that final reckoning. Three horsemen ride through "Outer Dark," looking for someone, covering the brooding countryside with their dark and fierce presence. Cormac McCarthy knows the Revelation of St. John the Divine, who announced that he would set down "all things that he saw" and the "bare record of the word of God." I suppose good writers also come dangerously close to doing that, seeing so much and putting so much down on paper that the universe itself is spread out before us, and the words come near to being the Word—to haunt us and make us pause and wonder for a moment, even though, alas, we keep moving on our particular roads.

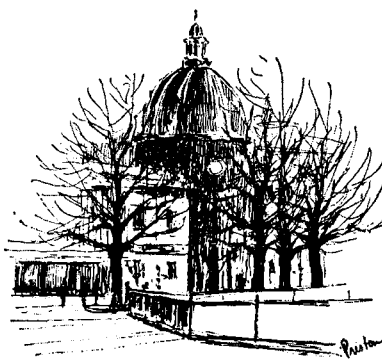
—ROBERT COLES

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FICTION

ORFEO IN PARADISE, by Luigi Santucci, translated from the Italian by Joseph Green (Knopf). An orphaned young man, distracted by his mother's death and on the point of jumping off the roof of Milan Cathedral, meets up with a Myste-

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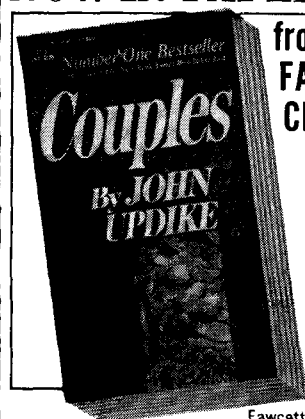
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rious Man in Black and is privileged, instead, to leap back in time to just before his mother's birth, in the eighteen-nineties, and observe scenes of her childhood and youth. He sees something of the Great War and his mother's rejected suitors. He is hastily recalled to the present when he breaks his vow of passivity by trying, unselfishly enough, to dissuade his mother from marrying his father, thus relinquishing his chance of being born. The legend of Orpheus, the Oedipus complex, and such filial questions as "What were you like when you were my age?" and "Who would I be if you hadn't married Dad?" are common enough to give some singularly tricky shenanigans with lost time a charming credibility.

EVERYTHING MUST GO, by Keith Waterhouse (Putnam). The saddening discrepancy between humdrum reality and a man's idealization of himself has had a good run in contemporary English fiction. Mr. Waterhouse's latest hero gives his boring wife the nickname Poodle, and yearns for her to live up to it by wearing trousers, making ceramics, and smoking cheroots. His daughter is christened Melisande, to inspire elfin precocity; she turns out to be a slow-witted, lumpish child with kleptomaniac tendencies. And his ventures into business and adultery are similarly unsuccessful. The author's themes are not new, and neither is his method. Worth reading for the odd smile and, after the Beatles and the Carnaby Street revolution, to set the record straight about the endearingly disoriented yet gloriously unrestructured English middle class.

GENERAL

ANATOMY OF EUROPE, by Anthony Sampson (Harper & Row). A brisk, informative report on the Common Market countries—how each is doing separately and how they work together. Mr. Sampson, an English journalist, considers the chances for more economic integration and closer political union not good at present, and he describes the assorted obstacles to a great European merger. Among them, the differences in national styles appear—at least to him—to be more regional than national in character, and he wonders if a united Europe might eventually federate regions (Tuscany, say, or Languedoc) whose roots are medieval, rather than mod-

ern nations. Mr. Sampson's inclusiveness is remarkable—he discusses bankers, students, housewives, administrators, magazines, color-television reception systems, menus, and suburbs. That makes his omission of the fine arts, music, and literature all the more notable. He is, however, extremely shrewd about politics, and his argument that Europe needs Britain for her political expertise, if not for her economic skills, seems irrefutable.

JOURNEY INTO THE MIND'S EYE, by Lesley Blanch (Atheneum). This memoir is a unique mixture—part travel book, part true confession, and wholly the expression of a wayward, idiosyncratic woman. Mrs. Blanch, an English writer ("The Wilder Shores of Love"), was smitten with the idea of Russia when she was a child, before the First World War, and her love affair with Russia (like her romances with a couple of Russians) is, as she makes plain, at least as much the product of her imagination and will as of Russian charm. But love is a sort of elucidation as well as a dazzle, and love without politics is in this case a great help: Mrs. Blanch shows us something beguiling in place of what Americans have mostly seen as the Cold War enemy.

THE ZODIAC ARCH, by Freya Stark (Harcourt, Brace & World). A collection of magazine and newspaper articles, with a few previously unpublished pieces, including three fictional sketches written in the author's youth. The range is from a defense of smuggling to a touching memoir of a pet lizard, which comes to stand for the pathos of life in the face of world war. Miss Stark has a remarkable rapport with the people of exotic lands, and a luminous style—the two necessary ingredients for the best travel writing. With wood engravings by Reynolds Stone and a self-portrait by the author.

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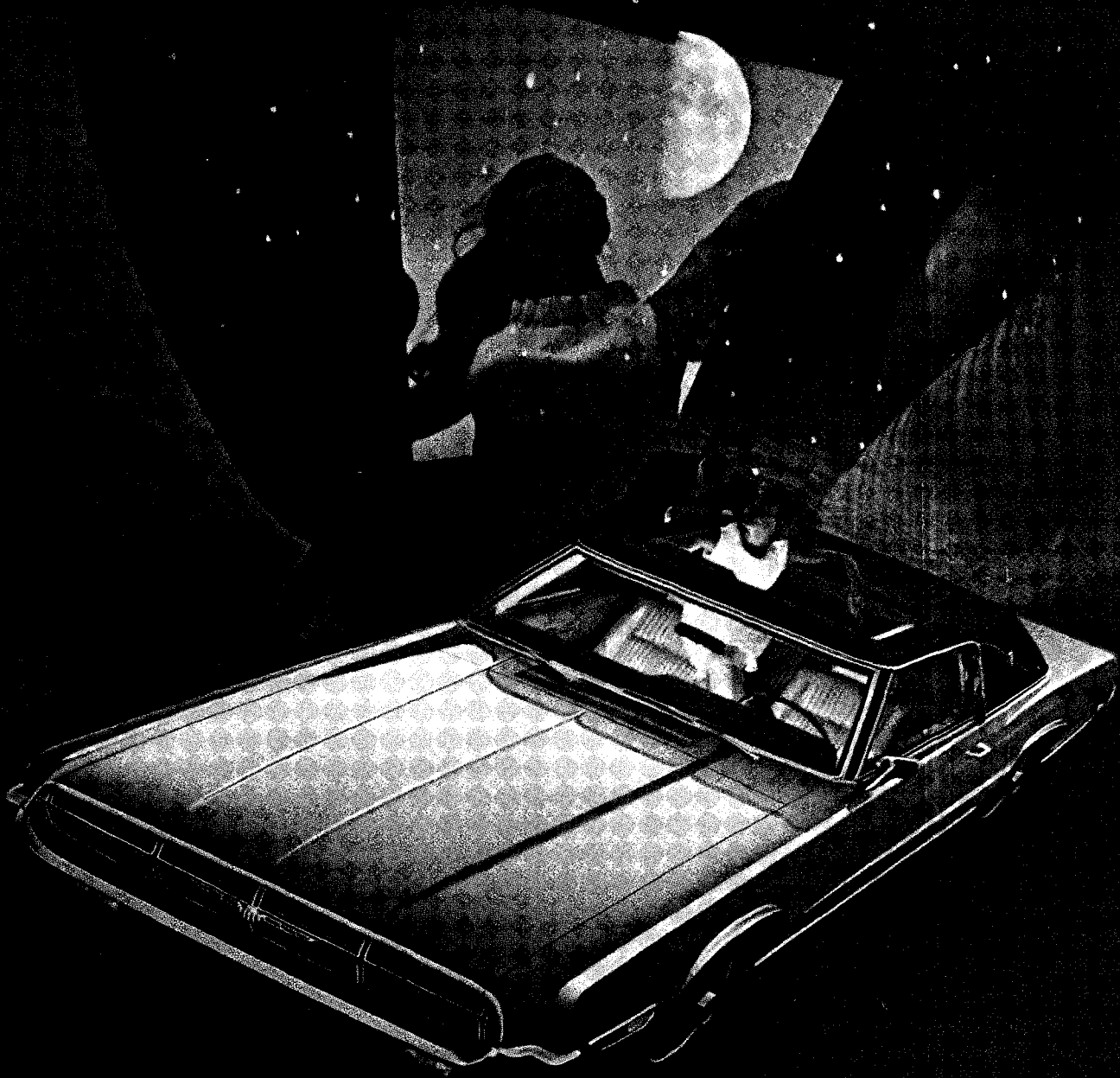
Harris said mail may be withheld if walkways are blocked.

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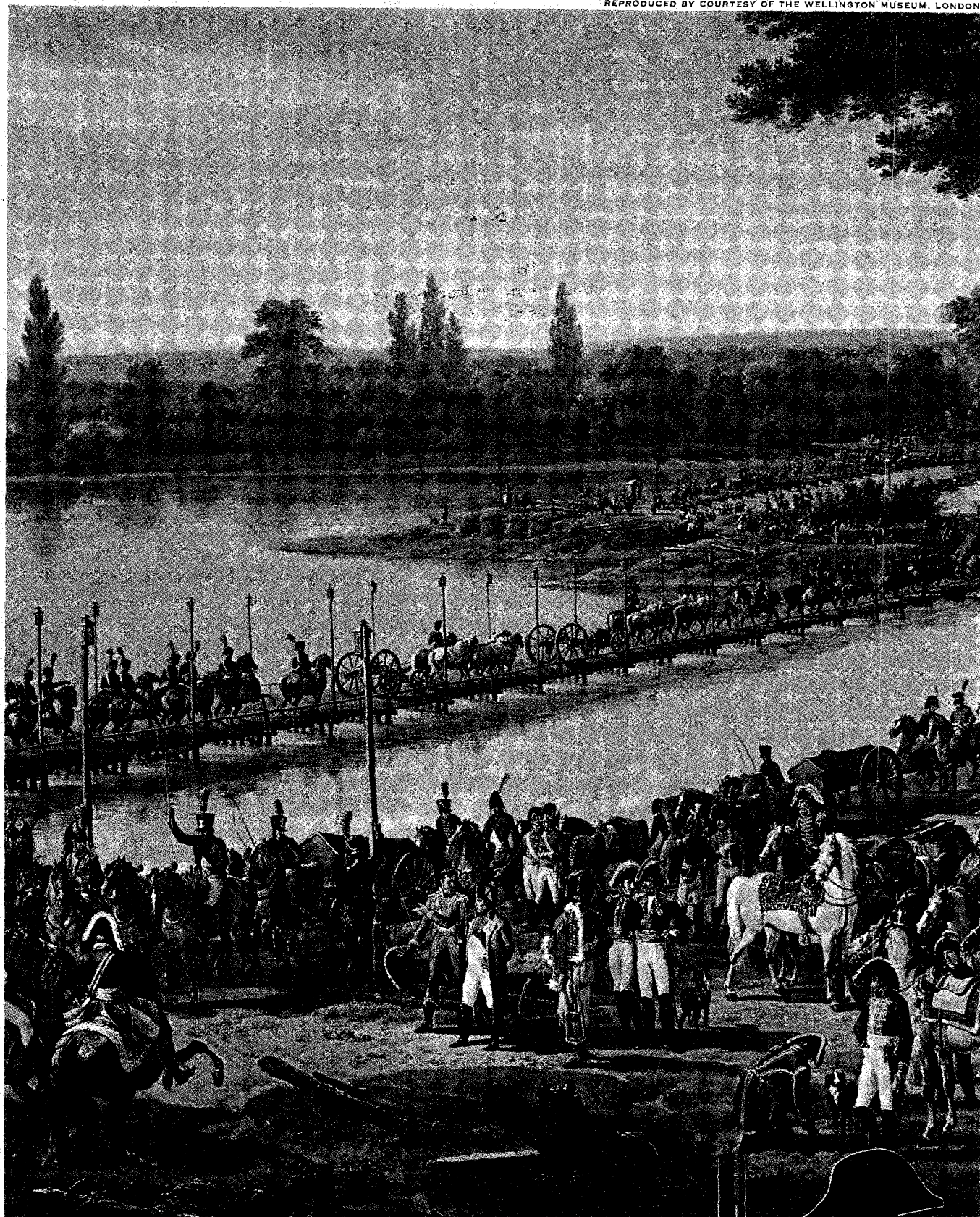


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